A Tale of Two Families

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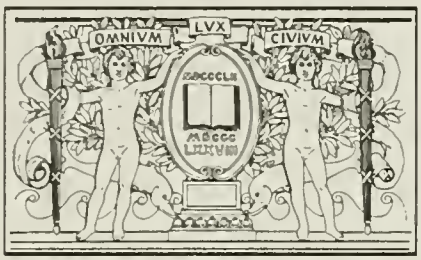
Dorothy Hermanne Braithwait

1981



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A

TALE OF

TWO FAMILIES

A Biographical Genealogy

of the

The Meyers and Sparhawk Families

Dorothy Hermanne Braithwait

1981

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

This work could not have been accomplished without the help of those who have allowed me to pry into their private lives, record their stories and copy their pictures. Then there were those who answered my correspondence, a time consuming task, indeed.

I appreciate especially the contributions of:

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Peggy Jones, whose "History of Annie and Willie" was used in Chapters 1 and 9,
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But most of all, I appreciate the patience, understanding and love shown by our children and my husband, Lester G. Braithwait.

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DEDICATION

Pap

June

To the memory of

HERMAN H. MEYERS
29 November 1898 to 10 March 1969
and

WANDA JUNE BYERS SCHWABAUER
3 January 1933 to 26 June 1977

...the father from whose tales were spun the yarns of this biography

...the friend whose gift of genealogy started this path of research.

God gave them both an enthusiasm for living, a joy in sharing, and an affinity toward their fellow man that blessed the hearts of those whose lives they touched.

Your Family Tree

by Charles Wagner

SOME PEOPLE get really excited about their family tree. They can bore you for hours about their claimed connection with some aristocratic background. Others are interested in the subject but often stop suddenly in their investigation.

Then there are certain sects that make their ancestral background a vital part of their beliefs—like the Mormons or the followers of Herbert Armstrong.

Sir Thomas Overbury wrote: "The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

It is humorous to listen to two parents talk about their child—his liabilities and assets. Strange that he always gets his little quirks from the other side of the family, depending on who's speaking at the time.

Actually, a little reflection will bring us to the conclusion that none of us, if we went back far enough, has much of which to be proud.

"John Carnegie lies here, descended from Adam and Eve.
If any can boast of a pedigree higher, he will willingly give them leave."

As much as one might want to boast of such a pedigree as the first parents, we should remember that they brought us into our present condition. None of us, therefore, has much about which to boast.

While some continue to boast about their family tree, we who are Christians ought to be thinking about our new family. Having been born again, we are now to take on the characteristics of this new relationship. Traits of the Lord in us should become obvious to everyone we meet.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, Meekness, temperance" (Gal. 5:22, 23). This is a thumbnail portrait of our Lord. When we are born again, it is the business of the Holy Spirit to produce in us these family traits. God the Holy Spirit is interested in making us more like Him.

The world is not as interested in what you claim to be as in what you are and what you produce. Do they see family traits of our Heavenly Father in your life? Emily Dickinson wrote:

"The pedigree of honey does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him is aristocracy."

May Christ be seen in us. And may the blessed traits of the Godhead be clearly noted in our lives. Our human family tree might be interesting and deserving of passing note, but our new family relationship is most important. It should not only be told in lip but in life. Oh, that others would recognize these divine family traits in our lives! May the sweetness of Christ be seen in us and may others recognize us as "divine aristocracy." ☆

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The author standing in the Laurel Cemetery at Cave Junction, Oregon. Rachie and Fred are in the background. 1979

This "Tale of Two Families" began when we, as children, gathered around the fire in the evenings listening to our mom and dad tell stories of their childhood. As time went by the stories began to fade from our memories. Then the thought came to compile them into a permanent record to be shared through the years.

The record became "A Tale of Two Families" because it was found impossible to write of one without referring many times to the other. The pattern of their lives have many similarities. Both families migrated to Canada between 1912 and 1914. Both returned to the States, defeated and disillusioned, between 1920 and 1923. Both families raised nine children to adulthood. The Meyers' raised seven daughters and two sons. The Sparhawks raised six sons and three daughters. Two of the Meyers children married two of the Sparhawk children.

There are differences as well. The Meyers family immigrated only about one hundred years ago, but the Sparhawks fought in the Revolutionary and Civil Wars.

D. H. B.

CHAPTER 1

THE TRAIL DRIVE

Time has erased all trace of a town that was once a bustling little railroad station. At one time it had a depot, half of which was in Idaho and half in Montana. All that remains to remind us of the past is a sign reading LEONIA. There is a stake, faded by age, which says IDAHO on one side and MONTANA on the other. The rails are shiny with recent use, but no one has gotten off a train there in recent time. The old bridge is labeled BRIDGE OUT, but you can still walk across if you are careful not to look down through the broken planks to the rushing torrent below.

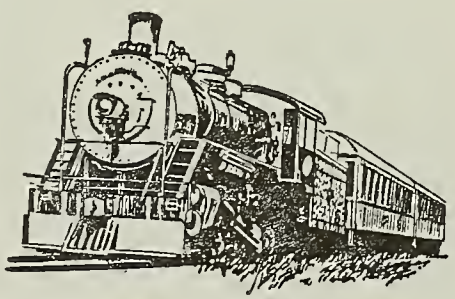
Leonia was the destination sought when Herman Meyers, Del Sparhawk, Annie Dunbar, her little baby Barbara, and Amy Meyers started driving forty head of horses from Rumsey, Alberta, Canada in 1923.

The influenza of 1918-19 had hit Henry Meyers so severely that he was left with convulsions, the burden of which he was to bear the rest of his life. Annie had talked to the doctor about her father's illness. He had said that Henry had no chance of getting better in such a cold climate. At this time Barbara, his wife, was badly crippled with arthritis. It had always been her dream to live in Oregon for she had heard it was similar to her native Germany.

Del Sparhawk's family had moved to Oregon a few years earlier.

It was decided that Heinie would go with his dad on the train south. They left for Bonner's Ferry, Idaho on December 17, 1922. Herman stayed to take care of the family for Barbara wanted to be near her daughter, Annie, when the baby came.

It was in the middle of a great snow storm on the 22nd of January that Annie gave birth to little Barbara. In February Margaret and her mother followed Heinie and their dad by train to Idaho. South and east of Bonner's Ferry, up the Kootenai River about fifteen miles, they found a little place a mile and a half from the railroad station at Leonia. Spring came sooner here in this southern climate and they planted a garden with a fence around it. The elevation is eighteen hundred and twenty feet. The Kootenai River at the border of Idaho is the lowest spot in Montana.



Del and Herman had become close friends. They went together to ride in the Calgary Stampede. As a result Del became acquainted with the Meyers family and infatuated with Margaret in particular.

Herman and Del

Herman and Del practicing for the Calgary Stampede. Del is wearing white angora chaps. Herman is on bucking bronc.

That spring Herman sold all the cattle, machinery and household goods and prepared a covered wagon for the long trek south. Del had thirteen head of his father's Welsh and Icelandic Shetland ponies. The Meyers' had seventeen horses, including Annie's five, four mules, two jennies and the team of four to pull the wagon. Herman rode his saddle mare named Reamy. Del drove the wagon. Behind the wagon were tied the mules who were hitched to Annie's top buggy. Annie, with her baby Barbara and her teenage sister Amy rode in the wagon.

The covered wagon that was used on the trail drive. Del in the background and Herman astride the tall horse.

Del on horse in front of Meyers home. Herman on far left.

It was the 29th of May 1923 when the trail drive started from Rumsey. The first day they passed through Rowley, which had been the home of the Sparhawks. They set up camp just out of Drumheller. That first night on the trail it started to rain. The rain lasted for three days so they stayed in camp.

On the sixth day they progressed as far as Beiseker before they camped. They found there long sloping hills, barren of brush or trees. At a farm near where they camped they saw a man marching up and down the fence line. He had gone back and forth along that fence line until he had a trail worn there. Each time he came to a corner he saluted, turned a sharp military corner and proceeded along the fence line again. Herman walked up to the farm house and talked to the man's brother. It developed in the conversation that the man at the fence had been shell-shocked in the war. The farmer didn't want to have his brother put in a home, but chose to take care of him as long as he could.

They heard later, on a trip back to Canada, that the police had been called because the soldier had tried to kill his brother with a knife.

On the seventh day they passed through Irricana and camped a few miles east of Calgary. It was here that Annie had a toothache so Herman drove her into town to a dentist. While Annie was getting her tooth worked on Herman was left in the outer office walking the floor with the crying baby. His unsuccessful attempt at calming the baby drove the nurse to offer her assistance. She took Barbara from his arms, cooing to her, "Your Daddy doesn't know how to hold you." Being one to never fail to notice a pretty face, Herman hastened to explain to the nurse that he was not the baby's daddy and added, neither was he married.

They stayed outside of Calgary for a few days and on the 11th of June they camped at Mindapore. On the 12th they were at High River. On the 13th they made camp at Nanton. Here they saw miles, miles and miles of flat and rolling land that today raises many bushels of wheat to fill the huge grain elevators that break the flat horizons. On the 14th they camped at Claresholm and on the 15th they were fourteen miles southwest of Fort Macleod.

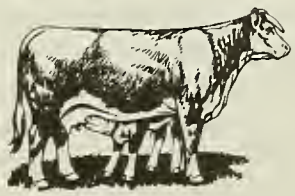
The travel was getting monotonous but the grass was good in this rolling flat land. They were making good time for they had traveled one hundred and six miles in five days.

Calgary
Red Deer
Lethbridge
Drumheller
Brooks
Taber
Coleman
Blairmore
Fernie
Pincher Creek
Nanton
Vulcan
Strathmore
Olds
Innisfail
Stettler
Castor
Hanna
Three Hills
Claresholm
Cardston
Raymond
Coaldale
Cut Bank
Shelby
Eureka
Roosville
Waterton Lakes Nat. Park
WATERTON GLACIER
INTERNATIONAL
PEACE PARK
ROCKY
MOUNTAINS
HIGHWOOD
RANGE
LIVINGSTONE
RANGE
FOREST
MACDONALD
RANGE
HAND
HILLS
CALGARY
470 Miles
REGINA
MILK RIVER RIDGE
EARLY MAN SITE
MASSACRE BUTTE
CROWSNEST
MTN 9,138
DARRAH
9,308
VICTORIA
PEAK
8,460
MT RAE
10,578
MT JOFFRE
11,376
MT HEAD
9,122
THE GREAT DIVIDE
Gulf

On the 17th of June they entered an Indian Reservation and camped for the night. The grass was good there for the horses. Having been raised with a deep respect for women, the travelers were impressed with the hard lot of the Indian women. They saw two women pulling a child's wagon loaded down with a one hundred pound sack of flour. Walking along beside them carrying a stick was the old buck not offering to lend a hand in their struggle. Years later Herman told his sons the story of seeing an Indian squaw riding on the front seat of an open wagon they were passing on the trail. The squaw was the mother of twin papooses and it was their dinner time. The corpulent mamma was having a difficult time juggling the nursing babies, one in each arm, blouse wide open, as the bouncing wagon rattled down the hill past them.

On the 18th and 19th they camped at Cardston, a Mormon community. They were taken on a tour of the Mormon temple being built there. They were impressed with the beautiful handpainting on the walls and all the marble used in the construction of the temple. As they were getting ready to leave Annie was sitting on the wagon seat with Barbara. She overheard a conversation between several young, good looking Mormon women and her brother Herman. He said jokingly that he would like to marry all three of them because he couldn't make up his mind which of the three was the prettiest. They replied, "Oh, no. We don't do that anymore. You can only have one wife now."

On June 20th they camped south of Aetna. Barbara was still a tiny baby, just turning five months old on the trip. The traveling was hard on Annie, cutting down on her milk supply. Barbara was crying a lot. One day Annie spied some cows in a pasture and was determined to have some of the milk for her baby. She grabbed an empty syrup bucket and headed for the cow pasture. But try as she might the cows were not to be caught. She chased and chased them but as soon as she got up to their hind quarters to start to milk them they would bound off.



Their journey continued and on the 21st they camped on the river called St. Mary's. Now they were getting near the border, a long sought milestone on their journey.

They were moving slower now for the trip was beginning to tell on the horses so they were letting them rest more and more. In the morning when they awoke most of their horses were missing. Del and Herman spent days and days scouring the country side searching for them.

Del was frantic about losing the horses. The Sparhawk family had always taken such pride in raising fine Shetland ponies. There was old Pedro and Barney and some of Pedro's colts. Then there were Duncan and Doris. There was also a one-eyed mare that was due to have a colt. These little ponies were registered Shetlands out of the Prince of Wales stock brought over from Scotland.

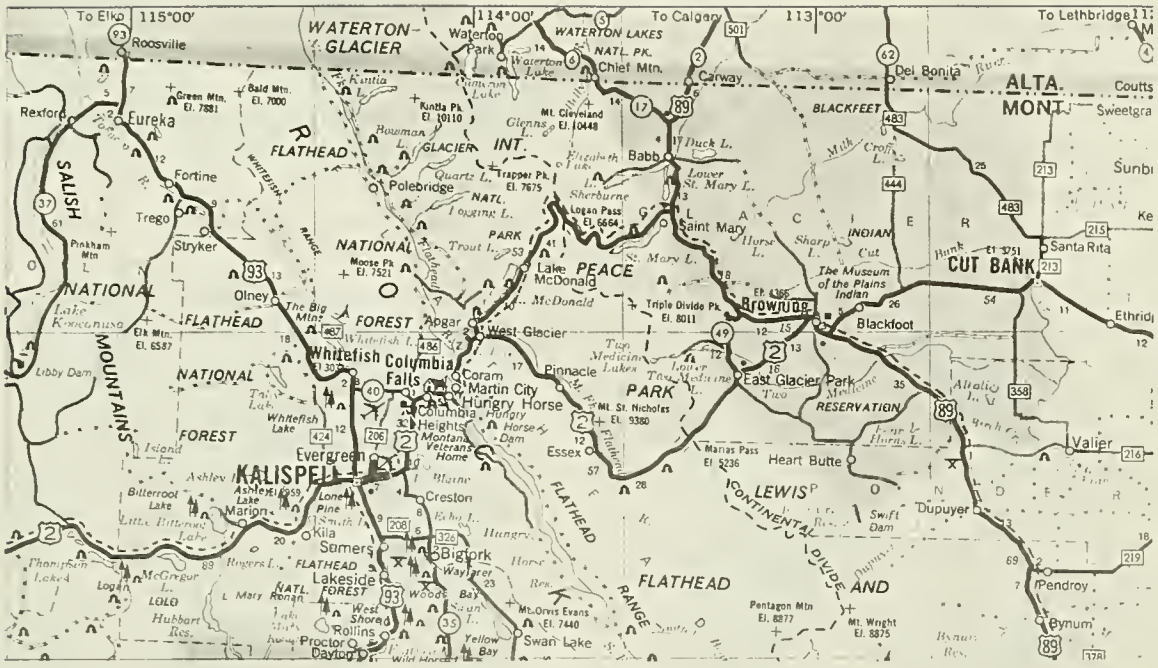
After nearly a week of looking, the horses and ponies were found in a tight corral in the Indian camp on the reservation. As Del and Herman approached the corral they were met by an old Indian who acted unbalanced. "Loco," the boys said. With a menacing threat he wouldn't let the boys go near their horses. Trying to communicate with him was futile. Later a young buck of a more pleasing personality came up to them. He was willing to make a deal. If the boys would give him the blue gelding belonging to Annie they could have the rest of the horses and leave. Herman agreed to the extortion, being only too glad to get out of there.

They gathered up their horses and headed for the border. They tried to cross at Carway with the horses. They were told the duty charged by the United States customs for their horses would be $900. They were neither willing nor able to pay that amount. Herman told the border officers they would just go back home. At that moment he was no doubt thinking it would have been better to have let the Indians keep them.

They struck out on a new trail heading east. When they came near the Milk River they stopped to rest the horses for a few days.

The one-eyed mare decided to take time out to foal. When the colt was only three days old they came to a river that had to be crossed. Herman was mounted on his mare with the foal on the front of the saddle. He got across the river safely and tied the colt securely to a tree with his handkerchief so it wouldn't drown in the river when the herd made the crossing. Then he started back across the river for the rest of the party. The foal decided he didn't want to be left alone on the far side of the river. He broke loose, jumped into the water and started swimming across the river. The boys were very chagrined to watch a three day old colt beat the rider back across the river.

Somewhere near the Milk River they talked with a farmer who was sympathetic with them. He told them he lived on the border and pastured his cows in Canada, but brought them to the United States for milking. It would be all right with him if the boys wanted to pasture their horses with his cows. Then when it was time for milking they could walk nonchalantly across with his cows. So they let the fence down and took the forty head of horses across on the 28th of June.



On the 28th Del and Herman dug out four young fox which they later traded to some gypsies for a parrot. Polly became Barbara Meyers' special pet and she had it until she died.

On the 29th they passed the Cut Banks where they saw mostly rocks and hills. The country was gradually changing as they headed for the mountains.

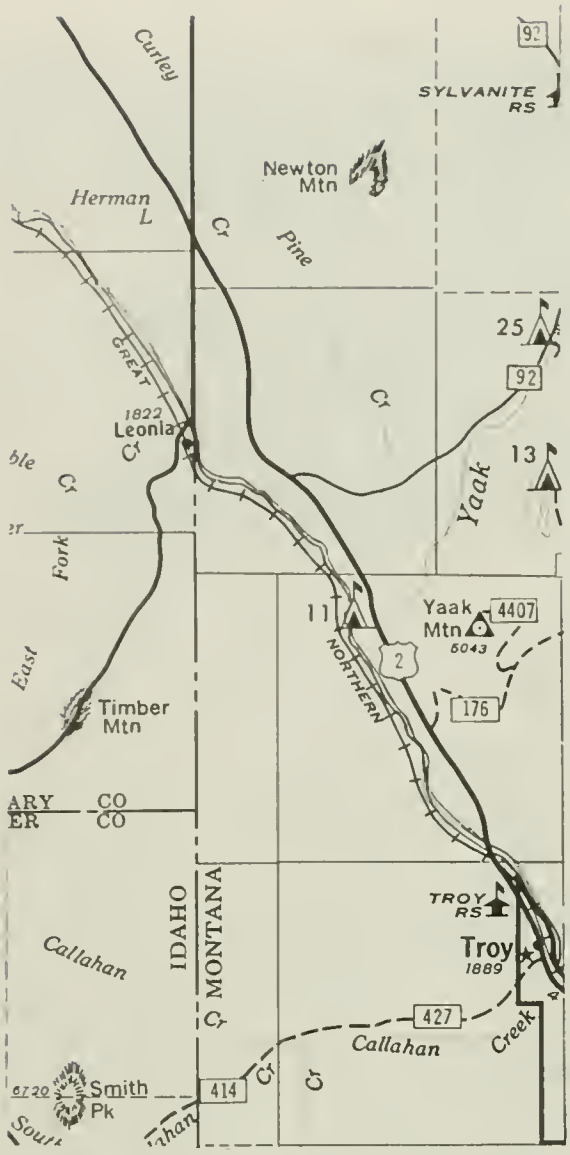
The 30th found them going through Browning, Montana. On July 1st they rested the horses. At their campsite the elevation was over 5,500 feet.

The traveling was getting rougher and steeper. The baby was showing signs of travel weariness. Herman, foreseeing an even greater hardship for Annie and the baby, suggested they get on the train at East Glacier Park.

One night high in the mountains the girls got off the train and stayed in a cabin. When they boarded again the next morning it happened to be the Fourth of July. As they passed through towns along the way local people would throw firecrackers over the train.

When the girls got to Leonia they found a neighbor, who knew the Meyers family. He gave them a ride in his buggy. Their folks were down at the garden working when they arrived. Barbara dropped what she was holding and ran to meet her girls as fast as her arthritic body would let her. Then their dad calmly closed the garden gate and came to greet them, too.

Albert Leary, the Meyers kid's cousin, and his family came for a visit from South Dakota. They decided Herman and Del could use some help so they went to meet them in Albert's truck.



When everyone finally arrived in Leonia both boys and horses appeared as if they had had a hard trip. They were hollow-eyed from weariness and had leathery looking skin from exposure.

Henry was especially glad to see his pet horse, Willie. His mother's name had been Cloudy. Both had been born black but by the time they were four they had turned all white.

As the horses had been led through the park on the narrow roads old touring cars would try to pass. It was difficult and frightened the horses. On this trip through the mountains Willie gave the boys some excitement. They were crossing a place where the roads were very crooked. Willie fell off the road into a crevice landing on his back. Herman and Del had to stop the herd and take time to pull Willie out with the team.

It had taken Herman and Del three more weeks of riding and driving to arrive at Leonia. The entire trip lasted almost two months.

The Meyers sons and daughter found work. Herman went to work in the woods. Annie cooked for a crew building a road from Leonia to Herman Lake.

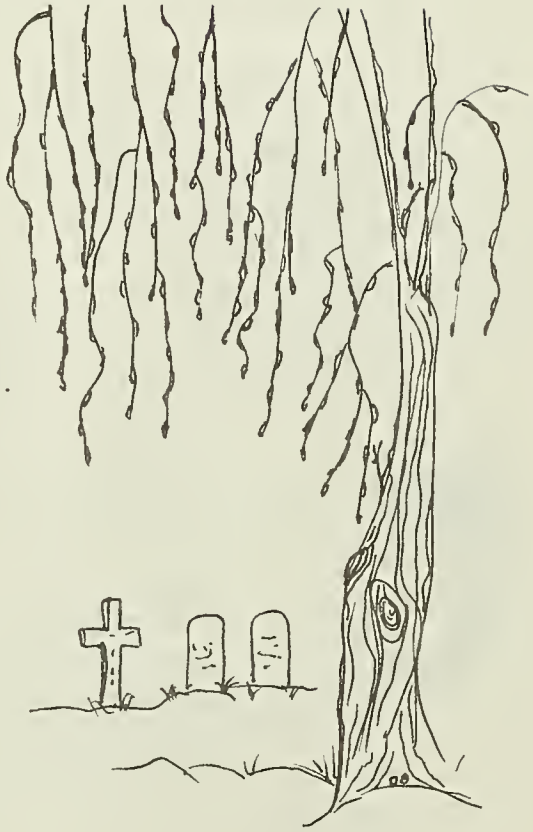
Del went to Oregon to spend the summer with his folks. He returned to Leonia that fall and married Margaret.

Herman was given the job of seeing that the Sparhawk ponies made it safely to Dallas, Oregon. He saw them loaded on the train, rode with them and arrived in Dallas on his 25th birthday, November 29th, 1923.

CHAPTER 2

MEYERS

PART 1 - SOUTH DAKOTA



Barbara Meyers was born Babetta Muhlberger to Martin and Eva Elizabeth on the 11th of February in 1867. At the age of eleven she, along with older and younger brothers and sisters, were orphaned. In one three week period her mother died of hemorrhage thought to have been caused by cancer, her father died of pneunomia and her grandmother, living in the same home, died of old age. It is told by the family that three graves lie side by side with a weeping willow tree over them in the church yard in Muhlhausen, Bavaria, Germany.

Barbara told her children of being auctioned off to the lowest bidder in something similar to a slave market. She was taken to the home of a shopkeeper where she worked as a maid.

Her brothers and sisters kept in contact with one another through the years, although all were sent to different places as wards of the state. Barbara told the story of going to the swampy ground to gather herbs to sell to the local pharmacist. The money was used for offering to her church.

Finally her older sister came to America. Money was saved until Barbara and another sister, Johana, age seventeen, could book passage on a ship. The name of the ship was THE HERMANN. Its port of entry was Baltimore, MD. and the two sisters arrived with one piece of luggage between them on the 22nd of February, 1888. Barbara had celebrated her twenty-first birthday while traveling steerage on the trans-Atlantic vessel.

The two sisters made their way as far as Chicago. There they exchanged their German marks for American dollars. The money changer cheated the young foreigners who soon discovered they didn't have

enough money to continue their journey to South Dakota Territory. They contacted their sister Margaret who sent them enough to join her.

Before leaving Germany Barbara had "requisitioned" a number of bottles of aged lager from the shopkeeper's storehouse. The girls had never seen oranges before this time and traded some of the beer for a few. Upon coming down the staircase of their hotel to catch the train west their suitcase burst open causing oranges and bottles of beer to come tumbling down the stairs ahead of them. The embarrassed young girls scrambled after their loot and got out of there as fast as they could.

When they arrived in Rapid City Barbara got a job in a cook house for a Mrs. Marshall who spoke no German. Barbara, of course, didn't speak English. She cooked for sixteen men for awhile, but got a felon on her finger and left to stay with her sister, Margaret Randolph. Jack Leary came over to see if Barbara would come to his house and stay with his wife, Alvina.

Barbara worked there for some time. Alvina spoke German for her folks and older brother and sisters were born in Germany.

Henry Peter Meyer was the youngest child of Frederick Wilheim Meyer and Margretha Newschilt, German immigrants. He was born on the 20th of December, 1860 at Two Rivers, Wisconsin, a town on Lake Michigan.

The 1860 Federal Census of Two Rivers lists William Meyer, a farmer, his wife Margaret and four children. William is listed as age forty and Margaret age thirty-seven. The census was dated the 18th of August, therefore she must have been pregnant with Henry Peter at the time. It showed they owned real estate valued at $100.00.

"We are in Scribner now from 1869 to 1877. We find Frederick Wilheim and Margretha on their homestead, Billy at the home, Alvina at home and Henry at home. Emma and husband Bill Preller may have been there, we have no record of them until Myersville, Dakota Territory, 1880. Tillie and husband Fredrick Molle have homesteaded seven miles to the north where the town of Snyder was to grow. Alvina has planted her acre of trees and Henry is learning to play his fiddle. The oldest, Billy, is still in the fold at home.

In this home in Nebraska, is Margretha the small woman whose stature was hardly more than five foot and weight probably not over 100 pounds. She is the

mother of five children, that were living. The quick mind and perhaps sharp tongue, has left this tale of her character behind her and of Indian scares.

If she knew Indians were around, and they were roaming around yet in that time, she promptly hung the smallpox sign in her windows. This was a quarantine sign of some sort. It was her way to keep the Indians away.

She, the little woman, was very good around sick people, and served as a midwife.

Also if she knew of any sickness and disease she would take her children to be exposed. In that way they would have the disease and become immune. It is in Nebraska that the story about Frederick Wilheim, about the wood from his land should not go to the church, but the Minister could have all he wanted for himself. This action comes from some bitter friction in Germany where church and state are to this day combined. I chose to believe he wasn't against God - only the rule of government and church, which was often polluted.

In 1873-78 grasshoppers came down in vast armies, destroyed all vegetation, 4 or 5 seasons in succession. In 1875 grass was so badly eaten it could not produce seed.

With so much trouble with drought and grasshoppers no wonder the news of gold strikes in the Black Hills and the caravans of people trying to get there, caused them to leave home seeking work on the freight lines. Henry was just 16 at the time. But before this while in Nebraska, in order to make a go of the hard time we have the tale of Henry, told by Henrietta, that the Meyers had a saloon, and I suppose the father and Billy were running it, which left Henry alone to do the farming and he was only eleven years old at the time and he wasn't able to to it good enough so his dad gave him a beating up, so Henry ran away from home. The first time Frederick Wilheim found him and brought him home and the second time he did not. That is rather vague, but if he was 16 the next time he ran away he could have left with Billy to work on oxen freight lines going into the Black Hills. He (Henry) was the night herdsman. He stood night watch for the oxen on the trail from Sidney, Nebraska to Deadwood City, Dakota Territory.

Before he left Nebraska, however, he and Henry Molle played their fiddles in a band in Scribner. In the Meyers' Hall they had plays and performances.

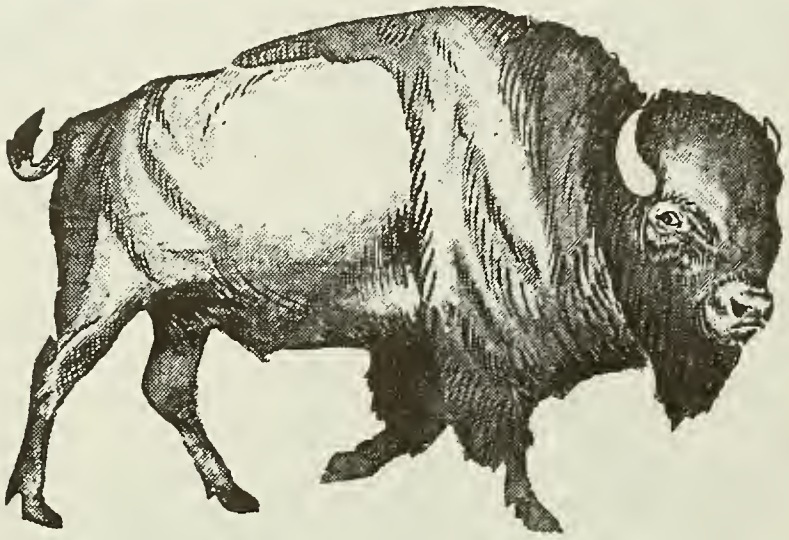
They could sing good and Uncle Billy could yodel. too, both were good dancers. Henry also jigged. This is told by Henrietta, daughter of Henry in 1968.

The people who had flocked into the hills and because of Indian raids and shortage of supplies that when William and Henry got there .....with the first load of freight it was potatoes and the people stood around eating them like apples, because they were so hungry for something fresh. This must be 1876. After a year freighting the boys returned to their home in Nebraska because of their mother's illness, ... but didn't stop the adventurous spirits the small Margretha and Frederick Wilheim, as on March 2, 1877, they were in the 40 wagon caravan that left Elkhorn Valley for Black Hills of Dakota. They arrived in Deadwood, City, May 10, 1877. In three years we can pick them up on an 1880 census in Myersville, Dakota Territory dwelling."

"The Meyers brothers prospected for gold and located several claims near where a mining camp was started which became known as Meyersville. Not enough gold was found to pay them with the methods available at that time. A paying vein was finally located and worked. Upon the installation of a stamp mill the Meyers Brothers mine, named the Gold Safe Lode, drew the attention of a St. Louis syndicate and was purchased for $35,000. During the first year of prospecting the brothers were handicapped by a lack of money to carry on mining operations. To raise the much needed funds they took up the hunting of big game." 1

1, "BEANEATH THIS SPREADING COTTONWOOD TREE" Enid Alma Johnson Asheim, pp. 12, 13, 18

Henry went through the third grade and spoke English as well as he spoke German. Once some of the older kids told him to take a stick and poke it at the teacher when she went out to the toilet. There was a board missing in the right place and he played his trick. She tried to catch him but he dropped down in the tall grass and the teacher didn't know where he had gone. Another time he got in trouble and a man teacher picked up the third grader and was spanking him when Henry reached around and bit him on the rear. The teacher yelled and let go of Henry who ran away never to return to school again.



Billy, Henry and possibly their brother-in-law, William Preller, the husband of Emma, went to the buffalo hunting grounds of eastern Montana. After a time they were able to load up many hides for a trip back to civilization to be sold. Henry was left behind to guard the camp site.

At this time Henry was about seventeen or eighteen and could have been left behind to shoot more buffalo as well as to guard the remaining supplies. One day Henry returned to camp to find a visitor rummaging through his sack of flour.

This camp robber was a "wolfer," one who make his living by killing wolves for the bounty paid by the government. His method was to follow the buffalo hunters, taking the meat they had discarded when they took the hides. He then poisoned the meat and placed it in an area where the wolves were bound to come.

This wolfer had put his poison in the Meyer's remaining flour and was busy coating his wolf bait with it when Henry walked into camp. The fight that followed terminated with Henry feeling lucky to escape with his life.

With the wolfer in possession of his camp and supplies, Henry was at the mercy of the elements on the wild, open plains. He was forced to find his own way alone in the wilderness. He was discovered by a tribe of friendly Indians and taken into their camp where he lived for six to eight weeks. These Indians remained friends with Henry for a long time for we heard of them later visiting his family on the Cheyenne River.

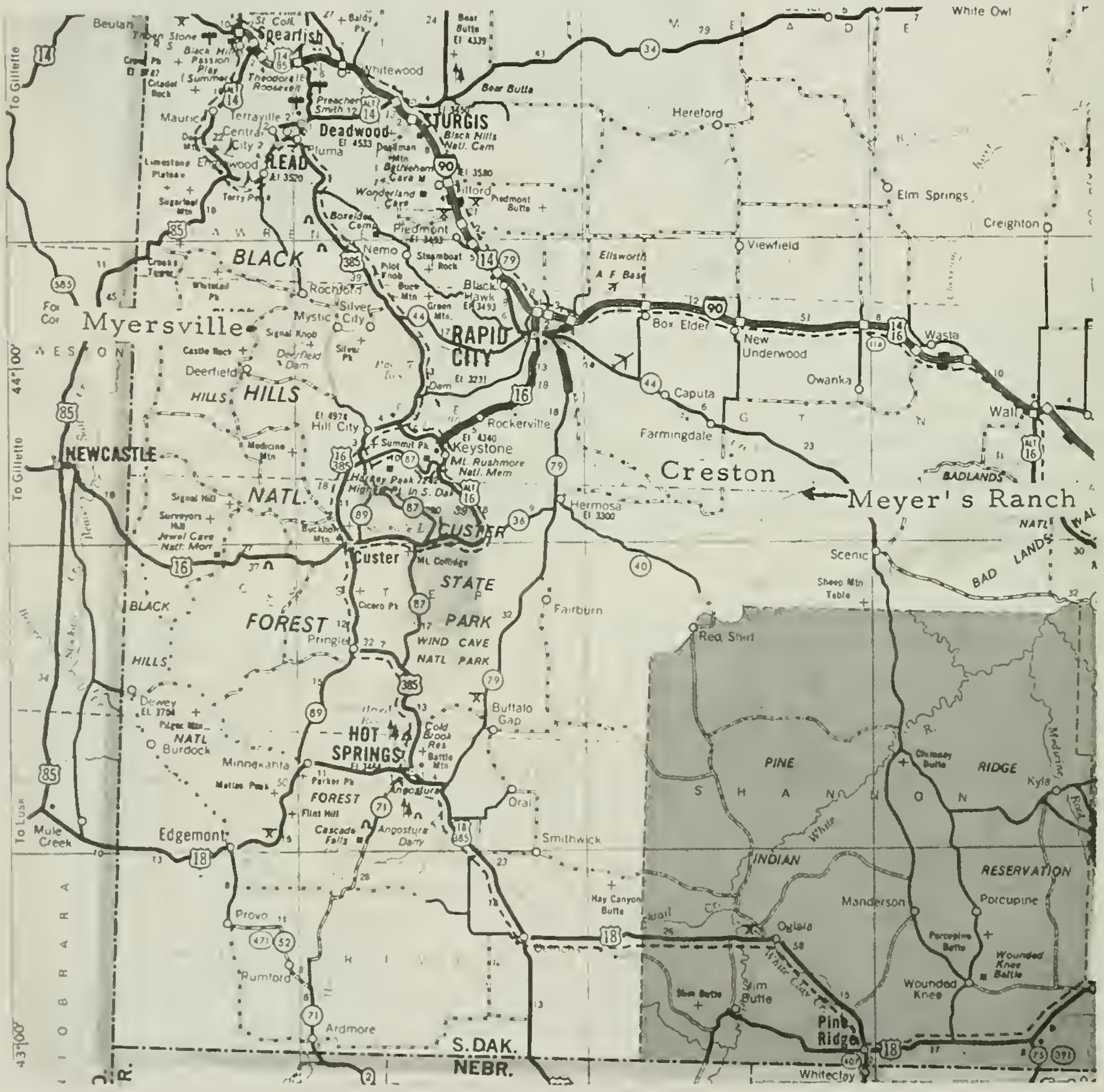
The U.S. Army was instrumental in returning Henry to his family.

Some time later, in the mining town of Deadwood, Henry was clerking in a store when this same wolfer came in. This recognition resulted in a gun battle in which Henry was the victor and the wolfer was dead.

With his share of the profit from the sale of the gold mine Henry purchased a great herd of cattle. They were branded and turned out to graze on the vast open prairie.

One day Henry went to Rapid City to visit his sister, Alvina Leary, and her family. It was there he met their house maid, Barbara Muhlberger, a twenty-two year old immigrant from Germany. It was love at first sight and they were married within three weeks in the parlor of Jack and Alvina Leary's house. The date was the 15th of September in 1889. August and Sena Engel signed the marriage register as witnesses.

Their marriage took place about two months before South Dakota was admitted to the union.



Henry rented a farm at Box Elder, east of Rapid City, and took his bride there to live. He discovered his investment from his share of the gold mine, 100 head of cattle, had been stolen and he was left with only the horses.

He continued to farm at Box Elder and it was there Emma Alvina was born on the 5th of August, 1890. On the 13th of February, 1892 a son, Walter, was born, but he died when he was about six months old. Mathilda Margaret was born on the 5th of March in 1893 at Box Elder following the death of Walter.

Perhaps it was sometime in 1893 that the Meyers' moved to Sage Creek, for on April the 8th, 1894 a son, Hugo, was born there. A year and one half later on the 21st of November, 1895 Henrietta was born at Sage Creek.

In 1396 Henry bought a place on the Cheyenne River south of where Spring Creek flows into it. He owned all the river bottom land between the two rivers and later took a preemption on some additional land which he broke up, fenced and raised corn upon. The place was six miles from Creston in the very northeast corner of Custer County. No longer does Creston exist. The nearest towns are Scenic and Farmingdale.

Henry and Barbara loaded their precious few belongings on their two wagons. They didn't have much furniture, but they had a table with a drop leaf and a couple of chairs. The dishes they had consisted of some tin cups. covers of pails they used for plates, and a few forks and spoons, although not enough to go around.

Barbara, driving one of the wagons, had the younger children with her. She was going down a steep hill, trying desperately to keep the horses under control, when Etta fell off the wagon seat and was caught between the wagon box and the wheel. Barbara reached down from the high seat and rescued the toddler from certain death. The team never hesitated, but raced on down the hill to the Cheyenne River where they were to make their new home.

The only stock they had were the four horses driving the wagons. Of the two wagons, one was known as a democrat. It was described as smaller than a lumber wagon, but bigger than a buggy. The other was a buckboard which was nice to travel around with. There was no water at the house they built so they got two barrels and went three miles upriver where they could get nice, soft spring water. In the winter the buckboard was used to haul chunks of ice chopped from either Spring Creek or the Cheyenne River.

The Cheyenne was but a quarter of a mile away. They didn't like its hard water because the cattle got in there and muddied it. They would get their noses stuck in the mud and drown. Seeing the blood oozing from the dead animals, Barbara called it bad water and refused to use it. Spring Creek was only a mile away and wasn't so bad.

Henry added to his horse herd and was later able to trade horses for two milk cows, one named Reddy and the other Princess. Princess was a mean thing and insisted on kicking Barbara.

Meyers house under cotton wood tree on Cheyenne River Ranch.
Custer County, South Dakota.

Below the house was an old barn. Henry tore it down and built a bigger barn on the gumbo flat.

Gumbo was black, plaster-like soil that was easily molded. The younger children were taught by Emma to form horses, cows and other shapes for playthings.

Herman was the first child born on the Custer County place. They had been there two years when he was born on the 29th of November in 1898.

Henry continued to play his violin for the entertainment of his family. He later taught Herman to play it. The same violin is still in the possession of Herman's family. Some of Henry's favorite songs were "Over The Waves" and "The Irish Washer Woman."

When Emma was nine years old she was sent to Rapid City to live with her Aunt Alvina to attend school for one year.

In 1900 Emma returned home because there were enough children to start a school. The families of Cubby, Bobley, Ehrler, Meyers and Randolph hired Ida Skipton in Creston to teach their children.

The Randolph children were cousins to the Meyers children since Margaret Randolph was Barbara's oldest sister who came to America the first in the family. They lived nearby for a time and had cattle, some milking cows and a few pigs.

On the 12th of March in 1900 another son had been born. His name was Heinie. In later life he changed his name to Henry W. On the 27th of November, 1901, Alvina Emma was born.

> "A year and a half later another little girl was added to the family. She was born on Sunday, the 3rd of May, 1903. When she was a couple of days old and still unnamed, Henry was carrying her in his arms singing to her. He loved music and was singing "Annie Laurie" to the wee baby. All of a sudden he stopped walking and turned to Barbara, "What say we name her Annie Laurie?" The little one was named. And little she was. She weighed about three and a half pounds. She was wrapped in cotton and put in Henry's size seven shoe box. They placed on the lid of the warm oven door to keep the baby incubated.
>
> Emma stayed at the teacher, Mrs. Skipton's house for a time because it was such a long walk to school. One afternoon Mrs. Skipton's boyfriend came to visit her. They decided they would like some privacy so they sent Emma to the spring for a bucket of water. Emma was a curious young lady, so she ran all the way to the spring, dipped the water out as fast as she could, then ran all the way back. Mrs. Skipton was furious with her. She threw the water out and told her to go and get some good water. This time she took a little longer to get the water and everything was all right." [1]

Henry gathered together a nice flock of sheep. The kids took turns herding them. Then the neighbors put their sheep in with the Meyers' flock for the kids to watch over.

One day Emma and Hugo were watching about sixty head down by the Cheyenne. They began playing in the soft sand along the cut bank of the river. They were digging tunnels in the bank when Emma backed out of her tunnel and cried, "Hugo, Hugo, there's dirt falling

1. Jones, Peggy, "The History of Annie and Willie" 1972 Subsequent references to this work will appear in this chapter.

down in my tunnel. You better get out."

Just then his tunnel caved in and all but his feet was buried in tons of sand. Emma tried digging him out with her bare hands until they were bruised and bleeding. Then she used her lunch pail, but the sand was falling as fast as she could dig. When she could dig no longer she ran the mile home to tell her mother.

Barbara was given to premonitions and had been forewarned in a vision that death was imminent. She calmly hitched the team to the democrat, got some blankets and threw a shovel on the back. Joe Erdman, a neighbor, was coming through on his saddle horse and stopped to help. He took the shovel at the river bank and dug the body out. They put him in the blankets on the democrat and took him home where they layed him out on the two chairs. His body was covered with blankets to await Henry's homecoming.

When Henry returned from the far field and saw what had happened he was grief striken. He sobbed and cried out, "My boy, my boy."

The family formed their own funeral procession in the two wagons pulled by the two teams. They burried him near Henry's mother in Rapid City far away up on a hill. She had a tall stone and there were iron posts with chains running through them around the grave.

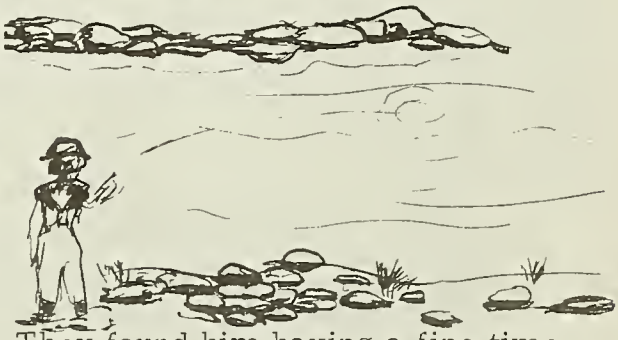
Hugo will be remembered for the good thing he did for his mother. Barbara had a nice garden below the house. Hugo dug her a shallow well near the garden, lined it with a bottomless barrel and the water, fresh and sweet, filled the barrel to water her garden.

Herman Meyer, Henry Meyer Sr., Mathilda, Emma, Henrietta, Barbetta Meyer and Heinie Annie Alvinna
Picture taken after Hugo's funeral in 1904

The older girls were sent out to care for the younger ones when on the 14th of April, 1905 Margaret Mathilda was born. Tillie heard the whimpering in the next room and peeked in to see her mother giving birth to her tenth child on the bedroom floor. Tillie was told to keep the children from learning what was happening.

> Things were very different then. . . "We used to play horses. . . Vinie was the driver., I was the horse. We put a wire through my mouth with a string over my head and she would drive me. Our toys were mostly rocks. They were our play animals, some were shaped like horses, some like dogs and cows and sheep. One was my special rock. It was a horse that I named Jim. He had a big head and was kind of a sorrel color."

The democrat was used for transportation to and from school. Emma was the oldest and drove the team, but Etta wanted to help, so sometimes Emma gave her one line and she kept the other. But then the horses probably knew the way. Tillie usually sat in the back with the younger children huddled around rocks that had been heated to keep warm.



There were only fifteen months difference in the ages of Herman and Heinie. They were constant companions in childhood. Once they went down to the Cheyenne and played in the water and rocks all day. Evening came and Heinie became so hungry he headed for home. When Herman didn't follow Barbara and Henry went after him. They found him having a fine time, unconcerned about the late hour, still playing in the rocks below the bridge. He became 'concerned' when Barbara got hold of him.

Sometime in 1906 Barbara went into very hard labor in the birth of her eleventh child. It became so bad they had to send for a doctor. This time she couldn't keep her secret from the other children for they heard her screams. The little boy was still born after a very difficult breech birth and Barbara was lucky to be alive.

One day Annie decided she could be just as big as anyone else in the family. She jumped up on an old steer and was going to go for a ride, but the steer decided it wasn't to be his day for riding. Annie told Vinie to grab his tail and give it a twist. The steer jumped sideways and threw Annie into the corral fence so she was jabbed with a rusty barbed wire. It never bled, but lay open and white. They went to the house where Barbara, in her beautiful home-grown English said, "I told you gits (kids) to stay off those

steers." She knew what they had been doing all along. She told Vinie to fill a basin full of water and put three hands full of salt into it. She was forced to soak her hand in the salt solution after which it bled well and healed up fine.

Herman was sent out to get the cows to come home for milking. He got one cow secure in the barnyard but the other evaded him. He had to go looking. Down by the river he heard some noise in the brush and went in thinking it was the headstrong cow. As he parted the brush with his hands and looked inside a cougar bared his teeth and snarled at him. The awesome hiss terrified the young fellow. He turned tail and headed for home just as fast as his legs could carry him. When Henry cut the grain fields he always left high stubble to keep the snow from drifting in the winter. Herman had on ragged legged pants that brushed against the stubble each time he sprinted forward. With the sound of his own heart beating and the swish of the stubble on his pant legs he thought he heard the breath of the cougar right behind him. But he didn't dare look back for fear of losing ground. After an eternity he reached the front porch where he turned around to look. No cougar. He collapsed in a dead faint. When he woke up his mother consoled him and his sisters laughed at him.

> "One winter the weather was so bad that Henry rented a house in Scenic Flats for the kids who were going to school to live in. It was a big house with an upstairs and several rooms downstairs. There was a heater in the kitchen. About two feet up from the heater, going through the stove pipe, was a big bucket fastened in the pipe. It was in this 'oven' that Etta baked biscuits for the kids to eat. They had an awful time there. They didn't get to go home for a visit and tempers sometimes ran high."

Etta tried to keep the kids in line but she couldn't figure out why a crust never formed on top of the honey bucket until one day she caught Annie dipping her finger in the bucket and scraping the top off the honey. She licked her finger and dove in for more until Etta put a stop to it so she would have honey to serve on her biscuits.

> Once a hard blizzard blew for three days . . . "They ran out of wood. They had no more food so Etta decided it would be best for them to walk the seven miles home. Etta and Herman walked in front carrying a blanket between them. The other three would walk behind the blanket. Heinie would trade off with Herman sometimes."

When they got down by the river bottom they stopped by an old bachelor's house, but he wasn't home. He was the one who was courting the school teacher and was probably there for a visit.

The kids were tired and cold and went into the house to build a fire. Etta found the stove so full of ashes she couldn't get a fire going until she cleaned them out. She found some food and cooked something for them all to eat. Just as they sat down to the table the bachelor Fesslor came home and joined them. They did up the dishes and were on their way in the awful storm again.

"As we got out from behind the willows we could see the house. It seemed a long way off, but it couldn't have been more than a quarter of a mile. I got out from behind the blanket and started running for the house. Vinie was following me and crying. Momma saw us and called Dad. He came running to meet us. I was flying . . . I was going to see Momma and Dad. He met me and said, "Hello, Annie," and ran right on by me, pulled his sheepskin coat off, wrapped it around Vinie and carried her back."

When they were all safe in the house Barbara was so relieved she just broke down and cried.

"For a while they went to school over at Ole Johnson's. Etta and Tillie shared their horses with Annie and Vinie. One day the wind was blowing and it was raining and awfully cold. The older girls were leading the horses while the little girls were riding. Vinie's socks had come down, her nose was running and she was crying. Tillie turned around and tried to shame her, 'Why aren't you a little more like Annie?'

Annie felt like crying that day, too. But after that Annie thought, 'I wouldn't have cried then if they had cut my leg off.'

One time when we were still living in South Dakota, Dad was up on the flat planting corn. The wind started blowing awfully hard. It was hailing and the plaster started falling down from the walls. Momma was awfully worried about Dad. She took us kids all out to the root cellar that was built into the bank. We went in and she pulled the door shut behind us. Dad saw the storm coming, he unhooked the horses and got on one. They headed for home. The wind hit just as he got to the end of the flat. It grabbed Cloudy and and lifted her upside down into a ditch. Dad hooked Belle on her and pulled her out. There was about three inches of hail piled up against the door. It was so much fun running through the hail barefoot."

The bachelor Fesslor owned the first car the Meyers' children saw. One day he took it by the school to see the teacher. He gave each one of the kids a ride in the car with the cloth top and sides.

Hauling water for a large family became a difficult task so Henry dug a well. He dug down near the river bottom and found good sweet water at fifteen feet. He decided to move his house down to the well and make some improvements on it. One summer he put up a tent to shelter his family and began work on the house. The children were playing in the tent one day. The little ones, Annie and Margaret, were running around the stove in the tent when Margaret lost her footing and fell against the hot stove. She burned her face quite severely. Her nose, cheeks, chin and forehead had ugly burns, but all that remained was a small white scar on the flat part of her nose.

In the summer of 1908 Barbara was pregnant for the twelfth time. She had a great fear of having this baby steming from the fact that her previous one had been born dead. Her age was also against her for she was forty one years old. She traveled into Rapid City shortly before the baby was due, to be near help if it were needed. Her worst fears went unrealized for on the 9th of August she gave birth to a beautiful little girl named Amy Alma without difficulty.

Sometimes the Cheyenne River would rise over its banks in flood stage. This would change the course of the water and create great pot holes as well as shallow, sandy spots. It wasn't easy to find a place to ford the river after the spring floods.

Henry was visited every spring by the Indian tribes on the move. They would come to the house asking for him. It was thought these Indians were of the tribe that had taken Henry into their camp while he was a teenager.

Henry would show them each year where it was the safest to cross the river. They would camp on the river banks below the house several times a year.

Barbara raised dogs and each year when the Indians came through she traded the pups to them for calico cloth. The calico was government issue and useless to them, but the pups were a great delicacy. The kids heard them dancing and feasting on their pups in the evening down by the river.

At times great flash floods occured on the Cheyenne River. One day Henry and Barbara took the kids down to the river bank to look at the boiling, gurgling, muddy mass of water.

"There was a house floating down the river, along with it were chickens, a cat, even dead calves. I didn't notice anything, only the water rushing by and the dead animals and buildings floating in it. All of a sudden Dad grabbed me around the waist and jerked me back, just as the bank where I had been standing caved away. I'm still scared of high water, but then I was horrified."

Tillie met and married Carl Walstrom, a Norwegian, from around Creston. They were married in the late summer of 1910 in the same room of Alvina and Jack Leary's house in Rapid City as her parents had been married.

Just before her forty-fourth birthday, Barbara gave birth to her thirteenth and final child. It was a little girl named Eleanor. Tillie was pregnant herself, but went to help her mother with the delivery and the taking care of the other children. Little Eleanor became very jaundiced and died when she was about six weeks old. She had been born on the 20th of January in 1911.

In December of 1911 Emma married Simon Collins. The following spring, April 1912, Etta married Walter Rockwell.

Carl Walstrom had a brother in Canada. Ed Walstrom wrote that he had taken out a homestead in Alberta and raved about the virtue of that great land. Meanwhile there was a severe drought in South Dakota and the crops had failed for several years.

Back row: Herman, Simon and Emma Collins, Walter and Etta Rockwell, Heinie, Tillie, Carl and Baby Caroline Walstrom
Front Row: Amy, Barbara, Annie, Henry, Margaret and Vina (1912)

Etta, Herman, Vina, Margaret and their father, Henry Peter Meyers.
1907

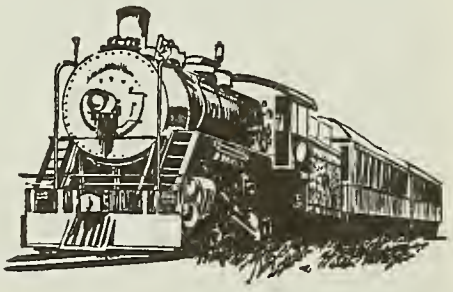
Amy, Annie, Margaret, Vina, 1912

Herman and Heinie, 1912

Etta and Emma with little sister, Annie 1911

With nothing but the dried up land before him Henry decided to sell out and go to Canada. It meant leaving behind his two newly married daughters, Etta and Emma. But Tillie and Carl with their little girl went along to Canada with them.

PART 2 - CANADA



They left South Dakota on Saturday the first day of June in 1912. Henry, his two boys, and his son-in-law took two car loads of furniture, machinery and stock. They had thirteen horses and one cow. Barbara, five of her girls, and her granddaughter followed in a passenger train.

They were to meet each other at Ed Walstrom's in Irvine a few miles east of Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Henry had to stop at the border and have the stock tested. They had to vaccinate the animals. One of the horses with a hackamore on its head became over excited and nervous. As Henry tried to calm him his hand was caught in the noose badly injuring his finger. They had to stop off and have his finger stitched up and lost a few days.

Ed Walstrom's place was about nine miles from the train depot. Barbara walked the nine miles every day looking for Henry to appear. One day she had the kids with her and was wearily trudging back home. A couple of teamsters with empty wagons came upon them and asked if they wanted a ride. Barbara's feet were getting pretty tired and she nodded her assent and climbed on the wagon with her children. It wasn't long until the driver in the rear wagon yelled out in German to the lead driver, "You have yourself a pretty nice ready made family up there."

His reply wasn't remembered long enough to tell, but Barbara never let on she understood the German. When they got off at their destination she couldn't help herself from expressing her gratitude in a spiel of fluent German. The teamsters took out of there in a pretty big hurry, having been tricked by the little lady.

In a few weeks Henry arrived with the goods and stock. He discovered he didn't like the looks of the land. Sure, the promise of fine hard grain as high as the fences was true and it was a beautiful land. But the farm Ed had raved so about was full of rocks. Rocks so big they resembled a pasture of sheep. Henry grazed his stock and unloaded his belongings. The kids went out in the pasture and picked up cow chips to use for fuel. There wasn't a

tree or a piece of brush in sight.

Barbara was disappointed. too. She had always heard Oregon was a beautiful place to live for it was said to have been like her native Bavaria. She had longed to go there instead.

Henry left Barbara and the kids at Ed' s while he and Carl took the train north to the Stettler area. They liked the land better there and bought two farms a mile and a half from each other. Henry bought the Peterson place and Carl bought the Johnson place.

They returned to Irvine where they secured a couple of wagons, loaded everything again and headed north.

Pilot Knob school house

The Meyers' lived on the farm at Stettler for three years. The boys and younger girls went to the Pilot Knob School. Later they rented a farm north of there for two years.

In the summer of 1917 Herman went to work for a doctor. His job was mostly to drive the doctor on his rounds so he had to get a chauffer' s license. He often helped the doctor and learned a lot of things about medicine. His job went on into the winter for he told the story of being called to the home of some Ukranians with a bad case of the flu. When the doctor got into the house the first thing he did was fling open the windows so the sick family could get some fresh air. He spent hours there, with Herman helping him, trying to bring down their fevers. Herman had to go out every hour to start the car and let it warm up for the mercury in the thermometer was well below zero and the car was more than apt to freeze. The doctor had a hard time keeping the windows open for the fresh air, but he warned them to keep them open when he left. The next day Herman drove the doctor back to check on the family. The windows were shut tightly and the house was as stuffy as a coffin. The third time the doctor found the house closed up. He lifted his foot and kicked the windows out.

World War I was raging in Europe and there was a lot of anti-German prejudice and suspicion rampant in North America. Henry, the father, spoke both German and English fluently, both without a trace of an accent. Barbara, the mother, having been born in Germany, naturally spoke English with a heavy accent. The children spoke English with a mixture of German words thrown in for good measure.

Herman got a job one summer. At the end of a season of hard work

his employer refused to pay his wages. Henry heard about it and went to the farmer to demand payment. The disgruntled farmer went to the authorities and reported that the Meyerses were pro-German, thus dangerous to the community. There was a subsequent investigation, but nothing came of it for the charges were unfounded. The action however, left them an uneasy place in the community and they felt compelled to move farther north.

Henry found a place he liked at Lavoy which lies east of Vegreville about one hundred miles north of Stettler. Barbara felt much safer in Lavoy. She feared her boys would be taken from her to fight the war. Both Herman and Heinie were near the age of eligibility for conscription. But in spite of her wishes to the contrary, Herman went behind her back and "was duly registered for the national purposes of Canada" on the 22nd day of June, 1918.

Barbara with flock of fowl

Herman Meyers
Signature of Registrant

CANADA REGISTRATION BOARD

This certificate must always be carried upon the person of the registrant

NUMBER 229 | 11 | 23

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Herman Meyers

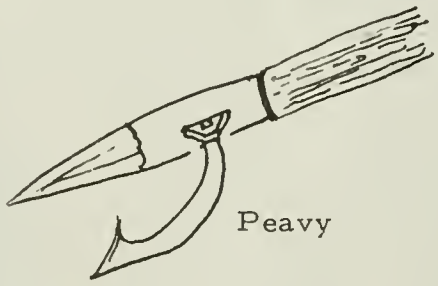
residing at Lavoy in Province of Alberta was duly registered for the national purposes of Canada this 22 day of June 1918

Cora Langille
Deputy Registrar

Herman worked in a lumber camp. He lived in a bunk house where all his mates were big and tough French-Canadian lumberjacks. The other bunk house contained all the Indians. The Frenchmen made snow balls, dipped them in the water trough and set them on the window ledge to freeze. Then someone would pick a fight with the Indians in the other bunk house. The war was on. When the battle cry was struck everyone would dive for his boots. Since all the boots were lined up around the wood stove to dry out and everyone was in such a hurry to get into the foray, they didn't care much whose boots they put on. Herman had a pair of badly fitting, worn out boots issued to him so he kept his eyes open for a good pair about his size. One day he was able to "trade" his in for the better pair.

Herman was put to work on the log deck. Horses were used to load up the logs from the ramps to the huge bob sleds pulled by nine harnessed three abreast. It was Herman's job to break apart the big logs

frozen together in the log pile. After he broke them apart two Frenchmen with peavys rolled them on down to the ramp. Each man was supposed to break his own logs from the ice so Herman became angry with the older guys taking advantage of him and threw a peavy at one of them. They came after him with their own peavys, but Herman threatened them with his peavy and held his ground. Later the foreman took Herman off to handle the horses so he wouldn't be threatened by the tougher and older French-Canadians.



Peavy

On New Year's Eve, 1919, Herman was at home in Lavoy. He asked his sisters, Vinie and Annie, to attend a dance with him. It was there they both met their future husbands. Vinie was married to George Place of Ranfurly the following April. But it was two years later, after she became a widow and a mother, that Annie was to marry Ike Sanders.

Vinie got a job working at the Howard Sudaby's place. The Sudaby kids all came down with the measles and they accused Vinie of bringing it to them. All Vinie had was a little rash in her hair, but didn't get so sick she had to tell them.

Annie was just past sixteen when she went to work for a family named McGowan on a farm at Vergreville. Their boys were digging a well. She cooked for them. It was a good job and she made good money.

Emma and Simon moved from South Dakota to Canada. Annie went down to Emma's place and worked for them, but after the season they took off for Los Angeles. Annie got a job in a hotel working for Stanley Dunbar. She worked there for a couple of weeks and earned enough to buy a pair of stockings, a sweater and a ticket home.

Margaret went to the train depot in Stettler to meet Annie and together they went out to the Meyers' home in Lavoy.

The winter of 1920 proved to be one of great hardship for the Meyers family. After the war was over the soldiers started coming home with the germs of the Spanish influenza. It began to spread through Canada like the plague. For a time it was against the law for anyone, sick or well, to be on the streets without a mask.

The flu struck Henry very hard. He continued to work well into the night trying to keep his stock alive in the bitter, cold and frozen north. Because of overdoing and not taking care of himself, he was left with the epileptic convulsions brought on by the high fever. He was already sixty years old and became unable to work. Barbara was getting arthritis. Amy, Margaret and Annie were at home. Heinie was unable to find work. Herman found odd jobs here and there.

"The crops got snowed in. The old straw all froze up. Some of Dad's hay was stolen and all we had to feed that

bunch of stock was some twigs and branches that we' d go out and gather. They were so hungry they'd eat that right up. Dad bought some grain, but with around seventy head of cattle and some horses to feed he couldn' t afford near enough. He decided to move back to Rumsey because there the cattle could forage for themselves. We packed up everything, took it to Lavoy and shipped it down on the train. On the way to Lavoy I was riding Nancy and driving the cattle. I got off the road to go around the wagon." Herman was driving the folks. "Just as soon as we got off the track she got down in the snow. The snow was around my waist and around her head. She kept thrashing and lunging until she finally got around the wagon and onto the road."

They settled on a place in Rumsey. Herman and Heinie were with them as were Annie, Margaret, and Amy. Vinie stayed with her job in Lavoy.

Above, Vinie with animals
Right, Margaret

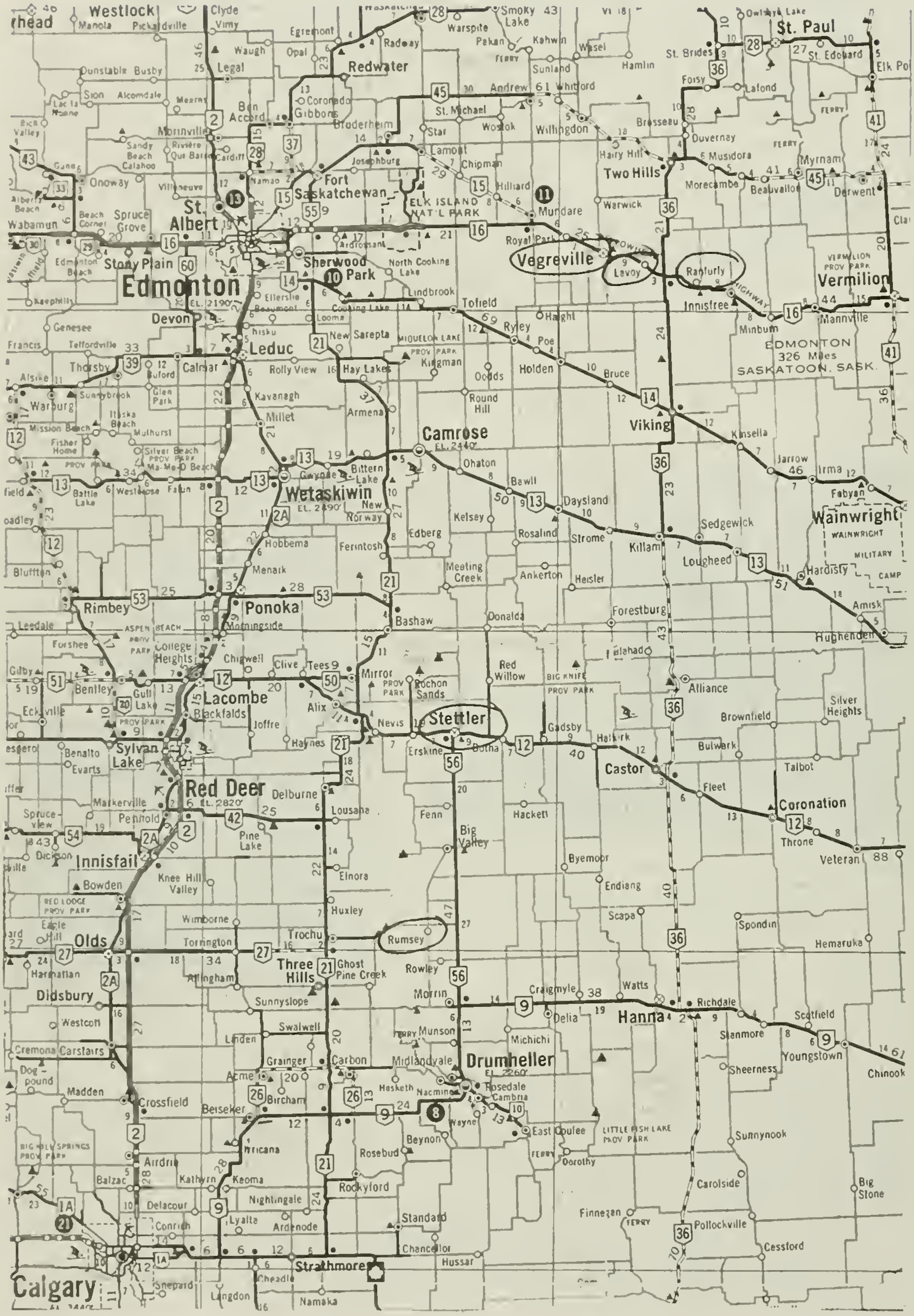
In April Vinie came down to Rumsey with George Place. They were married and returned to Ranfurly to live on George' s farm.

In the spring of 1921 Annie went home with George and Vinie when they came to Rumsey for a visit. She worked for them on the farm for a season. Annie returned to Rumsey and married Stanley Dunbar in the spring of 1922.

Emma and her family lived in the Rumsey area.

Tillie, with her ever growing family, stayed in the Stettler area.

Etta remained in South Dakota, the only one never to go to Canada.


Westlock
Clyde
Redwater
Smoky Lake
St. Paul
Elk Point
Legal
Bon Accord
Gibbons
Morinville
Andrew
Willingdon
Two Hills
Lamont
Chipman
Mundare
St. Albert
Fort Saskatchewan
ELK ISLAND NAT'L PARK
Onoway
Spruce Grove
Stony Plain
Edmonton
Sherwood Park
Vegreville
Lavoy
Ranfurly
Innisfree
Vermilion
Minburn
Mannville
Devon
Leduc
Calmar
Thorsby
Tofield
Ryley
Holden
Bruce
EDMONTON 326 Miles SASKATOON, SASK.
Viking
Camrose
Wetaskiwin
Kinsella
Irma
Wainwright
Daysland
Strome
Killam
Sedgewick
Lougheed
Hardisty
Ponoka
Rimbey
Bashaw
Forestburg
Amisk
Hughenden
Lacombe
Alix
Stettler
Botha
Castor
Coronation
Sylvan Lake
Red Deer
Big Valley
Veteran
Innisfail
Bowden
Olds
Trochu
Rumsey
Three Hills
Didsbury
Carstairs
Hanna
Drumheller
Crossfield
Airdrie
Strathmore
Calgary

ALBERTA

CHAUFFEUR LICENSE

No. 964

Issued to Herman H. Myers

Address Stettler

Employed by

Address

DESCRIPTION OF VEHICLE

Permit No. H.P.

Trade Name

Edmonton July 9 1917.

Deputy Provincial Secretary

Countersigned O.K.

Herman kept his chauffeur license to drive a taxi. He had occasion to drive to Drumheller for a fare. While there he was in a pool hall and made contact with some bootleggers. Someone wanted a jug so Herman was hired to drive his taxi out in the country to pick up some liquor hidden in a haystack. Someone reported the incident. One of the officers went out to have a talk with Henry, saying he had the goods on his son and he had better set him right. Herman was too frightened to run booze after that.

Above: Herman and Trixie, Helen's first heifer calf in Canada
Right: Herman and Margaret, about 1920

For a time Herman worked for a cattle syndicate riding fence between line shacks. While riding fence for thirty-five dollars a month he would shoot coyotes which he turned in for a bounty of twenty-five dollars. The lice in the line shacks where he stayed were so bad, it got so he couldn't stand it. He loaded his stuff on his horse and rode many miles home where his mother boiled them out of everything he owned.

It was in the area of Rumsey that Del Sparhawk became acquainted with Herman and Margaret Meyers. Del married Margaret. He and Herman became very close friends and remained so all of their lives.

Annie's husband, Stanley, died of a heart attack before they had been married two months. She went up to Tillie's to have her baby.

The elder Meyerses went out to Annie's place to help her with the stock and the new baby when she returned home.. They didn't have nearly enough money for food so they sold Annie's hay for groceries. They also milked the cows and sold the cream.

Henry's and Barbara's health became worse and they decided to move back to the United States.

The story of their move may be read in chapter one, THE TRAIL DRIVE.

Barbara and Henry, 1922

PART 3 - OREGON

The family lived in Leonia, Idaho, on the shore of the beautiful little Lake Herman. They rented a beautiful big house with three stories. It was so big it had a ball room on one of the upper floors. There was a covered porch running around four sides of the second floor. Amy went to school a half mile up the road. From Leonia, Henry was taken to the doctors in Spokane to seek medical treatment.

Del went down to Oregon to be with his family for the summer of 1923. In November he returned to Idaho and married Margaret, on the 26th, in Bonner's Ferry.

Herman got a job in the lumber camps nearby. Annie worked as cook for a road building crew.

Herman went on the train with the Sparhawk horses to Dallas in November of 1923. It was then he met Rachel Sparhawk, but it was many years before his responsiblities allowed him to marry.

George and Vinie sold their farm in Ranfurly, bought a car and drove to Idaho. They were there on New Year's Eve, 1923, for they witnessed the marriage of Annie to Ike Sanders on that day.

Annie and Ike returned to Canada, but in the spring of 1924 George and Vinie drove her folks, Heinie, and Amy down to Oregon in their little car.

They went to Dallas, Oregon, where they stayed in the home of Lafe Sparhawk and his family until they were able to rent a house on Cherry Street.

Herman, George, and Heinie were able to get jobs in the lumber mill in Dallas.

Del and Margaret were in Dallas that year, too.

Jake Warkentine was working in one of the mills in Dallas as well. He and Amy met and were married.

One day when work had slacked off at the mill, Frank Sparhawk, cousin to the Lafe Sparhawks, came by. He took Herman with him to the Tigard area where he had found a job digging ditches and laying the water system for the community of Metzger.

The area, a few miles from Portland, was just opening up for development, so Herman bought several acres of land. George and Vina followed him to Tigard and they, too, bought a parcel of land.

Herman built a house and moved his folks to Tigard. He moved there when Highway 217 was but a dirt road

Barbara and Henry

Barbara and Henry Meyers, parrot on cage, and grandchild.

Henry, Margaret, Etta, Annie and Barbara in back row.
Margaret's children, Evelyn, Buddy, and Delbert and Annie's girl, Barbara, in front row.
About 1930

between his house and Vinie's.

Barbara wanted to raise chickens so Herman built her a nice big chicken house in the back. She sold eggs and felt she was contributing something, even though Herman bought the feed. It wasn't profitable, but it kept Barbara busy and active.

They broke up the ground so she could have a garden. Later Herman helped her plant a rose garden and tended it for her when she wasn't able.

They were well established in their homes in Tigard in the fall of 1926, for Margaret went there to be near her mother for the birth of her third child. She also had her fourth there in 1927.

Henry's health didn't improve, but he lived an additional ten years after their arrival in Oregon. A month after his seventy-second birthday, on the 24th of January, 1933, Henry Peter Meyers died in a Portland hospital from septicemia (blood poisoning) following a prostatectomy. He was buried at the Crescent Grove Cemetery north of Tigard.

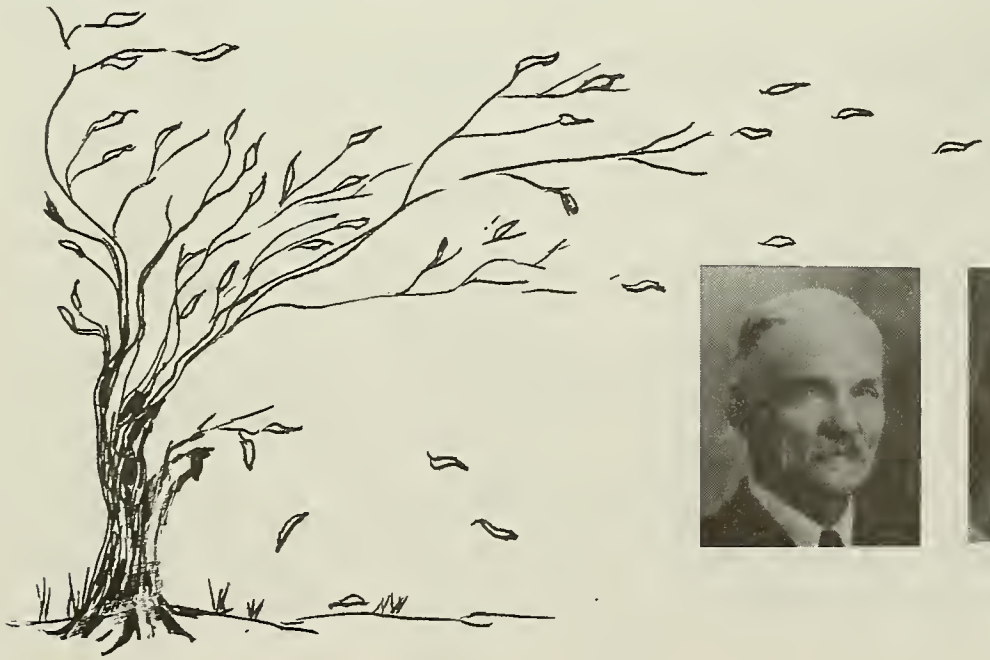
Barbara, Heinie in car, Vina's dog and Henry

Barbara

After Henry's death, Barbara continued to make her home with her son, Herman.

Herman married Rachie in June of 1933. They took care of Barbara, which became increasingly difficult as her arthritis had made her an invalid.

About 1937, Barbara was taken to Portland to live with Amy and Jake. Her last years were spent in bed because of the crippling arthritis. She died in Portland on the 30th of December in 1942. She would have been seventy-six the following February. She lies buried beside her husband in the Crescent Grove Cemetery.



MEYERS, Henry Peter
b. 20 Dec. 1860
Two Rivers, Wis.
m. 15 Sept. 1889
Rapid City, S. D.
d. 24 Jan. 1933
Portland, Ore.
bur. Crescent Grove Cem, Tigard, Ore.

MUHLBERGER, Babetta
(Barbara)
b. 11 Feb. 1867
Muhlhausen, Bavaria
Germany
d. 30 Dec. 1942
Portland, Ore.
bur. Crescent Grove

1. Emma Alvina	b. 5 Aug. 1890	Rapid City S. D.	d. 11 July 1974
2. Walter	b. 13 Feb. 1892	Rapid City S. D.	d. about 6 months
3. Mathilda Margaret	b. 5 Mar. 1893	Rapid City S. D.	
4. Hugo	b. 8 Apr. 1894	Dakota City S. D.	d. 12 Oct. 1904
5. Henrietta	b. 21 Nov. 1895	Dakota City S. D.	
6. Herman H.	b. 29 Nov. 1898	Creston S. D.	d. 10 Mar. 1969
7. Heinie W. (Henry)	b. 12 Mar. 1900	Creston S. D.	d. 23 June 1972
8. Alvina Emma	b. 27 Nov. 1901	Creston S. D.	
9. Annie Laurie	b. 3 May 1903	Creston S. D.	
10. Margaret Mathilda	b. 14 Apr. 1905	Creston S. D.	d. 28 Mar. 1938
11. Son	b. 1906	Creston S. D.	d. still born
12. Amy Alma	b. 9 Aug. 1908	Rapid City S. D.	
13. Eleanor	b. 20 Jan. 1911	Creston S. D.	d. ab. 6 weeks

CHAPTER 3

EMMA

Emma was twenty when she married Simon Collins on 20 December 1911 in Rapid City, South Dakota, his home town. They lived in the Rapid City area for several years while Simon farmed.

It was as if Emma married the Collins family when she married Simon for she shared her home with his mother, father, and brother until they all died. For some years he had his sisters in the home also.

Simon and Emma

Around 1914 the entire family decided to follow Emma's folks to Canada. They first moved to the Stettler area, but later settled in the Rumsey area where Simon rented a farm. The first winter they were in Rumsey Emma became lonesome to have some of her family near her. Her sister Annie spent the winter with Emma and attended school in Rumsey. Then when her turn was over Vina was sent to keep Emma happy. Emma was a good seamstress and did a lot of sewing for the girls.

In 1915 Emma had a son she named Ralph. He was born in Rumsey. Barbara, her mother went over to be with Emma when it was time for Ralph to be born.

Simon was a farmer all of his life. He always rented farms, but he bought a threshing-machine and had a good business threshing for others in the area. Simon's brother was named Frank. He was slightly mentally retarded and Simon was always watching out for him. The two were very close brothers and inseparable. They worked together as a team in the threshing business.

Henry Meyers, Ralph's grandfather, captured a bald eagle and gave it to him when he was a young boy. Emma trained the wild eagle to eat from her hand. She would go to town and get meat from the butcher shop. She would then hold the meat out and call to the eagle who would fly over to her, land on her shoulder and eat the meat. They

The Collins family, 1916

had that eagle for two or three years while they were living at Rumsey, but someone shot him for sport.

Simon and Frank had a horse that had the reputation of being a man-hater. He was terribly mean and never improved very much no matter how much the men rode him. One day Ralph, a little fellow five years old, went up to the horse and untied him. He then led him out to the well and let him drink. After he had had his fill he led him back to the barn and tied him up again. The horse would attack men, but sensed he was safe around the little guy.

The elder Collinses, Simon's folks, both died at Rumsey.

Simon and Emma decided to go up to the Peace River area of northern Alberta. They took out papers on a homestead where their address was Blue Sky. They cleared the land, built a log house and put in a big garden.

While they were there Ralph turned eighteen and Emma had another son named Lloyd. He was born on the 29th of March in 1932.

The Collins cabins at Blue Sky, Alta.

After they cleared more land and built a barn they planted wheat, oats, and barley. Sometimes Simon worked out on building roads.

Simon's brother, Frank, and their two sisters, Sis and Tess went with them to Blue Sky. The girls left after a while, but Frank stayed on.

Emma had a pet snake who would crawl around in the house and hide in the cracks of the logs. He would eat all the bugs and flys. It would keep the mice away as well. She lost her friendly serpent after a time because her brother-in-law was so afraid of snakes he thought it would be better off dead.

They built up a herd of milk cows and sold the cream to buy groceries. But Emma was having a hard time making the cream money stretch. One day when the two brothers were not quite sober and there was a definite need of funds, Emma went out to the yard for something and found Frank's horse, still bridled and saddled, tied to the porch. She happened to look down and saw a ten dollar bill under the horse's back foot. She lifted the animal's foot and retrieved the bill, waving it in Frank's face and saying, "You lost this, but I am going to use it to buy groceries," and she did.

It was Simon's habit to keep the funds of the family, but one day Frank wanted some spending money. He tried to coerce Emma into telling him where the money was hidden, but Emma didn't know either. He got rough with her so she took up the iron stove poker and bent it over his head trying to defend herself. It didn't faze him for he was well known for having a hard head. In retribution Frank took out his jack knife and threatened, as he had many times before, to slit her throat. This time however, he was just angry enough to carry out his threat. He reached out and cut her juggler vein. Fortunately the cut didn't go all the way through, but left an ugly gaping slash across her throat. Emma hid from Frank and

when she felt safe she made her way over to the doctor's. She was extremely weak from the loss of so much blood and nearly didn't make it. The doctor sewed her up, but she carried a scar the rest of her life.

Ralph married and had two daughters. When World War II broke out Ralph went to serve. He was sent to Italy and on the 23rd of December in 1943 was killed in a mine explosion at Ortona.

Simon died and Emma sold the animals and moved with her son Lloyd, who was twelve at the time, to the United States. After having a good visit with her many relatives, whom she hadn't seen in years, Emma made her home with her sister, Etta, in Portland, Oregon.

Lloyd attended Benson High School and both Emma and Etta got jobs working in a hotel doing maid's work.

When Lloyd married and settled on the Washington coast Emma made her home near him.

Emma died in a traffic accident on the 11th of July in 1974 at the age of almost eighty four.

Grandmother Creates Model Art Treasures

By BARBARA ELLIOTT

In her tiny living room at 602 Duffy St., a 74-year-old grandmother, Mrs. Emma Collins, produces an unusual art form entirely new to the Harbor.

Out of wire, old copies of The Aberdeen World, pieces of wood, glue and bits of cloth and fur, Mrs. Collins creates horses and all kinds of vehicles associated with the horse.

She has stage coaches, buggies, surreys, wagons and carts. When we visited her she showed us among many other things, an Irishman in a horse-drawn peat cart, a half-finished model of the 20-mule team and wagons used to haul borax away from the mines in Death Valley and a horse that will eventually be hitched to a surrey "with fringe on top."

MUSEUM PIECES

These museum pieces are put together with harnesses that can be hitched and unhitched to demonstrate to the youngsters of today how man made the equipment that enabled the horse to pull heavy loads.

Although horses are her first love—"I grew up on a horse," she told us—Mrs. Collins does make other animals such as dogs, cows, sheep and any other creature for which she has a request or which she needs for a "set up."

An inspection of the animals —particularly the horses—brings an awareness that the artist does, indeed, know her subjects. Her sense of proportion and her knowledge of the anatomy of the horse are especially apparent.

SCALE MODELS

Incidentally, the animals and vehicles created by Mrs. Collins are scale models—not toys. She has, however, made some toys, including rocking horses for her grandchildren.

The artist combs through books and magazines for pictures to help her in her work. She can make something from almost any material handed her. One of her problems is the material for the manes and tails of her horses. Goat hair is ideal and has the most realistic appearance. But goatskins are not easily come by.

Mrs. Collins has a number of ribbons won by entering her work in fairs around the country. Last fall she received a rosette in the Southwest Washington Fair for a horse and cart.

STARTED AS A CHILD

A Harbor resident for about two years, Mrs. Collins grew up on a South Dakota ranch near Rapid City and the Black Hills. As a small child she started making models of the farm animals out of the gumbo soil that was so plentiful on the ranch. She would put in a few rocks for weight, add a twig here and there until she had accomplished her objective. If she found an interesting piece of wood or root, she whittled and carved it until she had made something of it.

A collection of her work is attracting much interest at the Hoquiam Library. One of the most intriguing ensembles in the collection is the stagecoach and six horses which she completed just recently.

THE ABERDEEN DAILY WORLD,

January 28, 1965

COLLINS, Simon

m. 20 Dec. 1911

MEYERS, Emma Alvina
b. 5 Aug. 1890
Rapid City. S. Dak.
d. 11 July 1974
Bremerton, WA.
bur. Sunset Hills,
Portland, OR.

1. Ralph Joseph b. 30 July 1915
Rumsey, Alberta
m. DANBERGER, Helen Feb. 1936
Peace River, Alberta
d. 23 Dec. 1943 Ortona Italy, W.W. I I
1. Joan Colleen b. 29 Nov. 1937
Blue Sky, Alberta
m. WOWOSZYN, John, North Star,
Alberta

2. Carrie Marie b. 3 Feb. 1939
Whitelaw, Alberta
m. JAEGER, Leo Nov. 1962

2. Lloyd Linsey b. 23 Mar. 1932
Wolsly, Alberta
m. STUTTIVILLE, Mary Ann 28 May
Seattle, WA.
d.
1. Anna Marie b. 30 May 1956, Seattle WA.

2. Charles Michael b. 23 July 1959 Seattle WA.

Ralph

Two Women Killed

By The Associated Press

Two Poulsbo women were killed Thursday when a car and a pickup truck collided outside Bremerton, the State Patrol reported today.

The state patrol identified the victims as 75-year-old Shirley Valler and her passenger, Emma Collins, who was in her 80s The accident occurred six-tenths of a mile north of Bremerton on Kitsap way.

Emma with Lloyd and his family.

CHAPTER 4

TILLIE

One day when Tillie and her sister Etta were on their way to school in Creston, South Dakota, they saw a handsome young Norwegian fellow. They listened to him talk, but couldn't understand his language. They giggled and made fun of him behind his back. It seemed strange to hear a foreigner speak. They didn't consider their own mother, Barbara, who was still struggling over the English words and asking her children to teach her words they learned in school.

Four years later Carl Walstrom must have learned enough English to communicate with Tillie for she took quite a liking to him. When Carl approached her father, Henry Meyers, with thoughts of marriage in his heart, Henry asked him to consider Emma, his oldest daughter, instead. He pointed out that Tillie was only seventeen, but Emma was two years older, much closer to Carl's age of twenty six. But Carl wasn't to be swayed by the opposition so a wedding date was agreed upon. It was to be in September, on the Meyers' anniversary.

One evening Carl took Tillie out for a buggy ride and they were gone a little longer than the folks thought they should have been. The worst was suspected and it was suggested they move the wedding up a few weeks. Their denials of any wrong doing went unheeded and the wedding took place on the 24th of August in 1910, in the front room of Jack and Alvina Leary's house in Rapid City. It was the room, but in the opposite corner, where her parents had been married in 1889.

The young couple established their own home in the Creston area where Carl farmed.

In January Barbara, Tillie's mother, was to have another baby. On the 20th of the month Tillie was called upon to be there. Still only seventeen and pregnant at the time, she helped at the birthing. They tried so hard to keep the other children from knowing. Barbara never cried out, merely whimpered a little with the pangs of birth, setting a good example for her daughter. Tillie helped with the cooking and the children until her mother was feeling better. That baby, named Elnora, died at the age of six weeks. It saddened Tillie for she felt close to the little one having assisted at her birth.

The following June 25th (1911) Tillie gave birth to her own little girl. She named her Caroline. Barbara exchanged midwife services with her daughter and assisted in the birth.

The little family had a hard year of farming for a severe drought was in effect throughout the area.

The Meyers' family decided to move to Canada and the Walstroms agreed to go along. When the weather broke in the spring they were loaded on a train and on their way north. Tillie had a little baby, was nineteen years old and expecting another baby in a few months. She left her two sisters, Emma and Etta, both married then, in South Dakota.

They heard Canada was a great place to live and believed it when they saw grain growing as tall as the fences. They lived at Irvine which is near Medicine Hat, Alberta for a while. Then they moved to Stettler and bought the Johnson place and her folks bought the Peterson place only a mile and a half away. The places already had houses on them and the ground was all broken up into farm land.

Bertha was born in Canada on 27 August 1912, not long after moving. Children continued to arrive at a very fast rate in the ensuing years. Harold was next, born, 5 February 1914. Barbara also mid-wifed at Bertha's and Harold's birth.

Times were hard, the winters were cold, but the family got by. They had to burn buffalo chips for heat and cooking.

When little Bertha was only two years old she played with matches, ate them, was poisoned, and died. It saddened the family much to lose their little girl.

Carl and Tillie with children, Harold, Caroline and Clive

1915

More babies arrived at the Walstrom household. Each one was loved and nurtured to take his rightful place of responsibility in the family. Clive was born on the 16th of March 1915 and Thelma arrived on the 26th of May 1916. Then along came Elmer, 9 October 1918 and Gladys, 20 March 1921.

Caroline took on much of the household responsibilities, including the bread baking, at the birth of each new child.

Tillie had just had her twenty-eighth birthday when she gave birth to her seventh child then took a rest from child bearing for a few years. But the rearing of six children while living on the big farm on the prairie of Alberta was not an easy task.

Perhaps the increased responsibility of the farm and the growing family began to tell on Carl, for he started to lose his mind. Tillie believed his illness was caused by his drinking too much gold as a cure-all for rheumatoid arthritis.

It seemed to some of the children in the summer of 1926 that their mother was getting fat and clumsy. One day in September she was mowing hay in the yard with a team of horses hitched to the mower. On one round she was riding the mower down a hill and around a sharp corner. The mower tilted, she lost her balance and fell off. The team continued

its turn and pulled the wheel of the mower right over her abdomen. Everyone was afraid for her safety for her clumsiness was caused by her eighth pregnancy.

During the first week of December of 1926 Elmer had to be taken to Stettler to the hospital for a hernia operation. While he was there his family was visiting their neighbors, the Westons. All of a sudden Tillie showed signs that her labor was about to begin. She sat down at the sewing maching while Carl got her coat and put it around her. They seated her in the little bob sleigh and drove across the frozen countryside to the Patrick place where the doctor met them in his car. Just as they arrived in town and were crossing the railroad tracks Tillie had her first hard labor pain. Some time later she delivered a big healthy pair of twins, a boy and a girl on the ninth of December. Leland weighed six and one half pounds, Leona weighed seven pounds. Thirteen and one half pounds of baby had been carried by the small framed mother.

Carl made trips to town to visit these four members of his family in the hospital. Elmer watched him tie his horse to the pole of the street lamp which cast a yellow ark on the frozen snow. Carl didn't seem too happy at the prospect of raising twins, but by then his illness had begun to overtake him. It wasn't long until he had to be taken to the hospital in Medicine Hat for treatment.

It was left up to Tillie and the older children to do the farming. Everyone did their share and worked hard. Carl was able to come home for periodic visits during the times he was feeling better. Sometimes the family would go to Medicine Hat to visit him. But he never seemed to get better.

On the 7th of April 1928 Tillie gave birth to her last child. It was a girl and she named her Slyvia. Emma and Simon Collins had moved to Rumsey forty miles south of Stettler. They drove by team and wagon so Emma could act as mid-wife for her sister. The younger children didn't know the reason for the visit was another baby. When it came time for the birth Simon was sitting at the kitchen table with a bottle of Gilvey's Gin in front of him. Simon said to Elmer, "You're going to have another little sister today."

Because of the general state of idiocy Elmer associated with the bottle, he didn't believe the incredible tale Soon a baby's cry was heard

from the bedroom and Aunt Emma was bringing the little baby girl out for the family to admire. Tillie had to stay in bed after Sylvia's birth for ten to twelve days, much longer than any of the others.

Harold and Clive Walstrom

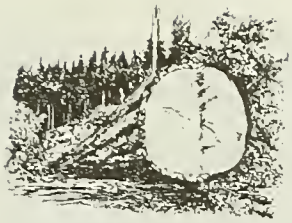
In 1930 the boys planned a hunting excursion. In the preparation for it fifteen year old Clive accidently shot and killed himself with his own gun. It was a tragic loss to the family. Emma drove the forty miles in the wagon again to comfort her sister in her bereavement.

But tragedy was not to leave her door step. In February of 1931 Carl came home for a visit. The stress and depression were more than Carl could bear and he took his own life.

Carl and Tillie Walstrom

Tillie continued to raise the children and run the farm. In 1935 she married Ben Tabert. They later moved to Vanderhoof, B.C. where Ben and the boys worked their sawmill.

Tillie was called upon to work in the mill, too, even though she thought that was no place for a woman. Her judgment was proven right one day when one of the sawyers in the mill was so reckless and careless he didn't throw a slab away from the whirling saw blade. When the big saw made its next pass it picked up the slab and flung it in Tillie's direction. It whizzed



past her face so close she could feel the wind it created in its path. As she walked off she told Ben he could just find a man to do a man's work in the sawmill. She refused to go back.

One day when Tillie's boys went hunting she went along to go berry picking. She was left alone in the woods, calmly filling her berry basket when she heard a movement in the nearby bushes. A huge, full grown bear was picking berries right along with her. They spied each other at the same instant. Both were startled and wondered what the other would do. The bear became curious and moved closer to Tillie. She was so terrified she couldn't move from the spot where she was standing. The big bear continued to look her over and make little grunting noises. Finally, after what seemed an eternity to Tillie, she gained her composure. The spunky little woman set her berry basket down and started walking toward the big bear. She was clapping her hands and saying, "You've looked at me long enough. Now go." She continued to clap and shoo the menacing creature away. He took the hint he wasn't wanted there to share her berries and turned around and walked away.

In 1972 Ben died at Vanderhoof. Tillie moved to a warmer climate near the U.S. border. Carl had not been a Canadian citizen, but Ben was. Because of her marriage to him, she too, became a citizen.

While living in Lumby at the age of 84 she met and married Dick Travers. He has given much happiness in her later years to a brave and plucky little woman.

Tillie and Ben Tabert

left to right:
Leland Walstrom
Elmer Walstrom
Nick Lakusta
Les Martin
Dorothy (Leland's wife)
Gladys Martin
Leona Wright
Sylvia Lakusta
Jennie (Elmer's wife)
with Tillie in front

The Walstrom home in Stettler

Caroline Walstrom Bakaas

Tillie and her family

Thelma and her family

Caroline and her family

The Tabert home in Vanderhoof

Harold Walstrom,
Les and Gladys Martin

Tabert backyard in Vanderhoof

Tillie and Dick Travers 1978

WALSTROM, Carl
b. 8 April 1885
Norway
m. 24 Aug. 1910
Rapid City, S. Dak.
d. 23 Feb. 1931
Stettler, Alta.

MEYERS, Mathilda Margrate
b. 5 Mar. 1893
Rapid City, S. Dak.

m. (2) TABERT, Ben
m. (3) TRAVERS, Richard

1. Caroline b. 25 June 1911 Custer Co. S. Dak. d.
m. BAKAAS, Jens 23 April 1930

1. Joyce b. 16 Jan 1934
m. INGLES, Norman 5 May 1956
1. Deborah b. 30 July 1955
2. Candace Marie b. 28 Jan 1958
3. Randall Kennedy b. 16 June 1960
4. Judith Dawn b. 25 Sept. 1962
5. Edward Jens b. 22 Oct. 1964
6. Brent Allen b. 23 Oct. 1966

2. Edna
m. KRYSTA, William
1. Rosemary
m. KEEMIS, Robert 1. Kimberly 2. Kathy
2. Harland
1. Curtis
3. Wendy
m. KENNY, Douglas has 3 sons
4. Cherrie
m. Dennis has 1 son
5. Linda
m. MC DONALD, Noland 1. Jason
6. Corrine
m. BLAND, Robert 1. Patrick
7. Rowland

3. Ruby b. 29 April 1937
m. (1) OLLENBERG, Stan
m. (2) RAMSAY, Gary

1. Lorne (a twin) b. 29 Sept. 1960
m. Kidner, Cindy 25 July 1980
1. Brett Aaron b. 4 Dec. 1980
2. Lorna (a twin) b. 29 Sept. 1960
m. DUFRESNE Jack 11 Feb. 1978
1. Shannon Marie b. 8 June 1978
2. Tanya Lee b. 23 Oct. 1979
3. Bryan b. 20 July 1963

} OLLENBERG

4. John Robert m. KUNTZ, Donna
1. Dwayne 2. Leon
3. Kelly 4. Shawn b. 1973 d. 23 Aug. 1980

5. Dale b. 17 Mar. 1945
6. Roger
m. JURYKOWSKI, Faye (D)
1. Aaron
2. Cori

2. Bertha b. 27 Aug. 1912 d. 1914 Stettler, Alta.
3. Harold Carl b. 5 Feb. 1914 Stettler Alta d. 4 April 1978
m. MARTIN, Pearl Eathel 7 April 1946
1. Alice Faye b. 16 June 1947
m. FRIARS, Arnold Ivan 23 June 1972
1. Crystal Dawn b. 6 Jan 1974
2. Larry Ivan b. 31 July 1975
3. Harold Arnold b. 14 Feb. 1979
2. Guy Leslie b. 18 Nov. 1949 Stettler, Alta.
m. LYSTER, Linda Dianne 9 Sept. 1978
3. Rodney Harold b. 17 Oct. 1953 Stettler, Alta
4. Ross Martin b. 29 July 1956 Stettler, Alta
m. BULLINGTON, Jo-Ann Ruth 27 Sept. 1980
5. Wesley Dale b. 24 July 1958 Stettler, Alta.
6. Arnold Dwayne b. 16 Nov. 1964
4. Clive b. 16 Marc. 1915 d. 1930 Stettler, Alta.
5. Thelma Edna b. 26 May 1916 Stettler, Alta.
m. SYVERTSEN, Eugene 19 Feb. 1934
1. Donald Carl b. 1 Apr. 1934
m. (1) WELCH, Kay
m. (2) RADKEY, Eva
1. Bruce
2. Morgan
3. Dixie
4. Lance
2. Elsie Marie b. 14 Dec. 1935
m. (1) KATZEL, Edward Frank died.
m. (2) KENNEY, Fredrick

1. KATZEL, Rita b. 24 May 1956
   m. WYNESS, Donald Oct. 1975
2. KATZEL, Darlene b. 23 April 1958
   m. WYKES, Brian 5 Dec. 1980
3. KATZEL, Anthony b. 24 May 1961
   m. KERRIGAN, Penny
4. KATZEL, Matthew b. 26 Dec. 1960
5. KATZEL, Elaine b. 1 Jan 1965

3. Grace Violet b. 13 Nov. 1937 Stettler Alta.
   m. KITCHEN, Fred William 7 July 1956 Quesnel B.C.
   1. Betty Ann Edna b. 12 Feb. 1958
      m. GROVER, Timothy Eric 7 Aug. 1977
   2. William Eugene b. 6 Mar. 1960 Maple Ridge B.C.
      m. CHARLTON, Barbara Jean 14 Feb. 1981
   3. Kathleen Lynn b. 24 Dec. 1961 Maple Ridge, B.C.

4. Joan b. 6 July 1940 Pendrell, Alta.
   m. SCHOFIELD, Ray 10 June 1958 Quesnel, B.C.
   1. Debbie b. 1960
      m. BIDULKA, Laurence Fort St. John, B.C.
   2. Colleane b. 1962
      m. BIDULKA, Andy Fort St. John B.C.
   3. David b. 1964 Grand Prairie

5. Gary b. 15 Aug. 1941 Stettler, Alta.
   m. FARQUAR, Heather
   1. Dennis
   2. Pamela

6. Doris b. 11 June 1945 Pendrell, Alta.
   m. KATONA, Alex (died Apr. 1975)
   1. Alex b. 11 Oct. 1964
   2. Tina b. 12 April 1968
   3. Eva b. 5 July 1971

7. Jim b. 17 March 1950 New Westminster, B.C.
   m. DOWLING, Kathy (D)
   1. Sharlene b. 29 Nov. 1971 Haney, B.C.

8. Joy Ann b. 22 Feb. 1958 Quesnel B.C.
   m. SEYMOUR, Robert Duncan 30 Aug. 1980
   1. Christopher Robert b. 1 Oct. 1977 Maple Ridge, B.C.

6. Elmer b. 9 Oct. 1918 Stettler, Alta.
   m. FINCH, Jennie 22 Oct. 1947 Stettler, Alta.
   1. Gary Alan (A) b. 22 Dec. 1952

m. (1) LEON, Ida
1. Renada Lynn b. 18 Aug. 1972
2. Danniel Alan b. 20 July 1974 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. (2) ST. PEIRE, Deborah 17 Aug. 1977
3. Angela Dawn b. 5 Dec. 1978 Prince George, B.C.
4. Amanda Starr b. 19 Feb. 1980 Prince George, B.C.

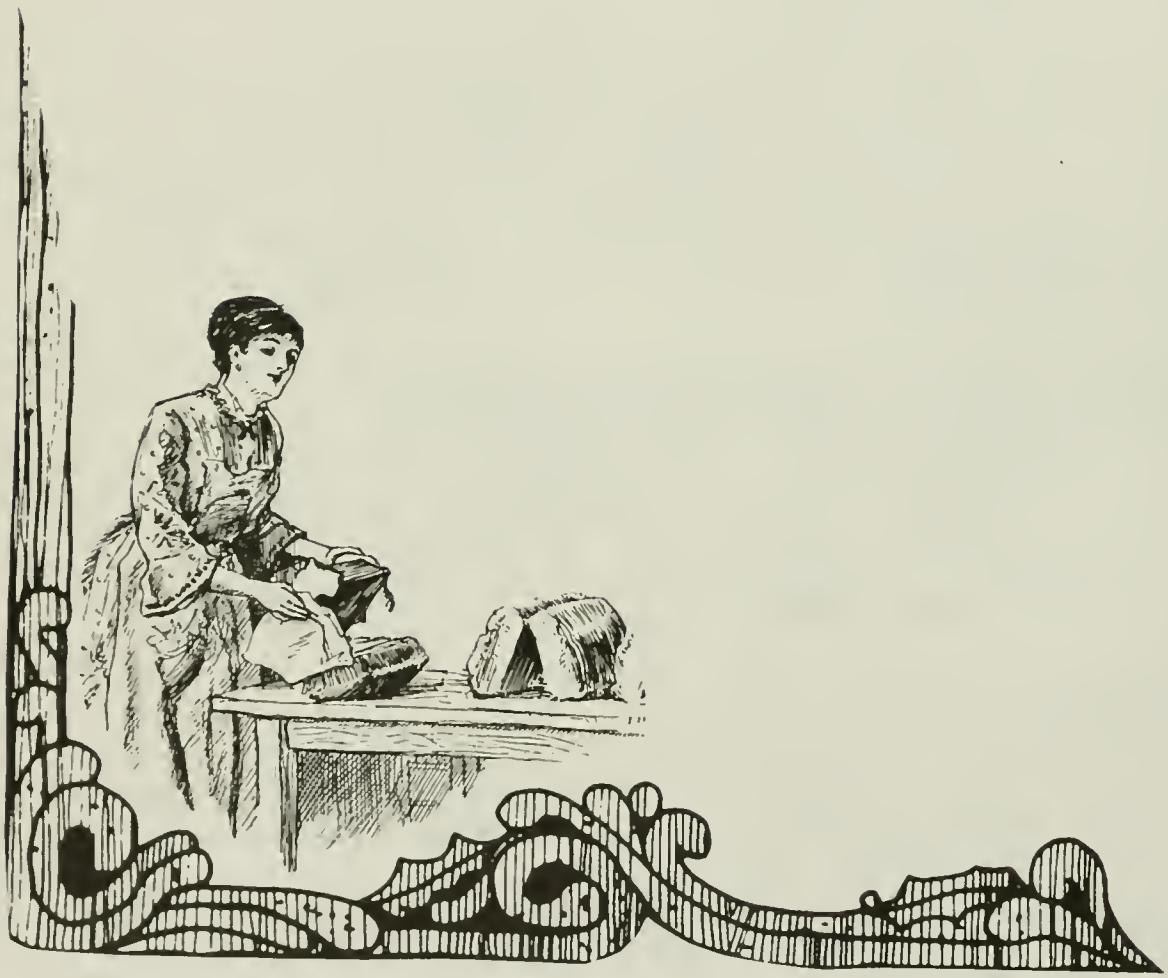
2. Cindy Lou (A) b. 17 Nov. 1959 Vancouver, B.C.
m. COOMBS, David
1. Tara Shea b. 30 Dec. 1975 Vernon B.C.
2. Dustin Robert b. 30 Aug. 1980 Vernon, B.C.
3. Kerry Edward (A) b. 16 Dec. 1960 Vancouver, B.C.
4. Edward John (foster child) b. 1 Aug. 1964 Burns Lake, B.C.
5. Stanley Robert (foster child) b. 29 May 1965 Prince George, B.C.

7. Gladys Mathilda b. 20 March 1921 Stettler, Alta
m. MARTIN, Lester Joe 28 April 1942
1. Judith Ann b. 27 June 1943 Lacombe, Alta.
m. RUSSELL, Lancelot Bruce 29 June 1959 Prince George B.C.
1. Terrilee Margaret b. 14 Oct. 1959
2. Bruce Leslie b. 17 Jan 1961
3. Dwain Allan b. 14 Aug. 1966
2. Carol Jean b. 14 Sept. 1944 Rimbey, Alta
m. (1) JONES, Edwin Eugene 4 June 1966 d. 15 June 1968
1. Leslie Faye b. 1 Mar. 1968 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. (2) KLUBER, John Thomas 29 Nov. 1969 Vanderhoof, B.C.
2. Craig Allan b. 29 May 1970
3. Larry Lester b. 27 Feb. 1946 d. 15 June 1968
4. Ronald Allan b. 28 May 1947 d. 15 June 1968

8. Leland Donald (Oscar)(a twin) b. 9 Dec. 1926 Stettler, Alta.
m. DYE, Dorothy 8 April 1950 Vanderhoof, B.C.
1. Timothy b. 15 Feb. 1951 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. PTOLEMY, Ann 19 Sept. 1970 Vanderhoof, B.C.
1. Shane b. 3 Feb. 1971 Vanderhoof, B.C.
2. Tracy b. 16 June 1973 Vanderhoof, B.C.
2. Marilyn b. 14 Aug. 1956 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. JOHNSON, Gordon 27 Mar. 1976

9. Leona May (a twin) b. 9 Dec. 1926 Stettler, Alta.
m. WRIGHT, Dan 1 June 1949 Vanderhoof, B.C.
1. Clive Danny b. 26 Nov. 1949 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. MELLOWS, Karen E. 2 Sept 1972 Prince George, B.C.
1. Kirsten Karen b. 30 Jan 1975 Prince George, B.C.
2. Kyla Lynn b. 22 July 1978
2. Kathern Margaret Rose b. 3 March 1955 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. GOATS, John M. 1 June 1974 (D) June 1980

10. Slyvia Emma b. 7 April 1928 Stettler, Alta.
m. LAKUSTA, Nickolas 6 June 1947 Vanderhoof, B.C.
1. Bonita Melvina b. 28 Nov. 1947
m. LARSON, Fred. 4 Oct. 1969
1. Kimberlee Ann b. 19 Mar. 1970 Prince GeorgeB.C.
2. Shelia Diane b. 22 April 1973 Prince George, B.C.
2. Wayne Barry b. 19 Jan 1954 Vanderhoof, B.C.
m. ST. THOMAS, Judi 15 Mar. 1980
1. Nicholas Alexander b. 13 May 1980 Calgary, Alberta



CHAPTER 5

ETTA

Condensed from MEMOIRS, by Henry Rockwell

Henrietta Rockwell was born in Pennington County, South Dakota in the Sage Creek area north of Scenic, S.D., on November 21, 1895 on a ranch. Her family then moved to the Cheyenne River area when she was a baby.

Walter L. Rockwell was born in Oakland County, Michigan on the 16th of September 1872, and had sought a suitable location for a homestead, finally settling for a homestead on the prairie in Custer County, South Dakota in 1911.

Mother and Dad were married April 25, 1912, at Scenic, S.D.

An event of some importance took place on a Friday morning at 7:00 a.m. on July 17, 1914. It was a home delivery. I was named Henry Morris Rockwell after my two grandfathers, Henry Peter Meyers and Morris Rockwell.

Etta holding baby

The earliest age I can recall is shortly after my brother was born. Mother was holding William, the baby on her lap and I was standing at her knee. (William L. Rockwell, 20 Feb. 1916.)

I used to get out on the road and try to run away. Mother had to push brother in the baby buggy and try to catch up. It was great fun until she would no longer carry me or let me ride home, but urged me to walk all the way back, with a willow switch reminding me to keep moving.

Mother had two little turkey bells that she fastened to our wrists. The tinkling of the bells worked fine for awhile as she could hear the bells and have some idea what could be going on. But that stopped when we would clasp the clappers. Then things became quiet and devilment would develop.

Dad used to bring some of the fur-bearing animals into the house during cold weather so he could remove the pelts.

An old Indian by the name of Poor Buffalo would stop by to see Dad to buy eagle feathers. One time he opened the door and entered the house without knocking. It dismayed mother.

Dad would often be away from home several seeks at a time. The first time was when I was very small. He had returned to Michigan for harvest work. When he came home he had a large trunk full of fresh fruit; apples, pears, and peaches. I never thought anything would taste better. That was in 1919 or 1920.

A number of times on Sunday, the family would hitch the mules, Nellie and Maria, to the spring wagon and go visiting the neighbors. In the summer we would fish or merely hunt rabbits. Often it was picnics. Dad always believed that no one should work on Sundays. He wasn't religious, but claimed that the team should have a day of rest. So we didn't work too often on Sunday unless it was to get the hay into the stack before it rained.

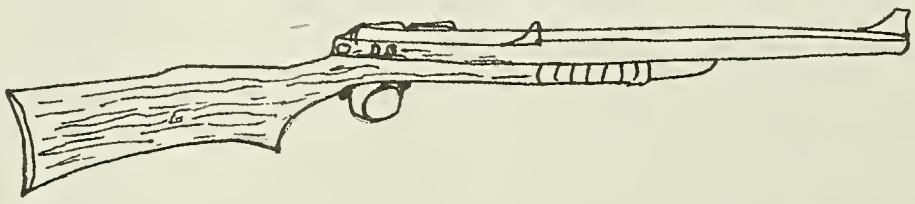
At harvest time the neighbors often went to other ranches to exchange work at threshing time. The women went along to help with the cooking and each household tried to outdo the others in feeding the crews. It was a fun time for my brother and me. We had a chance to play witn the neighbor kids, to play in the loose wheat bins and to eat our tummies full at the dinner table.

Summers were fun, but I can remember working with the cattle, weeding the garden, pulling weeds in the corn patch, and above all picking potato bugs from potato vines. William and I learned a form of swimming. Spring Creek crossed the corner of the pasture and we would find a deep hole and swim. The mosquitos would keep us in the water. Often we would ride the horse into the pool and he would crop grass from the bank. We would dive off his back and swim through underneath his belly.

On the Fourth of July or some special day, there would be community picnics and a baseball game. Sometimes the older boys would hold a rodeo using wild horses. The horses would be roped, snubbed and saddled. When the coat was jerked off the horse's head, the fun began. One never knew whether or not the horse would buck or just run.

Usually once a year during the fall after the threshing was over and before school started, Mother, brother and I

would go by train to Rapid City to visit Aunt Margaret Randolph. While there we would go to the county fair. I can still remember the thrill of looking at the farm machinery display, especially the tractors and harrows. When I was very small , in 1919 or 20, we visited my cousin Alma Leary who was at that time County Superintendent of schools in Pennington County. At that time the Randolphs were living on Box Elder Creek and Alma drove us out to their place in a touring car. I remember sitting in the front. It had side curtains that snapped in place. I remember the windshield being all covered with frost. Alma turned the windshield halves apart a crack and drove peering between the glass halves. I believe that was my first automobile ride. I was more familiar with the passenger train as it was a forty mile trip to Rapid City from our post office at Creston.



Dad loved to hunt and trap fur-bearing animals, so I had an early introduction to guns. Many times I would tag along behind Dad when he went hunting. When I was nine years old, Dad presented me with a small muzzel loading shotgun. Many half-grown jack rabbits fell to the frying pan. Dad reloaded much of his ammunition and it was very economical. I can still picture him working at reloading with the various measures and empty cartridge cases with his cold pipe hanging from his lips.

We did some daring things. Bill and I would take our sling shot and find a deep draw full of boulders. The banks were high, perhaps ten to fifteen feet above the boulders. Aiming at the boulders, we would fire and then duck back from the edge of the bank. The cartridge would strike the boulders, causing the primer to exlpode the powder. The bullets or empty brass would sing back over our heads.

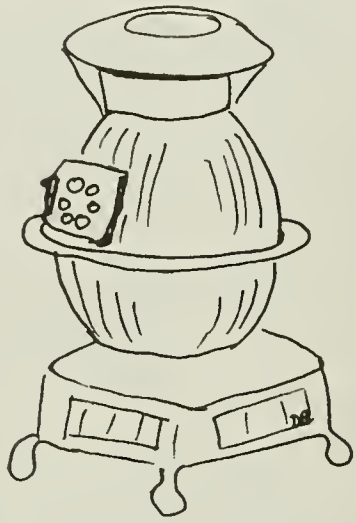
Dad would talk guns and shooting by the hour. Gun owners would come for miles to have him mend a gun or put on a sight.

.....playthings my brother and I had; there weren't any, but a lively imagination helped to invent things. Blocks of wood made buildings, a spoon held edgewise made a plow for furrowing the dust or soil, and works out of an ailing clock made power tractors. Strings made belts to run things. Sling shots made of thongs and leather made rocks fly several hundred feet with a loud hum or howl. Forked tree limbs and rubber bands made from old inner tubes made slings that killed half-grown rabbits, ground squirrels, and what else.

Brother and I played with matches in the draw below the house. There were patches of buffalo grass and there were bare spots where no grass or vegetation grew. It was fascinating to set fire to those

patches of golden grass and watch it turn black as the fire moved along. This time -- the last time -- the fire got away from us and started toward the haystacks and the barn lot. There certainly was a lot of fast grass stomping to get that fire out. In later years Mother told us that she and Dad were aware of what was going on.

When I turned eight, school became a problem. Our house was about eight miles away by road from the school house. Brother William was six, so both of us had to start school. A house was rented in Scenic, S. D. Mother, brother, and I moved to town and Dad stayed on the ranch. This was in the fall of 1922. Bill and I entered first grade.



Weekends were usually spent on the ranch if the weather permitted Dad to pick us up on Friday afternoons. When the road was bad or the river swollen, we rode the train to Creston where Dad would pick us up.

The next schooling was in our home district, but my brother and I had to board at a neighbors, the Ben Andreason family, for six years. Their boy, Floyd, was only a few months older than I and we made a fearsome threesome.

The school we attended was a one-room, one-teacher school with a coal burning stove in the center. Drinking water was carried in a water pail from a neighboring farm. The school board paid a boy five or ten cents a day to carry it. I carried the water for several months. There was a hill back of the school house that made a good place to slide. We didn't have the modern sleds that are available today, but homemade ones with strips of iron on wooden runners. When the snow became icy we sometimes slid down past the school house.

The school building was across the creek from where we boarded and had to be crossed on the way to school. In the spring the thaw would make the most interesting high water. The bridge was level with the ground or top of the bank with no side rails and was only about ten feet wide. It was anchored so that it would not wash away. Wading through the water to cross the overflowing bridge was rather hairy, especially when the bridge was under water.

A neighbor would be away and would leave his river place vacant for long periods of time. Skunks would move into the vacant buildings and lumber piles. William and I would prowl the deserted place and often encountered the skunks. As most people are aware, skunks have a chemical warfare weapon. We would corner a skunk who would turn his weapon on us and there would be a yellow mist welling up in the sky in our direction, but we stayed up wind or beyond his range. We would use our sling shots and pelt him with small stones. I guess we were fortunate

and never got "skunked," but the poor creatures would exhaust all of their defences.

One time when we were small, the family was down on the Gardy place on a flat adjoining the Cheyenne River cutting hay or putting it up. It was a nice warm sunny day; Mother was setting up a picnic and Dad was working the hay. William and I, having nothing to do, went down stream a quarter of a mile or so to a riffle in the water. We played in the water and tried to do some swimming in the backwash of a tree snag. Soon it was close to lunch time and we went back to the wagon. About the time we joined Mother, there was a loud roar and looking at the river, there appeared a wall of muddy water and uprooted trees about eight feet high sweeping down the stream bed just where we had been playing a few minutes before. Had we lingered to play a little longer, we would have been swept away.

Distances were rather far for horseback or team travel. We didn't get our first family car until 1927. It was a second hand Buick, a 1921 model; a high-topped sedan with glass windows on the side and back. It even had flower vases on each side on the window posts between the front and back doors. The motor was a big six-cylinder job. Each valve was in a cylinder like a container and could be unscrewed from the engine head to be worked on separately. The generator and starter were the same unit and the water pump for the radiator was on a shaft extending from it. It had twenty-inch wheels. Dad drove it until he left South Dakota in 1945.

When I was nine or ten, Bill and I went swimming in the spring well where we got the household water. Dad had dug a hole at the base of a natural spring, rocked up the walls, and covered it over with a board platform. We went in where the platform had a hole for the dipping of the water. We did our swimming when Mother and Dad were busy in the fields or away. There was little to cheer about when they found the water all roiled up. They had to dip the well dry and let a new supply of water come in and settle.

The fruit cellar was under the house. It rarely got cold enough there to freeze, but in really cold weather we put a lantern in it to keep from freezing the canned fruit and vegetables. The house was originally a one-room building about 12 by 20 feet, then a lean-to was added for use as a kitchen and general area. The original house was solidly built and had fiber board paneling inside. The kitchen part was siding with tar paper covering on the outside. During really cold weather the

Walter Rockwell in front of Custer County ranch house.

water pail would freeze and the nail heads on the wall would be frosted. The outside perimeter of the house was covered with a sod bank to keep the cold from coming under the house.

One winter when we had more than our share of cold northwest winds I looked out the window and saw the hay wagon, rack and all, moving along with the wind. The wagon tongue was bumping along ahead on the ground. The wagon missed the house, going between it and the granary building, striking the corner of the granary before coming to a stop.

On one occasion I was awakened about five in the morning by a thunder crack. By the time I got to the door, another strike had occurred both strikes within a few hundred feet of each other. I later searched the spots and found the strike had pierced the dry ground five to six inches deep and long twenty to thirty foot tendrils of fire (balls) had rolled out like a giant spider, burning the grass to its roots.

When I was about twelve, a storm that wiped out a year's work in ten minutes occured on the fifteenth of July. The grain was ripe and ready to be cut, the corn was taller than Dad's head, and the other crops were good. We had just got the binder greased and ready to put on the canvas in preparation to start cutting the grain the next day. That evening about ten o'clock a thunderstorm struck. It rained and hailed; the lightning was a continous flash and the roar of the rain and hail was so great the thunder could not be heard. The corn was stripped to a few base stalks two or three feet tall. The wheat and oats were beaten into the ground and there wasn't enough left to mow for hay. The roofs of the buildings were shredded and knots in the roof boards were pounded out. We lost all our crops, yet half a mile to the north of our place the neighbor's corn field was almost untouched. Places a few miles south of the ranch escaped the storm.

We would cut the alfalfa in the morning and rake it in the afternoon then haul it in the following day. This would let the hay dry, but only enough so that the leaves would not shatter or fall off. Many times Dad and Mother would have to hustle to get the hay into the stack and top out the stack before the rains came.

Threshing time was a good time for us boys as we could get together after being separated during the vacation time. One time the three of us, Floyd, William and I, got a cigar from the bunkhouse and cut it in three pieces. Out back of the ice house we tried them out. It did spoil a perfect day for me. It was great fun to push the yellow grain back in the wagon box and ride to the granary and watch it being shovelled into the bins. Watching the dozen or so men driving the bundle wagons and working on the threshing machines was exciting, as it was to stand and watch

the big tractor and the long belt that carried the power to the thresher. The hum of the blower fan as it blew the straw out of the straw pipe to the straw pile; the dust and the noise of the whole thing; the feel of chaff down the neck when the wind changed; all of these I still remember.

At home, as boys, we followed the bundle wagon to catch the mice as they fled when the grain shock was pitched into the bundle wagon. Once in a while there was a snake; a rattler, a blow (bull) snake, or a striper. During the haying, before I was big enough to help, I would follow the mowing machine and catch the baby jack rabbits the mowed alfalfa would expose.

Late summer or fall the family would hunt wild fruit as there was no domestic fruit available except at the grocery. We would pick plums, black currants, choke cherries, buffalo berries and sand cherries. We had tomatoes, vegetables and jellies canned for the winter. Some years our potato crop failed or was hailed out and we would have to use gravy and bread to replace them.

Brother and I would ride through the fields and locate bee trees. In the fall after the hunting season and cold weather had started, Dad and Mother would select a likely tree and cut it down. One fall they got about three tubs and two boilers full of comb and honey. It was mighty good eating on hot biscuits.

I have seen mosquitos so thick on the side of a horse that by stroking one's hand across its side, your hand would drip blood. Snakes of several kinds were present, but we learned to look out for them and to eliminate any rattlers we found.

Wild animals were no problem. The largest was the coyote and perhaps the bobcat. There were lesser ones such as skunks and porcupines. One time we made a trip to Creston to get the mail and groceries. It was when Dad was back east and Mother drove the spring wagon. A band of coyotes followed behind the wagon, trotted along, stopped to sniff the air, and then bark and howl. Mother has related several times how the coyotes would often follow the wagon,

trotting beneath the box out of sight or only their tails showing. She had them follow the horse when they rode home after dark. Probably the most perplexing feeling is to step out in the dark, cold night and hear coyotes "singing" from three or four different points of the compass as you go to the house at the end of the path.

Sickness was not usual, but colds and coughs meant poutlices of "Musterole" and camphor. Oil rendered from the fat on skunks was rubbed on our chests along with some coal oil made and aromatic aroma. Throat remedies were a spoon full of sugar and a few drops of coal oil. The only broken bone I ever had was the result of my brother and I racing to cut a wasp in two with a pair of scissors...He skated across my bare foot and my little toe assumed a right angle position.

We were on the outs with a family named Streeter west of us on the creek. The trouble came about because both our cattle grazed on open range. Mrs. Streeter was a tall, thin woman with long, loose hair and a vile temper. She and Mother got into a jawing match which degenerated into a hair pulling wrestling match. The match ended when our dog took a hand in the ruckus, bit her, and pulled off her trousers.

We had been missing eggs from the hen's nest. We had beautiful Rhode Island Red chickens. In a few months the neighbor's chicken yard had a substantial number of Rhode Island Reds in a flock which were formerly only White Leghorn. Mother disappeared one afternoon and later came home laden down with red chickens. A lot of severed heads may have been a surprise when the neighbors returned home.

Squabbles occured between ranchers. The Joe Reeds lived on Mother's folks old place about three miles away on the Cheyenne River bottom. He ran cattle wherever he could get grass and wasn't too particular about keeping up his share of the fences. He rented Ole Peterson's place which ran about a mile along Spring Creek to the west and north of our place. Later he bought several places and eventually our ranch when Dad moved to Oregon.

About the time I was going on fourteen, Mother wanted to visit her parents in Oregon. In September of 1928, Mother, William and I left on our trip west. Dad drove us to Rapid City in the Buick.

We stayed with my grandparents and my uncles, Heinie and Herman. In the years that followed Mother and Dad were divorced.

At Tigard, Oregon I finished high school. This was during the depression of 1929-1933. My Aunt Alvina and her husband, George Place lived only a block from my grandparents. I lived with them for awhile.

Uncle Herman and Uncle Heinie didn't have work and I went to the woods on weekends to cut cord wood which they sold for $10-$15 a cord.

Mother got work at a bakery for awhile and then did housework for Mr. and Mrs. John Kiester who lived only a few blocks away. She held

this job until the death of both Mrs. Kiester and later Mr. Kiester.

Etta and Henry

Old cemetery in Rapid City, South Dakota.
Left to right, Mr. John Kiester, Martha Randolph Alman, Alma Leary, (both cousins to Etta) and Etta with white ribbon in her hat. Two graves in center are Margretha Meyer, Henry Peter Meyers' mother and Hugo Meyers, Henry Peter's son. Round stone on right is for Leary's twins, Adam and Agnes.

Henry, Etta and Bill

Left: Etta Rockwell with her two sons in uniform of World War II. William on left and Henry on right.
They are standing in front of Etta's house in Portland where she has lived since 1943. Note house number is 1943.

ROCKWELL, Walter Louis
b. 16 Sept. 1872
Oakland, County, Mich.
m. 25 April 1912 (D)
Scenic, S. Dak.
d. 13 Dec. 1960
San Bernardino, CA.

MEYERS, Henrietta
b. 21 Nov. 1895
Dakota City, S. Dak.

1. Henry Morris b. 17 July 1914 Scenic, S. Dak.
   m. STRATTON, Clara A 28 Mar. 1937
      1. Lois Etta b. 22 July 1944 Los Angeles, CA.
         m. BASSET, Byron 3 July 1965 Eugene, OR.
            1. Keith b. 20 July 1971 Seattle, WA.
            2. Gregory b. 15 July 1974 Seattle, WA.
      2. Patricia Jean b. 9 Aug. 1945 Portland, OR.

2. William Louis b. 20 Feb. 1916 Scenic, S. Dak.
   m. ALLEN, Alice Mary 20 June 1948 Portland, OR.
      1. William Louis, Jr. b. 2 Apr. 1949 Portland, OR.
         m. WOOTON, Madeline 26 Sept. 1967 Conway, S. C.
            1. Katherine Frances b. 15 May 1971 Saluda, S. C.
            2. Jennifer Alice b. 8 April 1973 Ft. Sam Houston, TX.
            3. Jacqueline Anne b. 26 Feb. 1975 Ft. Sam Houston, TX.
      2. Richard Allen b. 6 July 1950 Portland, OR.
         m. SCIME, Karen G. Jan 1975 Great Falls, MT.
            1. Richard Allen, Jr. b. 5 July 1976 Great Falls, MT.
            2. Kristina Marie b. 1 Feb. 1978 Great Falls, MT.
      3. Mary Josephine b. 29 June 1951 Spokane, WA.
         m. MORROW, Donald 30 Oct. 1970 CA. (D)
            1. Vincent Daniel b. 30 May 1971 Fairfield, CA.
            2. Tammy Michelle b. 12 Jan. 1973 Fairfield, CA.
      4. Roscoe Morris b. 27 Feb. 1953 Spokane, WA.
         m. ACIDRE, Lisa 2 Dec. 1975 Philippines
            1. Butch b. 26 June 1973 Philippines
            2. Liezl b. 21 Oct. 1976 Philippines
            3. Roscoe Morris, Jr. b. 23 July 1979 Phillipines
      5. James Norman b. 19 May 1956 Hamilton AFB, CA.
         m. MULLENIX, Nancy 21 March 1976 Rancho Cordova, CA.
            1. Celina Ann b. 6 Aug. 1977 Whidby Island, WA.
            2. Shanna Laurene b. 22 Dec. 1979 Mather AFB. CA.
      6. Robert Floyd b. 14 Dec. 1957 Travis, AFB. CA.
         m. HAVIG, Ann Doreen 21 Dec. 1977
            1. Christabell Elizabeth Ann b. 21 Oct. 1978 d. 27 Feb. 1981
            2. Cameo Maria Lee b. 25 Feb. 1980 Travis AFB, CA.
      7. Anna Marie b. 26 July 1964 Myrtle Beach, S. C.

CHAPTER 6

HERMAN AND RACHIE

In January of 1932 at Auburn, Wash. Rachel Sparhawk's mother died. Herman Meyers heard that as soon as the funeral was over that Rachie was being sent to Ketchikan, Alaska to help out her ailing Aunt Adah. Herman left his home in Tigard, Oregon and went to Seattle to see Rachie off at the pier.

Rachie
1931

Herman
1929

Herman and Rachie had been seeing each other for nine years and had spoken seriously of marriage. But times were hard through the depression years and each had a family to consider. At the boat dock they agreed to be married just as soon as Rachie completed her duties in Alaska. She told him she wouldn't be gone long, but it turned out differently from her plans for she was there well over a year.

In the summer of 1932 Lafe Sparhawk brought Rachie's sister, Dot, to Ketchikan to be with her. Things didn't work out well for the two girls, however, for Adah was getting old and cantankerous. She kept a tight rein on their activities, accused them of stealing from her and never paid either any wages. In spite of the seeming hardship, the girls have fond memories of the friends they made in the church and the excitement of living in a bustling seaport town.

Adah Sparhawk Young and neice Rachel in front of her store.

One day Rachie was telling her troubles to the shop keeper next door. He felt sorry for the girls and gave her enough money for ship passage for both Dot and herself. He rented his store from Adah and merely withheld the next month's rent. He said he would handle Adah Sparhawk Young when it came time for his next month's rent payment. The girls were on the boat before that time came.

Down in Portland Herman was working at the Inman-Polson Lumber Mill. The lumber industry was still struggling to overcome the great

George Place and Herman Meyers clearing land and cutting wood in Tigard, Oregon. 1930

depression and had labor problems. All the unmarried men had to be layed off. In January of 1933 Herman's dad had died. Herman started clearing land and cutting wood in the Tigard area to make a living for he was providing a home for his mother and at times some of the rest of the family.

His dad's death left a lonely spot in Herman's life for they had been very close. Barbara, his mother saw Herman's sorrow and grief so wrote a letter to Rachie in Alaska asking her to return, for Herman needed her. The letter was a plea in mixed English and German words and Rachie treasured it. That, along with the increasing conflict with her aunt, had induced her to leave.

Herman met the girls at the pier in Seattle and took them back to his home at Tigard. They had a talk in which Rachie said she didn't want to marry him and leave Dot alone. He answered, "Well, I'll just marry both of you. As long as you marry me Dot will always be welcome in our home."

Herman continued to cut wood and clear land. Rachie visited some of her brothers and sisters. Finally in June of 1933 George Place, Herman's brother-in-law, handed him twenty-five dollars and told him to go and get married. Vina Place and Herman's mother went with them to Vancouver, Washington on the 6th of June to witness the ceremony.

Because he was then married he was able to go back to work on the 7th of July. He felt he was lucky to have a job for so many were unemployed.

They made a home there in Tigard and soon Rachie was expecting. Every time Herman took her for a check-up at the doctors they passed a second hand store, in the window of which was a beautiful wicker baby buggy. They began calling it their baby's buggy even though they had little hope of ever being able to afford even such a second hand luxury. On the day they drove in for the birth of Dottie Mae, 23 Feb. 1934, the buggy was still in the store window. After a lengthy hospital stay they were taken home. As they drove by the store

The Meyers' buggy

Rachie's eyes were drawn to a vacant window. She was crushed when she saw no buggy and lost all hope she would ever see the buggy again. She remarked to Herman, "Oh, our buggy's gone," knowing all along that only a miracle would have made them rich enough to buy it. Herman kept his silence.

She cuddled her newborn Dottie Mae in her arms as they rode the rest of the way home. When they arrived in Tigard Dot was there waiting for them. She rushed out to take the baby and raced into the house with her. When Herman helped Rachie into the house the first thing she saw was her little baby resting peacefully in the great big, store window, baby buggy. Dot had lined the buggy with new cloth and bedecked it with ribbons and bows. Herman told her later that as soon as Dottie Mae was born he had gone to the store and bought the buggy for three dollars.

The beginning of Highway 217 between Tigard and Metzger. Vina's dog Bing on trail to Herman's house.

When Herman had first cleared the land and built his house the road in front was just a mud trail. The land began to develop and the county granted their request to improve the road. He felt the house was too close to the road and wanted to move it back. He dug a hole and poured a basement. When it was time to move the house friends and relatives came to help. The wives planned a picnic. Rachie carefully took down every thing that was breakable. She placed her dishes on the floor so they wouldn't fall out of the cupboard. The men put the house on jacks and rollers. As they started to move the house one of the jacks on the corner slipped causing the kitchen cupboard to fall down on top of all the dishes breaking them into a million pieces.

Herman had built a nice big chicken house for his mother but had no further need for it. He cleaned and scrubbed it and moved it to the back of the house. The addition made a nice big kitchen and dining room. He later added two bedrooms on the south end of the original house. With the application of asbestos siding and new landscaping it became a very attractive place.

Herman and Rachie made a pact when they married that they would never move around the country as their own folks had done so much. He

maintained the rose garden his mother had planted and added berries, trees and garden area.

Herman and Rachie's house just prior to addition of the bedrooms on the right. About 1940

Soon it became necessary to get a cow for milk for the baby. Then it wasn't long until another baby was on the way. Emily Rae was born on the 18th of May 1935. She had a hard time the first few days of her life for she weighed under five pounds. They had to wait a few days to take her home so she could gain a little weight. Dot was there to help out again when the second baby came.

Emily soon gained strength and nearly caught up with Dottie Mae. Rachie dressed them the same in little dress she had made. When she pushed them about town sitting in the same stroller people thought they were twins.

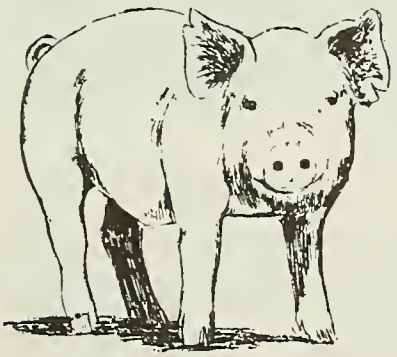
Herman continued working at Inman-Polsons. He had been riding to work with his friend Homer Wolf. One day Homer came down to tell Rachie that Herman wouldn't be home from work that night as he was in jail. It seems there was a labor problem. Herman was walking a picket line. Violence erupted and Herman was thrown in jail. He was home the next day. The problem was settled and the men went back to work. Later the mill shut down and both Herman and Homer went to work at Jones Lumber Company in Portland.

Herman and Rachie had a boy George, born 23 March 1937. He was the first grandson to carry on the Meyers family name. He was also the first great grandson of Frederich Wilheim Meyer to carry on the family name. They were very proud to have a little boy. Emily and Dottie Mae were taken to the Wolf's to stay when he was born for their Aunt Dot had retired from mid-wifery since she married George Holmes.

While the girls were at the Wolf's a little stray, half grown, black and white fox terrior adopted them. Homer convinced Herman he should

take that little dog home for the kids. He was hesitant because his own little dog, Trixie, had been poisoned there in Tigard. But he relented and took the dog and the girls home at the same time. They named him Buster. He would station himself under the baby buggy and not let anyone near little George. When George was about a year old and standing in the playpen Rachie's cousin, Frank Sparhawk, came for a visit. He couldn't find Rachie for she was at the barn with the cow. He went on into the house. When he saw George in the playpen he reached down to pick him up saying, "How's my boy, how's my boy." Buster lit into him and tore a hole in his leg. When Rachie came in Frank was replacing George in the playpen and rubbing his hurting leg. He said to Rachie, "Ordinarily I would have kicked that dog clean across the room, but he sure was protecting that baby. Don't ever get rid of that dog. He'll die fighting for those kids."

The summer of 1938 Del Sparhawk brought three of his kids, Evelyn, Vernie and Billy down for Rachie and Herman to look after. Their mother, Herman's sister Margaret, had died that spring. George and Vina had the three older boys. Vernie was playing with some kind of an invention and caused a lot of excitement when it caught the hay stack on fire. Rachie sewed new clothes for them and canned hundreds of jars of fruit to send home with them.



At the end of the summer it came time to take the kids back to their dad who had hired a housekeeper for them. But first a trip to Fall Creek to pick up the three older boys had to be made. After a nice visit Herman put the boys things on the car. Vina had washed and ironed the boys clothes and placed them in clean cardboard boxes. The boxes were tied securely to the outside of the car for there was no room inside. George gave Herman a little runt pig to take home to raise. On the inside of the car rode Herman, Rachie, three Meyers kids, six Sparhawk kids, Buster the fox terrior and one little runt pig.

On the way home it started to rain. Soon it was pouring down and the clothes boxes were getting wet. Soon the boxes fell apart so Herman had to stop and put the freshly ironed clothes on the kids laps. But the pig and the dog were sharing the laps. There was quite a mess before they got to Tigard to leave the pig off.

The journey continued without much of a rest stop. Going up the old road of the Columbia River Gorge was a bit less scenic after first Emily and then Billy got car sick on the way to Granger.

When they were ready to leave Granger Del decided he wanted to do something nice for Herman and Rachie. He presented them with a pony for the kids. The question was "How do you carry a pony in a Ford car?" The pig was no problem for it could ride with the kids. They built a box

on the back of the car and slipped the pony inside, tying him securely. It was a tiny little pony and made the trip just fine. Dottie Mae named him Penny because that was the smallest thing she could think of.

The cow had a calf and was giving too much milk so Herman went to a dairy and got another calf to raise on the milk. The runt pig grew and had more pigs. They bought some baby chicks to raise a few chickens for eggs and fryers. The pony grew and the kids learned to ride him . The little acre was expanding into a farm.

Dottie Mae, George, Emily with Penny

Meyers family 1940

Herman made a harness for Penny and hitched him up to cultivating equipment. He made a two wheeled cart with shaves. He and Penny would go along the road or meadows nearby and cut fresh grass for the ever growing herd of cattle.

One Sunday morning Herman and Penny were working up the ground in the raspberry patch near the road. The kids were all taking turns riding the harrow and having a good time. Sometimes he would even let the girls drive Penny. He left his farm work for a minute and went to the house to ask Rachie for a clean white shirt.

Rachie asked, "Why in the world do you need a white shirt to work in the berries?"

"Well, I'm on exhibition out there," he grinned.

Rachie followed him out to the garden where several cars were lined up along the road, their occupants watching the little pony in harness hard at work.

Rachie became pregnant again and two months before the birth she fell and hurt herself. Jennie Wolf and other neighbors watched the girls and George. They fixed meals for the family until Rachie could get out

of bed. On the 2nd of May 1939 William Paul was born. Jennie watched the girls and her daughter, Nona Smith, cared for George for several more weeks.

The herd of stock began to grow. Herman had gotten so many calves from the dairy that heifers began to overrun the acre. George Place came up from Fall Creek with a truck and took back a whole load of heifers to pasture for him.

The girls were becoming good little riders on their pony so Herman wanted to buy a saddle for them. He shopped around but found they were all too expensive. Finally he found what he could afford at Wards, a broken saddle, in the bargain basement. He took it home and spent many hours rebuilding it. It lasted many years, through many kids, for it was used only on special occasions.

George at "work" with Penny
1940

Once when George was little he crawled under the fence because he wanted to pet Penny. Penny decided he wanted to play, too. He picked George up by the shirt collar with his mouth and tossed him in the air. After a couple of rounds of that George began to cry and drew the neighbor's attention. She had to rush over and rescue him. He ended up with a few bruises on his shoulders and a healthy respect for Penny.

Herman quit Jones Lumber Company and went to work in the shipyards building big Liberty Ships for World War II. He worked the graveyard shift. Early one morning before he got home Rachie got up and built the fire in the wood heater before she went out to the barn to milk the cows. The kids got up and cuddled next to the fire to get warm. At the time George was about four. He backed up too close and caught his bathrobe on fire from the vent on the front of the wood circulating heater. He started screaming and Dottie Mae ran out to the barn for Rachie. She rushed in and tore the smoldering robe from his body. He was badly burned on the back from his shoulders to his knees. They rushed him to the hospital where he lay flat on his stomach for four months. Many skin graft operations were performed as the wounds began to heal but he has carried deep scars all his life from the fourth degree burns he sustained in the early morning fire.

While he was working at the shipyards on a sixteen foot scaffold beside Homer Wolf, Herman lost his balance and fell to the ground. He scrambled down as fast as he could, rushing to Herman's side. When he got there Herman was sitting up using a hammer to pound out the dents in his tin hat which had remained on his head when he fell. It was the hat that saved his life. Homer and some of the other men brought him home but the pain became so great Rachie called the medical unit of the shipyards. They sent an ambulance to take him to the hospital. He remained there for some time in traction. He had four bricks tied in a sling and attached to his head. The guys at the shipyards called him "Flattop" ever after that.

Bill, Em, George & Dot
1941

Herman kept a beautiful yard and garden. He built a small scale house for the girls using secondhand stained glass from a razing job in Portland. He fenced and cross fenced, then again cross fenced the acre for all the animals. He found it necessary to separate Penny from the pigs because he would bite off their tails and the pigs didn't like that much.

One day the family went to Portland to visit Aunt Etta, Herman's sister. When they returned they found one of the neighbor boys, a Richard Marquette, ransacking the girls playhouse. Herman scolded him and sent him home. Later Richard, wanting to get even with Herman, came over to the yard and started drowning his baby chicks one at a time in the horse watering trough. Herman rushed out when the girls started yelling and grabbed the kid by the back of the neck and shoved his head under water in the same trough. He let him up and Richard cussed him out so Herman held him under again. . It took three times before he didn't come up cussing. Herman let him go home where he told his mother who came rushing over demanding to know why Herman had treated her son in such a violent manner. Herman showed her the dead chicks. Richard, in later life, was convicted of brutally murdering and mutilating the bodies of four girls.

Unknown to Rachie, Herman was thinking of finding a bigger place for the animals. One day he visited a real estate office to make tentative inquiries into selling the acre. He went home and asked Rachie what she thought. Even though they had made a pact ten years before to never move, she agreed a move might be wise since they were outgrowing the acre. Within four hours the place had sold and the new owners

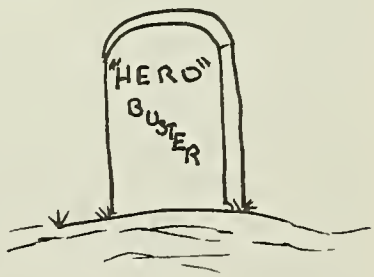
wanted immediate possession.

What were they to do? Herman was still working in the shipyards on the graveyard shift. They spent a few weeks looking for farms, but could find nothing to satisfy their needs. In desperation they rented a thirty acre place on the Tualatin River a few miles south of Tigard. They moved there in the summer of 1943.

The kids enjoyed the little farm for they had room to ride the horse. Del and Bob Sparhawk both brought more ponies for the kids so everyone that wanted to could ride.

Herman continued to work in the shipyards for the pay was very good. During the winter Rachie came down with a very serious ear infection. She couldn't take care of the kids who had the chicken pox at the same time. Herman was afraid to leave them at night for Rachie couldn't hear their cries because of the ear problem. One night he walked to meet his ride at midnight. He looked back toward the house and saw a light in the upstairs window. He walked all the way back to the house and climbed the stairs to see if the girls had gone to sleep forgetting to blow out the light for there was no electricity up there. There was no light burning and the girls were sound asleep. He couldn't understand why he had seen a light when there was none. He started again for the road and looked back toward the window. Was he chagrinned when he discovered the light in the window was the reflection of the moon and he had walked an extra mile because the moon had played a trick on him.

One day the four kids were out walking along the railroad tracks with Buster. Some neighbor kids met them with their big dog. Buster took offense at the big collie making friendly advances toward his kids and tore into him. The collie accepted the challenge from the feisty little terrior. Both dogs fought for their lives with seven terrified children trying to tear them apart. Finally Buster was so beaten he lay unconscious on the ground. The older boy of the neighbor family picked him up with tears in his eyes and carried him back to the house. He was carefully placed in a box behind the stove as he opened his eyes with a mournful and pleading look to the kids. He died that night knowing he had fought valiantly for the lives of the kids he loved. Frank Sparhawk's prediction had come true.



After nine months on the rented place Herman and Rachie found a farm of 100 acres at Newberg, Oregon. They moved out there in March of 1944. George Place brought the full grown heifers in the truck to the Newberg place. They were bred and soon began producing calves. It wasn't long until quite a little dairy herd was developed.

Herman wanted to continue working at the shipyards because the war time pay was so good. It would help him get better established on the farm. When Rachie became pregnant that first summer, Irvin Black was hired to work on the farm with the haying and other duties.

While Herman worked nights he had to sleep in the evenings. In order for him to have his much needed rest, Rachie would take the kids away from the house in the evenings and organize mini-rodeos. They had been to the fairs and the world famous St. Paul Rodeo and learned to Roman ride, barrell race, steeple chase and rope calves by imitating the experts.

George and Bill were taken into Portland to have their tonsils out. They were in a hospital on one side of town and were just safely taken out of the operating room when Rachie gave in to the labors pains she had been experiencing most of the day. She allowed herself to be taken to another hospital on the opposite side of town where John Howard (Jack) was born. The busy day was the 8th of July in 1945.

Finally the war was over and work in the shipyards ceased. Herman was able to spend more time on the farm and it became a paying proposition. The kids were getting big enough to do much of the farm work and everyone pitched in. They were able to grow all of their hay and most of their grain. The dairy cattle herd increased and it became more profitable to sell whole milk than cream. As many as sixteen to twenty cows were milked by hand until Herman was able to purchase a milking machine.

Herman was very proud of the walnut orchard. He spent several years pruning, cover croping with crimson clover and fertilizing before the results of a bumper crop were seen. No one could have been more proud of his orchard than Herman. There wasn't a blade of grass to be seen, for he had a way of enticing the kids to get out there and work beside him. Harvest time was looked forward to with anticipation. It was a time for dreaming up magical inventions to make the nuts pick themselves and counting each nut to make the pail fill faster. They were the only ones in the valley that picked their orchard so clean. Herman motivated the kids until there wasn't a leaf left unturned as they hunted for the last nut.

On Columbus Day of 1962 a devasting hurricane wind blew through the length of the Willamette Valley utterly destroying over eighty per cent of his beautiful full grown trees. The force was so great it tore the giant one hundred year old trees out by the roots and left a bumper crop of unripened nuts strewn on the ground.

Herman and Rachie became established in the community. They were accepted into the Grange and both served on the election board. Herman was elected to the school board and Rachie took on the P.T.A. 4H Clubs prospered under their direction, the kids often taking prizes at the fairs.

A regular herd of horses was established and each kid had a pony to ride. But Penny still held reign as favorite, ornery as he was. As Jack grew he became the best of all the kids with the horses.

Herman and Rachel
25th Anniversary
1958

One day Jack wanted to catch Penny who always had to tease and play around before he would let himself be caught. He was notorious for his ability to keep away from the kids until he was ready to be bridled. On a hot summer day Rachie went down to the garden to pick cucumbers. Penny had gotten away from Jack and was thinking he was pretty smart. He went over to Rachie and nudged her with his nose. She shooed him off but he came back and upset her cucumber pail. He could tell she didn't have anything to catch him with so felt quite safe to tease her. Then Rachie stood up and started petting him around the neck as she gradually made a slipknot from the bra she had undone and slipped off. The startled pony lifted his neck to get away but the bra tightened each time. Rachie started to lead him up to the barn for Jack, but before she had gone too far she decided riding up the hill would be better than walking so climbed on Penny's back. As she rode into the yard Jack spied her. He doubled over with laughter when he realized the substance of her bridle. He spent hours retelling the story to his older brothers and sisters and they too, shared in the hilarity.

When the girls left home and the boys started taking outside jobs Herman bought a John Deere Baler. He not only took care of his own hay crops but began taking on the mowing, raking and baling of his neighbor's hay fields. It wasn't long until he made his work into a profitable little business. His slogan was, "Have Baler Will Travel."

One day Herman was picking cherries at the top of the big tree in the front of the house. He stepped off the ladder onto a limb. The limb

Herman 1957
With two broken legs

cracked and he fell to the ground on his heels, breaking them both. He was off his feet for the rest of the year. Another time as he was getting off the Cat he put his foot on a moving track and broke another leg.

When the older kids were teen agers the family started going to the Christian Church in Newberg. The kids took in all the activities which kept the 1937 Chevrolet on the road all of the time. In 1952 they traded it in for a newer model.

One spring day when Herman was mowing a neighboring field he suffered a sudden heart attack and had to be taken to the hospital where he stayed for a month. The kids came home to help out with the baling that summer of 1963. He had much pleasure playing with his grandchildren while he recuperated.

Dot

Emily

George

Bill & Jack

Herman had a series of heart attacks in the next five years. They forced him to sell the farm in 1966 and he and Rachie rented a place of thirty acres on the highway east of Newberg. It was on that place that Penny died at the age of twenty-eight. There were tears in Herman's eyes as he tamped the dirt over his grave.

Bill lived on a place just across the field from Herman and Rachie and he was able to look after them somewhat. Herman enjoyed his grandchildren as much as he had his own.

In the fall of 1968 Herman and Rachie took a trip they had always

wanted to take, back to his boyhood home in South Dakota. They found the old house still standing and picked up rocks under the bridge on the Cheyenne River where he and his brother, Hank, had played as boys. They journeyed to Nebraska where they picked apples from his grandfather's homestead to take home.

Upon their return they went to California to spend the winter with Dottie Mae and her family who had established a home there. On the 10th of March in 1969 Herman died from another heart attack there in San Bernardino.

The family took him back to Newberg for burial. There were three hundred and fifty guests at his funeral, many of whom had to stand outside during the service for the crowd inside. Friends called saying they were sorry the newspaper had made a mistake about his age. The answer they received was that there had been no mistake, he really was seventy years old. He lived an active life, loved people and stayed young.

Rachie went back to California to stay with Dottie Mae where she was scheduled to have cataract surgery on both eyes. Having been at the point of near blindness most of her life it was like a miracle to have her sight restored.

After nearly two years of being a widow Rachie was married to David Axmark on the 19th of December 1971. They bought a mobile home and Bill helped them set it up on the corner of his farm.

In January of 1973 David died.

Rachel then found happiness again when she married Melvin Blake on the 11th of June in 1975. They moved the mobile home to a lot in Newberg. They keep active in a rewarding retirement.

Melvin and Rachel Blake

MEYERS, Herman H.
b. 29 Nov. 1898
Creston, S. Dak.
m. 6 June 1933
Vancouver, Wash.
d. 10 March 1969
San Bernardino, Calif.
bur. Newberg, Ore.

SPARHAWK, Rachel Adah
b. 29 March 1909
Snohomish, Wash.
m. (2) AXMARK, David E.
19 Dec. 1971
m. (3) BLAKE, Melvin
11 June 1975

1. Dorothy Hermanne b. 23 Feb. 1934 Portland, Ore.
m. BRAITHWAIT, Lester George b. 12 Oct. 1929 Forest Grove, Ore.
17 May 1952 Newberg, Ore.
1. Michael Allen b. 27 May 1953 Newberg, Ore.
2. Patric Paul b. 1 May 1955 Newberg, Ore.
3. Margaret Noel b. 25 Dec. 1961 San Bernardino, Calif.

2. Emily Rae b. 18 May 1935 Portland, Ore.
m. KRAGER, Ronald Burnell b. 8 June 1934 Twin Falls, Id.
16 Aug. 1958 Newberg, Ore.
1. Robert Warren b. 1 Oct. 1960 Des Moine, Iowa
2. Darcy Rae b. 6 Nov. 1962 Des Moine, Iowa

3. George Henry b. 23 March 1937 Portland, Ore.
m. PECK, Janet Eleanor b. 23 April 1939 Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.
2 June 1956 Newberg, Ore.
1. Daniel George b. 23 Aug. 1958 Newberg, Ore.
M. BLIESE, Laurie Beth
17 July 1977 Austin, Tex.
2. Steven Kent b. 2 Feb. 1960 Pendleton, Ore.
3. Jennifer Lynette b. 4 Aug. 1961 Pendleton, Ore.
m. RICE, Mark Allen
23 June 1979 Springfield, Ore.

4. William Paul b. 2 May 1939 Portland, Ore.
m. HIATT, Lorre Alice b. 22 May 1943 Lakeview, Ore.
6 July 1963 Athena, Ore.
1. Selena Rae b. 2 June 1965 Pendleton, Ore.
2. Timothy Paul b. 1 May 1967 Newberg, Ore.
3. George Herman b. 18 May 1972 twins Newberg, Ore.
4. Greg Loren

5. John Howard b. 7 July 1945 Portland, Ore.
VEST, Juanita Ketchikan, Alaska

CHAPTER 7

HANK

Early in 1938 Heinie Meyers, who had changed his name to Henry William Meyers, took his widowed mother from the care of his married brother and sisters. He rented an apartment in Portland. He had a job in a sawmill in the Linn area across the St. John's bridge. She was still able to get around and take some care of herself.

Gracie

In the meantime, a family by the name of Grahnert had moved out to Vancouver, Washington from Rapid City, South Dakota. They had been neighbors and friends of the Erhard Muhlbergers in Rapid City. The first visit they made after getting settled on the west coast was to look up Erhard's sister, Barbara Meyers, Hank's mother.

The Grahnerts had a beautiful nineteen year old daughter named Gracie. Hank was smitten by her pretty smile and pleasing personality when he first saw her in June. Two months later, on the 11th of August in 1938, they were married. Hank was thirty eight.

At the apartment Gracie helped to take care of Barbara for a while. Then Amy and Jake Warkentine moved to Portland and took over the care of her mother.

Hank continued working in the sawmill for another five years. After the war broke out in 1941, he found work in the shipyards. They sent him to school to become a painter. Thereafter he worked at painting the engine rooms of the big liberty ships for well over two years.

Hank and Gracie rented a lovely basement apartment in a brick building on Williams Avenue in northeast Portland.

Hank believed it was the painting that made him ill, but it was a severe case of arthritis that put him in a hospital in southwest Portland for three months when Gracie was expecting their only child. He always said he was nothing but their guinea pig and laughed at some of the scientific experimentation that was performed on him. He related that at one time he was unconscious and the nurses thought he was dead. He

woke up on a stretcher in the hall with a sheet over his face. While he was at home recuperating Gracie became ill with high blood pressure. She was put in the hospital and on the 16th of January in 1948 she delivered, by cesarean section, a tiny little boy of 4 lbs. and 11 ozs. After the delivery Gracie was fine but had to go home without her baby. They had to wait until the 29th of February, when Clifford weighed over five pounds, to bring him home.

Hank and Clifford Meyers, 1948

They were living in an apartment on Gilbert Street when they brought Clifford home, but when he was six months old they moved to Alberta Street. Later they moved to Wygant Street to live until 1959. That was where Clifford started in school. He attended Jefferson High in Portland.

After treatment in the hospital Hank was told it would be all right for him to go to work. He found a job in cleaning and maintenance at the dental school in northeast Portland. He worked there four years before the school moved over on the hill in southwest Portland where he worked for another year.

Hank and Gracie

Hank and Clifford. 1951

They bought a car, and made frequent trips to visit Gracie's family and Hank's family. Clifford spent a lot of his summer vacation time at his Uncle Herman's farm in the country. Gracie thought Hank was a poor excuse for a driver and threatened to refuse to ride with him. Perhaps his cautious manner was caused by his having to concentrate so hard on his chewing and spitting. He grabbed the wheel tightly in both hands, never turning his head, eyes darting back and forth until he broke the spell to roll down the window and spit.

Hank's arthritis flared up again, only this time it was accompanied by angina pectoris type pains in the heart. He had to give up his job and was on medication for both ailments.

About that time they moved to a house on Failing Street and Gracie

got a job in a drape factory.

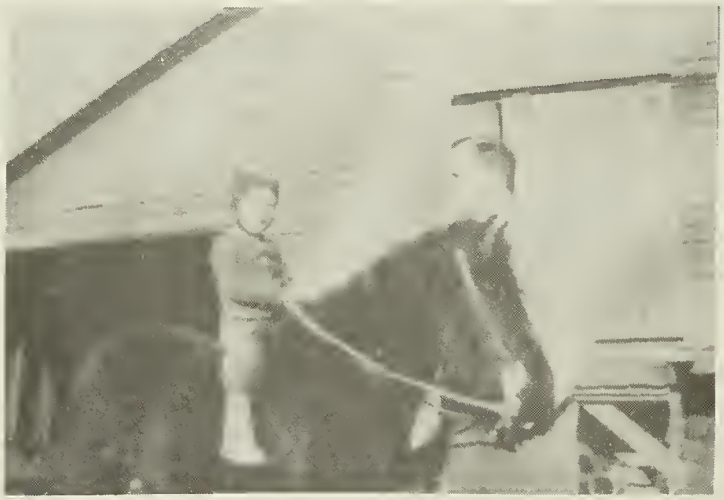
In 1963 they bought their own home on Michigan Street. But in 1970 Hank became so ill Gracie couldn't take care of him and he decided to go to a nursing home.

Gracie found work in a different nursing home. She closed up her house and took up residence at her place of work. Clifford had married by this time.

On the 23rd of June in 1972 Henry William Meyers died in the nursing home where he had been taken care of for two years. His reamins are buried in the Riverview Cemetery in Portland, Oregon.

Gracie continued to work in the nursing home for a total of six years. Then she hurt her back and was no longer able to do that kind of work.

She moved back to her home on Michigan Street.



Clifford Meyers, with Hank watching, on one of his Uncle Herman's ponies.

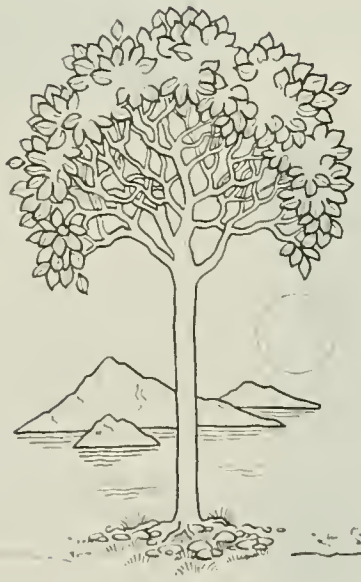
Clifford Meyers, on right, with his second cousins Pat and Mike Braithwait, eating watermelon at his Uncle Herman's farm. About 1957

MEYERS, Henry William
b. 12 March 1900
Creston, S. Dak
m. 11 Aug. 1938

GRAHNERT, Grace
b. 4 March 1919
Rapid City, S. Dak.

d. 23 June 1972
Portland, Ore

1. Clifford Dewey b. 16 Jan. 1948 Portland, Ore.
m. CORNELL, Sharon b. 9 Nov. 1949
21 June 1967 Portland, Ore.
D. 1978
1. Kimberly Ann b. 21 Jan 1968 Portland, Ore.



CHAPTER 8

ALVINA

The Meyers girls were feeling very much snowbound in the frozen Alberta winter when their brother, Herman, came home and asked them if they wanted to go to a New Year's Eve dance with him. Both Alvina and Annie agreed to go with him and reported later of having "a whale of a good time." That was where Vina met George Place. She danced with him a few times, but didn't share her box lunch with him because another fellow bid higher. Annie met Ike there, too.

Vina took a job as a house maid on the Howard Sudaby farm north of the Meyers's place at Lavoy. It fell among her duties to help in the delivery of the Sudaby's baby boy.

George thought Vina was the prettiest little thing he had ever seen. He made up his mind she was going to be his. He went over to the farm and took her out different places that winter.

Toward the end of April in 1920 Sudaby took Vina to the train station. He didn't have any idea he was losing a housekeeper. In the meantime George was catching the train from his home in Ranfurly. The two young lovers met at the Vegreville depot and took a train south. They went to Rumsey where her folks had moved. After some trouble with getting a license and finding a minister, Herman and Annie went with them to the town of Stettler where they were married on the 29th of April, 1920.

On arriving at his home George introduced his new wife to his dad. He had no idea George had been contemplating marriage and was not prepared to accept the fact and told Alvina so. When they proved they were officially married he realized they had pulled one over on him. William Place soon softened and turned out to be a nice old fellow that made up for his initial bluntness many times over in the months that followed.

George had a step mother, who, when she found out George had married, rushed over to his house and started packing up things, including Vina's wedding presents. Vina told her she couldn't do that and ran out to the barn to get George. Meanwhile the plunderer had gone upstairs and was removing the sheets from the bed when George arrived. George was able to

George Place
1920

get her straigntened out only after she had a chance to call Vina every low-down prairie name she could think of. A few days later she returned with reinforcements in the form of her daughter and was prepared to remove the grain from the barns, but George fought for his rights.

Alvina Place with cabbage heads she grew on farm at Ranfurly.

Right: George Place and his dog in 1920 at Ranfurly.

George worked with his dad and his brother, Simon, for three years. But it became increasingly more difficult to keep their heads above water. Finally, George sold all that was his and moved to Idaho where Alvina's folks, the Meyerses, were living. They spent a winter there while George worked in a mill at Bonner's Ferry.

In the meantime, Herman had taken the Sparhawk horses, told about in chapter one, down to Dallas, Oregon. He wrote back to them of how much he liked the Willamette Valley. So Vina and George, along with the elder Meyers family packed up and moved to Oregon.

They stayed with the Sparhawks until George found a house to rent in Dallas. He soon found a job in a mill there.

Herman took his folks to live with him in Tigard and George and Vina soon followed. Both George and Herman bought land on Old Highway 217. George built a house with the help of Vina's dad, Henry Meyers. Herman and George cleared brush and cut wood throughout the Tigard-Metzger area. They were among the first settlers there.

In the summer George and Herman went to Canada and stayed through the fall working in the wheat harvest. George left his car, a big Buick,

behind so Vina decided she would teach herself to drive. After she learned well enough she drove herself to a job she found at a chicken hatchery. Before the fall was over, however, she had a job at the Red Rock Cheese Factory near West Portland. She worked there for nine years, getting five cents more per hour than any of the other girls because she was so fast.

George returned from Canada and found out about a job at the Inman Poulson Saw Mill in Portland from a friend of the family named Homer Wolf.

Vina started taking guitar lessons and soon influenced her brothers, Herman and Hank, to join her. They worked up a little band of their own and played for a few local dances. Vina took lessons for three to four years.

Above and below: George and Vina Place

Dogs were always important in the lives of the Places. In Tigard they had a dog named Bing. Vina patiently worked with him until he was trained to take a basket in his mouth with messages or other items back and forth between her place and her folks. She had Bing trained to go to the Schubring Grocery Store in Tigard with a grocery list in the basket. Mr. Schubring met him at the door, gave him a tidbit, and sent him on his way home with the meat and other groceries.

Herman taught Bing to defend himself against bigger dogs by biting them on the forearm. One time a bull dog took after the collie on his way home from the store. After a scuffle Bing picked up his basket and returned home. The bull never tried it again.

Vina also taught Bing to go to the neighbors to get milk. He would take the empty bottle in his basket

Vina with some of her dogs

Bing 1932

through the fields and trade it for a full bottle. The milkman was an old gentleman with white hair and a white beard. He would greet Bing with "Hello, Bingo o o" in a French accent. One day Bing came home without the milk so Vina sent him back, only to have him return still, without the milk. She thought something was wrong and followed him back where the old gentleman met her half way. They found that Bing's basket had broken and the milk had fallen out the bottom. She tied the basket together and he was able to carry it on home.

Bing knew people by their names and never failed to deliver the basket to the right person. There was a lady named Fanny Pruka living in the house next door. One morning she was cooking a pot of mush which she accidently spilled on herself. She let out a shriek. Bing, hearing the cry, rushed over there. Fanny wrote a note and told Bing to take it to George. But George was down in the woods working with Herman. He got the note and sent it back to Vina while Herman ran for the nearest phone to call a doctor. The local newspaper wrote up an article saying what a hero Bing was for getting the doctor for the badly burned woman.

Vina and George wanted to go back to farming again. When some of their friends, Floyd and Iva Walsh, moved from Tigard to Fall Creek, Oregon they soon followed. They found a farm for sale and moved there in 1936 with a team of black horses and one cow. The beautiful old farm house had been used as a stable. While Vina scrubbed out the inside George put on a new roof. When the house was livable George went to work repairing the out buildings.

One day George took Walsh's thirteen year old boy, Don, with him down to cut timber for a new beam in the barn. Vina was baking bread that day, but just before she set out the pans to rise she had a premonition that something bad was going to happen before the loaves were to

go into the oven. Then just as the loaves reached their full height she looked out the window and saw Don running toward the house. She ran to meet the breathless boy.

Vina, sure that George had been killed, asked, "George was hurt, wasn't he?"

The winded boy nodded and said, "Yes."

Resolutely Vina asked, "Bad?"

"Well, I don't know how bad," Don replied, "but he was sure doing a heck of a lot of yellin'."

Vina drove the car back into the woods where they, with great effort, put George into the car and eased his dangling broken leg in after him. They drove to the mill to get Floyd from the job to go to the hospital with them. They had to drive nearly thirty miles to Eugene and George suffered all the way. He was delirious much of the eleven days he was in the hospital because of worry over not being able to make the payment on the place and losing it. The doctor finally told her to take him home and when she did he calmed down a good deal.

Vina didn't realize she could do farm work, but George showed her what needed to be done and encouraged her. She could only harness the team by giving the heavy harness a toss up on the backs of the big team for it was too heavy and she was too short for it to be merely lifted up. Homer Wolf sent two of his daughters, Josephine and Roberta, to help out. Many of the neighbors helped, too, including Earl Drury. He took a fancy to Josephine and later they were married.

Vina learned to mow with the team as well as to harrow and disk. She says she learned to do a lot of things that year, but never did learn to split wood.

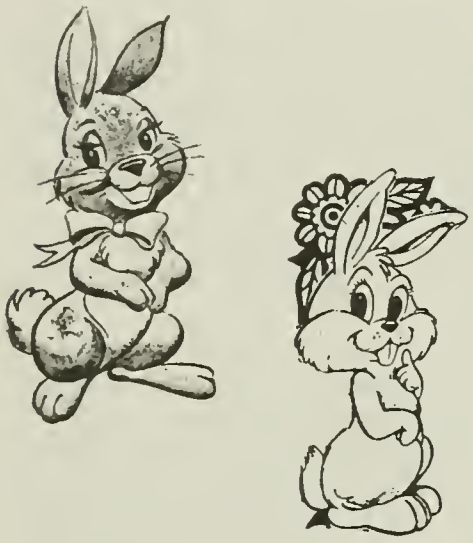
They didn't get too much accomplished that year, but the cow had a calf and before winter set in George was able to work around the place some. George traded the team for a tractor and taught Vina how to drive it. She raked the hay with the tractor. They were not able to make the payment that year and lived off the money they got for selling their house in Tigard. Vina picked ferns and sold them to the wholesale florist for twenty-five cents a bunch. Later she got a bunch of little chicks, raised them and sold them for fryers.

Places farm house at Fall Creek.

Vina's sister, Margaret Sparhawk, died in the spring of 1938. It was in the summer following that Herman brought three of the Sparhawk boys down to Fall Creek. Herman and Rachie kept the other three with them in Tigard. When the boys went swimming in the creek Jack, who was Bing's replacement, would go along. Vina listened for their playful shrieks and knew that if any thing went wrong Jack would get her.

One day Delbert, Vina and George went up on the hillside to cut wood. They left Kenny and Billy at the house to watch the fire. Vina had left the oven full of baking bread. The boys were told to remove the bread when the hands of the clock were where they were supposed to be. Kenny wasn't sure he would remember to watch the clock, but Billy assured her he would remind him. When they got back the bread was baked to a perfection.

Jack acted as the local book mobile between some of the farms. Vina would send a new magazine to a neighboring farmer to have Jack return with another in its place for her to read.



They were on the farm a couple of years when Vina bought two rabbit does and a buck. When they reproduced, as rabbits are wont to do, she saved the females and butchered the bucks for meat. She eventually had thirty - five does so George built a big rabbit barn for her. She raised rabbits for seven years keeping the Farmers Market well supplied. One year they ran out of their own hay and had to feed the rabbits Eastern Oregon hay. She discovered that by feeding the richer non-irrigated hay she could put the fryers to market at five weeks instead of six. After that she continued buying hay.

Their own hay they fed to their ever increasing herd of cows. As soon as they had enough fresh cows they started selling cream. Alvina rigged up a little express wagon for the cream cans. She hitched the dogs to it and they hauled the cream out the trail to the nearest road.

Vina continued to get a lot of enjoyment from her dogs. She would often send notes to various neighbors in case something was not right. One day a woman across the creek died and her husband started hollering. It roused the dogs and Vina went to his aid. She sent one of the dogs with a message to the nearest phone.

George got a sow and began raising pigs. One summer Herman's kids, Dottie Mae and George, were staying on the farm when a sow was due to give birth. This happened to be a cantankerous sow who liked to run off

to the woods to hide her babies. Uncle George promised the kids a dime for every baby if they kept their eye on the sow and found out where she hid her babies. Real early one morning they were roused out of bed to follow the sow. They kept their distance, but stayed near enough to come back about lunch time to report of thirteen piglets. Their Uncle George paid off and they had money for fire crackers for their Fourth of July.

Annie Sanders, Vina's sister, was left a widow in Canada so went to Fall Creek with her girls, Peggy and Annie. They lived with Places for about a year.

George built a beautiful barn when he began to prosper on the farm. When it was completed a big barn dance was held for all the neighbors.

Vina started giving guitar lessons while on the farm. She had a nice little group who learned to play well together.

George went to the hospital several times while on the farm, sometimes for kidney stones, sometimes for something else.

They worked hard and scrimped many years, but finally the day came when they made the final payment on the farm. Without saying anything to anybody Vina jumped in the car and drove to the County Court House. All those years they had been getting by without a road to their place. The farms on both sides of theirs had roads, but the man they bought the farm from refused to let them put the road through.

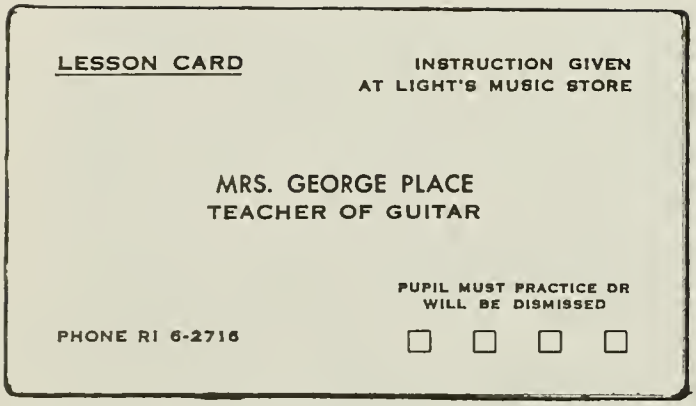
Vina walked into the court house and asked whom she should talk to about getting a road. They directed her to an office where four men were working. She blurted out her mission, "I'm Alvina Place. We bought the property that used to belong to Oscar Drury and there's no road through there and he don't want to give us no road through there. Would you folks put the road through if I put $200 down on it?"

The four men stood right straight up as if "there wasn't a joint in them." Several of them said at once, "You're just the lady we're looking for. Yes, we'll put it through."

They gave her a petition and told her to take it back and get twelve sigantures and to avoid letting the opposition get wind of it. She did just that and returned with the twelve signatures before noon. The road crew was working on the road before the former owner knew there was going to be one. There is a sign out there by the highway today pointing to the PLACE ROAD.

After a few years of ownership George began to lose his health and was unable to run the farm. It was then that Vina got a job in the Fall Creek Box Factory. They finally sold the farm and moved to Springfield. Vina continued to work in the factory and George fixed up the house on 34th Street. Later they bought a house on F Street and fixed it up, too.

Right: Sign pointing to four mile stretch of road named after George Place.



Vina went to work in the cannery and gave music lessons. George fixed her a studio in the back for her music. At one time she had nearly eighty students coming in for lessons each week. They formed groups and went to various functions to entertain the Springfield residents.

George built a small greenhouse next to Vina's music studio. He raised beautiful fuchsias and geraniums. But ill health plagued him so that he had to undergo a kidney operation.

On the 24th of May in 1972 George Henry Place died. He was 82 years old. One of the many things George will be remembered for was his fantastic ability to recall the birthday and age of every one of his numerous neices and nephews. Even when the next generation came along he was able to recite, at will, the birthdates of his grandneices and grandnephews.

Never having children of their own, Vina and George seemed to draw their neices and nephews into their hearts. Many will forever carry fond memories of time spent down on the farm at Fall Creek with Aunt Vinie and Uncle George.

Vina remained a widow for four years before she married Joe Wicks, an old family friend. But after only two and a half years of marriage, Joe died and Vina is alone in Springfield again.

Alone, that is, except for a delightful little fellow named Pancho. One day she found a stray mutt and took him in. With a little food in his stomach and a bath Pancho became guite presentable. She began working with the little dog who was an eager student. Soon they were putting on performances for the Golden Age Club and various other functions. He was trained to do an amazing number of tricks for there is no one who has a way with dogs like Alvina Place Wicks.

George H. Place

George Henry Place, 82, of 618 F St. died at his home May 24.

A resident of Oregon since 1923, he was born at Hudson, Wis., on Sept. 28, 1889 and was married at Stetter, Alberta, Canada, on April 29, 1920 to Alvina Emma Meyers, who survives. The couple had lived in the Springfield area for the past 36 years.

Mr. Place was a member of the First Christian Church of Springfield, past noble grand of the Springfield IOOF Lodge No. 70, past chief patriarch of Wimawhala Encampment No. 6 of Eugene and a member of Willamalane Golden Age Club.

Surviving besides his wife are a brother, Simon A. Place, and a sister, Mrs. J. R. Portas, both living in Canada; several nieces and nephews.

Funeral services will be held at Burns-Fredericksen Funeral Home at 2 p.m. Friday, May 26, with the Rev. Earl Gibbs officiating. Ritualistic rites will be conducted by Springfield IOOF Lodge No. 70. Private vault interment will follow in Lane Memorial Gardens.

Obituary:
George Place
Springfield, Ore.
24 May 1972

Alvina and George Place

Alvina with second husband
Joe Wicks.

The scenic Unity Bridge at the eastern end of the PLACE road a short distance from the farm at Fall Creek, Oregon.

PLACE, George Henry
b. 28 Sept. 1889
Hudson, Wis.
m. 29 April 1920
Stettler, Alta.
d. 24 May 1972
Springfield, Ore.
bur. Eugene, Ore.

MEYERS, Alvina Emma
27 Nov. 1901
Creston, S. Dak.

(2) WICKS, Joe

CHAPTER 9

ANNIE

From, "THE HISTORY OF ANNIE AND WILLIE"
by Peggy Jones, 1972

"I was just past sixteen and working for a family named McGowan in Vegreville on their farm. Their boys were digging a well. I cooked for them. It was a good job and I was making good money. Tillie and Emma wrote Mom wanting a couple of us girls to come down and help through harvest. Simon (Collins, Emma's husband) and his brother Frank had their own thrashing machine. When they got done with their crops they thrashed for the neighbors. Emma and I were supposed to keep the cattle out of the grain pile left beside the straw pile when they were thrashing on their own place. This time, I remember, the cattle got into a pile about a mile from the house. Emma told me to chase them out. John Steen, a hired hand, had a horse in the barn that I had been told to leave strictly alone. He was supposed to be dangerous for anyone to go near. I went in the barn anyway and saddled him up, led him beside the barbed wire fence and got on him. He just rubbed his soft nose against me. I rode out and chased the cattle away from the grain pile. Emma was scared all the time I was gone. I remember how the horse jumped twice his length with each stride - - did I enjoy that. When I got back to the barn and got off he just rubbed his nose against me again.

Emma, Simon and Frank decided to go to Los Angeles and just left me there. I went to find a job. I stopped at the hotel and got a job from Stanley Dunbar. I worked there at the hotel for two or three weeks and earned enough money for a pair of stockings, a sweater and a ticket home.

About a year after George Place and Alvina were married they came to Rumsey to visit us. They were living near Ranfurly and wanted me to go back and stay with them for awhile.

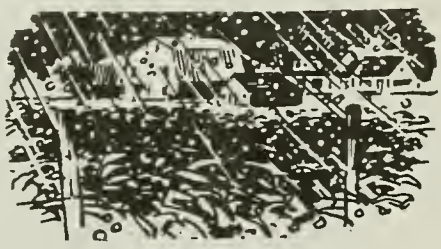
I went back with them. Instead of George and his dad hiring another hand to help on the farm, I went to work for them. In the evening I'd bring my horses in and take care of them. George's dad always said, "A woman's place isn't in the barn. It's in the house."

That was where I got to know Ike better. He was living with them because the land he had bought just across the road didn't have any buildings on it. I had first met Ike Sanders when we were still living in Lavoy. He and George came over to visit and from there I went on a sleigh ride with him. Ike and Charlie Rice had come to Ranfurly, Canada from the United States in 1916. They had each bought property. But through a crooked "friend" who failed to mark on the checks that they were payment for the land, Ike lost the property.

I went back to Rumsey and later married Stanley Dunbar. We were married April 18, 1922. On the fourteenth of June Frank, Stanley's brother, and a friend, Milt Ghoul, brought the doctor out to see Stanley because he wasn't feeling well. The next morning, June 15, we got up, had our breakfast and our lunch.

By this time I was a couple of months pregnant with Barbara and having a terrible time with morning sickness that often lasted all day. After lunch, I vomited and vomited. I went into our bedroom and laid down. Stanley came in, looked at me and said, "Poor girl." Then he went back to the living room and laid down on the daveno. Pretty soon I saw this bird fly into our bedroom. It flew over me and back out the door. I jumped up and followed it. The bird flew right over Stanley and disappeared behind him between him and the wall. He just laid there looking at me, I said, "Didn't you see that bird?" "No, what bird?" he said. "The bird that flew right down behind you," I said. He then told me that was a sign of death. It scared me, but I went back and laid down on our bed.

In a little while I heard a noise like a cow bell ringing under water. I jumped up and ran in to him. He was lying on his right side and exactly one-half of his face was black. I turned him onto his chest across my lap and patted him on the back. But he was absolutely still so I rolled him back over on his back.



There was a big storm coming, the clouds were just whirling. I phoned the doctor. He was gone on a maternity case. I called the drug store and asked the druggist to stop Amy on her way home from school and have her call me. When she called I asked her to get Mom and Dad. She ran all the way home and across a plowed field to where Dad was working with the horses. Dad dropped the harness off the horses and left it there. Then he and Amy rode those poor horses at a gallop across that plowed field. They got hooked up to the buggy and then they all started out. They had gotten a mile out of Rumsey when the storm started. The hail was almost an inch

in diameter. They stopped at Emma and Simon's until the storm slowed down some. I was all alone through the storm, just a kid scared to death. I called a neighbor, Mrs. Richmond. I was going to ask her to come over. She said, "Who is this?" I said, "Annie." She said, "Don't you know any better than to use a phone in a storm like this?" and slammed the phone down.

Stanley's dog was under our front porch all through this, howling and howling. I watched and watched that road. It must have been almost an hour and a half before the folks got there. I had to shove pretty hard to open the door because of all the hail stones piled up against it when they came in. I remember Momma wanted me to give her a white shirt for Stanley to be buried in, but his white ones were all dirty. I gave her a white shirt with pink pin stripes. She said that would right."

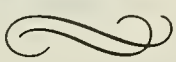
(Annie was almost nineteen when she married Stanley who was forty nine. Right after they were married they would go over to his brother Hubert's place where they picked up rocks from the field. He would drive the horses pulling the stone boat. She would see a rock and go pick it up and throw it on the stone boat. When they got that done they went home to his ranch east of Rumsey. They had not been married two months before he died.

Annie went up to Stettler to stay with Tillie so she could be near a good doctor shortly before Barbara was born. Barbara, her mother, had gone up with her. There was a terrible storm. Carl, her brother-in-law, had asked her to wake him up Monday morning real early so he could go to the mines and get a load of coal. She woke him at 4:00 a.m. He couldn't get through to the mines, but spent his morning shoveling out five huge snow drifts so the doctor could get through with his car. The doctor arrived an hour after the strong and healthy little girl was born on the 22nd day of January in 1923.

The elder Meyerses went up to Annie's to feed the cattle. The place wasn't paid for and Annie didn't have the money to finish paying for it. They sold hay and cream to buy groceries.

Annie took Barbara with her and got jobs here and there. Finally in May of the same year she started out on the trail drive, (chapter one) with her brother Herman.

When she arrived in Leonia, Idaho she was able to find a job cooking for a road building crew for the summer.)



"Ike and I wrote back and forth after Stanley died. Finally he asked me to marry him. We were married in Bonners Ferry on New Year's Eve, 1923.

We went back to Ranfurly then. We stopped on our way through Rumsey at Emma and Simon's where I had stored my furniture. I had gotten sick on the train. It turned out that I had the measles. When I got over them Emma got them. While she was sick I washed the clothes and hung Simon's heavy woolen union suits outside in the cold. I got a relapse of the measles and then I was really sick. I couldn't eat or sleep. Finally I fell into a delirium. Dr. Ross gave me some morphine tablets to make me more comfortable. Slowly I began to get a little better. They kept the medicine in a bottle along with a glass of water and a spoon sitting on a table that was covered with a table cloth. Emma and Simon finally just stayed out of the room because I was begging so hard for the pills. I could barely reach the edge of the table cloth from my bed. I pulled and pulled on it. When Emma checked on me the bottle was teetering on the edge of the table. Then Ike kept the bottle in his pocket.

Isaac and Annie Sanders with her daughter Barbara Dunbar.

About 1925

The next time I came to the states was in the fall of 1929. I came down with Barbara and no one knew I was coming. The folk's address was Metzger. We started walking in that direction, asking the way as we went along. Finally we saw a house that looked like a hotel. The upstairs lights were all on. The verenda lights were all on, so we walked up on the verenda and right on into the house. The man and woman looked at us as if we were nuts. I said, "Isn't this a hotel?"

"No, this is a private dwelling." This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kiester, a couple that Etta went to work for later for many years, in fact, until the death of both of them.

I asked them if they knew Vina and George. He took me outside and said, "You see that house just a little way up the hill beside the road? That's where they live."

Barbara and I walked up to the house and knocked on the door. I heard Vina yell, "That's Annie." How she knew we never figured out. Then ca-thump, ca-thump, I heard their feet hit the floor. She beat George to the door. Then here came Etta's legs dangling from a hole in the ceiling where she and her two boys were sleeping in George and

Vina's attic.

George went up there with the boys and we girls all slept in Vinie's bed. I never slept one minute that night. I'd talk with Vinie until she'd drop off to sleep then I'd wake up Etta and talk to her until she went to sleep. Then I'd wake up Vinie and do the whole thing over again.

Tillie Walstrom,
pointing,
Annie and Ike Sanders,
Peggy and Annie.

June 1940

Ranfurly, Alberta
Canada

There were many hardships through the years. I had two more girls. Peggy Ann was born June 3, 1933 in Vegreville. (She used to tell me she hoped someday I would have a baby that cried steady like I did the first months of my life - I did. Peggy's words) Annie Lois was born May 5, 1937 in Viking. She was a very easy-going, mild-mannered child probably made up for Peggy. We lived on a farm rented from Charlie Rice. Finally we moved to our own home near Birch Lake, four and one-half miles from Ranfurly.

Annie Sanders,
Tillie Walstrom,
Barbara Dunbar,
Front;
Peggy and Annie
Sanders

Barbara Dunbar, Annie and Isaac Sanders with Peggy and Annie Lois. Taken in 1940.

Ike was in poor health. He had lost one eye as a result of a carelessly handled sun lamp in the hospital when he had double pneumonia and pleurisy. He later developed diabetes. He wouldn't follow his diet and the disease got worse and worse. One Saturday he went to town with the team of horses and a wagon. During the middle of the night the team came home with the wagon, but no Ike. The girls and I got on the saddle horses and went to find him. We met some neighbors bringing him home. They had found him lying in the road by a gate. He had gotten out of the wagon to open the gate. The horses had run over him, but he was alive yet. The next day he was taken to a hospital in Vegreville. He died there on May 8, 1946.

I remembered that Ike had always told me if anything happened to him to go to Vina and George. We sold the farm and almost all of our possessions and came to Fall Creek, Oregon where we lived with Vinie and George.

The first time I met Willie was at a get-acquainted party on New Year's Eve 1946 that Vinie gave for me. Willie and his brother Pint were there."

Willie (Clarence Elvin Willis) was born in Columbia, Adair County, Kentucky on the 9th of January, 1905. He lived with his mother and his grandparents on an eighty acre farm. He remembers seeing Halley's Comet in 1910. He said it looked like a big ball of fire with a tail on it. In 1923 he went to Oregon to join his mother who had married Mark Golden. Willie spent most of his life working in the woods or sawmills. He loved to fly and owned an airplane until the wind picked it up and ruined it.

"We continued to see each other and were married Oct. 8, 1947 in Lowell, Oregon. After the wedding we went to Vinie and George's. We walked into their front room. There was a table with a cake on it. It had

lighted candles. On a chair behind the table stood Judy, Barbara's girl. Judy wanted to sing at our wedding. She was only three years old so she sang the only song she knew. "Happy Birthday." By that time the chivaree was in full swing. I remember they put me in the milk cart and Willie had to push me up the road. It was rocky and there was a light rain. Willie trotted up the road with me in the cart. When the guys said we had gone far enough, Willie turned around and back we went. Then some of the guys grabbed Willie and took him out. I didn't know what they were going to do. Some of the women grabbed me, one on each arm and one by the back. "Now you sing or we'll dump him in the creek," they told me. I SANG. The

men, meanwhile, had taken Willie up all reek to Jim O'Conners. They got him out of bed, took him to the front porch where Willie sang, "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along."They started down the creek to Place's. When they came to Winberry they spied a deer. The men stopped the car and out they went, over the creek bank after the deer, all but Willie. He thought about leaving them there. But then he thought better of it. Pretty soon they came back and took him home."

Willie took his bride and Peggy and Little Annie to his mother's house across Fall Creek where they lived for a while. Then they found a place of their own down the creek and on the road. They moved several times before Willie retired from working in the sawmills at which time they moved to a mobile home in Springfield.

On the 8th of October 1972 their family and friends celebrated their Silver Wedding Anniversary with them. They were presented a "Friendship Quilt"made of blocks from loved ones scattered from Kentucky to Alaska.

Annie joined the Willamalane Kitchen Band for senior citizens and together with Vinie traveled to the World's Fair in Spokane, Washington in 1974 to give two performances.

Ill health has plagued both Annie and Willie but you will never see either one discouraged by it as they enjoy mobile home living, grandchildren, and the many friends they have made through the years.

Couple feted on 25th wedding anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Willis marked their 25th wedding anniversary with an open house Sunday, Oct. 8.

The event, hosted by the daughters and their families, was held In Chalet Village recreation hall, 205 So. 54th St.

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Sippy and Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Carter greeted the more than 70 guests attending the afternoon party for the couple. As a surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Willis were presented a "friendship" quilt, with some of the blocks as far away as Kentucky and Alaska.

Among those attending the open house were Mrs. Willis' five sisters, Alvina Place of Springfield, Amy Warkentin of Fall Creek, Emma Collins of Washington, Etta Rockwell of Portland and Tillie Tabert of Vanderhoof, B.C., Canada; and her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Feys of Rocky Mountain House Alberta, Canada.

Included in the cards and letters were several from Mrs Willis' home state of Kentucky

Mr. Willis, a logger before retirement, came from Kentucky more than 40 years ago and Mrs Willis, a widow, moved here in 1946 from Canada. The couple was married Oct. 8, 1947 in Lowell. Besides her three daughters they have 13 grandchildren and three great-children.

DUNBAR, Stanley

m. 18 April 1922
Rumsey, Alta.
d. 15 June 1922
Rumsey, Alta.

MEYERS, Annie Laurie
b. 3 May 1903
Creston, S. Dak.

m. (2) SANDERS, Isaac M.
m. (3) WILLIS, Clarence E.

1. Barbara Katherine (DUNBAR) b. 22 Jan. 1923 Stettler, Alta.
   m. (1) RUDKINS, John
      1. Judith Mary Ellen b. 29 July 1943 Edmonton, Alta
         m. (1) NEET, Larry
            1. Anna Maria 17 June 1960 Springfield, OR.
            2. Scott b. 18 Dec. 1961 Springfield, OR.
               m. Angie
                  1. a son 15 Mar. 1981
         m. (2) HOWARD, Hank
            3. Cynthia
         m. (3) MEYERS, Robert
         m. (4) SMITH, Richard (Sonny)
            4. Michael (A)
      2. John Stanley Arthur b. 10 Dec. 1948 Eugene, OR.
         m. (1) COONS, Carmen
         m. (2) MAC DONALD, Linda OVERTON
            1. Roxanne b. 11 May 1973 Los Angeles, CA.
      3. Karen Jeannine b. 18 April 1954
         m. (1) DORMAN, Sid
         m. (2) SHOCKI, Gerald Peter 8 Oct. 1976 Springfield, OR.
   m. (2) JACKSON, Andrew
      4. Kathleen Barbara 2 Mar. 1959 Springfield, OR.
         m. HALVERSON, Mark
   m. (3) SIPPY, Arthur
      5. Beverly b. 14 Mar. 1946 Eugene, OR.
         m. MILLER,
      6. Bonnie b. 8 June 1947 Eugene, OR
         m. RACE, Pete

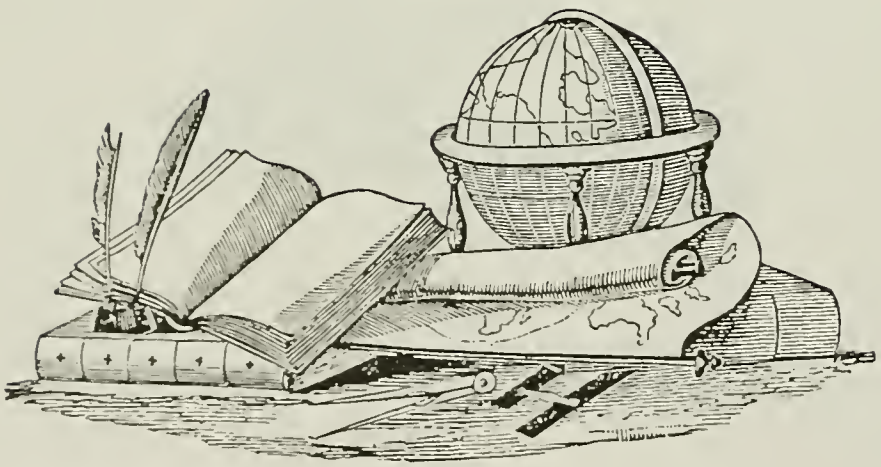
m. (2) SANDERS, Isaac 31 Dec. 1923 Bonners Ferry, ID.
2. Peggy Ann b. 3 June 1933 Vegreville, Alta.
   m. JONES, Ron 30 Mar. 1951
      1. Patty Maureen b. 15 April 1952
      2. Karre Sue b. 9 Oct. 1953
      3. Lynda Louise b. 23 Jan. 1956
      4. Thommy Allen b. 21 Dec. 1957
         m. LOWRY, Kimmerly 15 April 1978
            1. Danielle Janine b. 5 Nov. 1980 Springfield, OR.
      5. Krysti Kay b. 7 April 1960

3. Annie Lois b. 5 May 1937 Viking, Alta.
   m. CARTER, Donald Wayne 30 May 1957
      1. James Martin b. 11 Feb. 1958
      2. Michael Kevin b. 21 Nov. 1959
      3. Brian Scott b. 21 July 1961
      4. Laurie Louise b. 20 Aug. 1962

m. (3) WILLIS, Clarence Elvin 8 Oct. 1947 Lowell, OR.

Willie and Annie

Notes



CHAPTER 10

AMY

The summer before her fifteenth birthday Amy joined her brother Herman and her sister Annie on the trail drive told about in chapter one. Her memories of the drive are few except she was happy to see it come to a halt and have a chance to see her mother again.

Amy had spent most of her life up to that time in Canada. She had not had her fourth birthday yet when the Meyers family migrated there from South Dakota where she was born in 1908.

The Meyers family spent less than a year at Leonia, Idaho before moving to Dallas, Oregon. Amy went about a year to the Dallas school.

Amy Meyers with her neice June Sparhawk. 1925

It was in Dallas where Amy met Jake Warkentine who was working at one of the local lumber mills.

They were married in Vancouver, Washington on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1925. They made their first home in Dallas but were living in Tigard when their first baby was born. It was a boy they named Everett J. He died in his Aunt Vinie's arms when he was only three days old. Amy's brother, Herman, and Vinie's husband, George Place, secured a plot at the Crescent Grove Cemetery and because of a shortage of funds dug the grave themselves. Amy was very sick and unable to attend the graveside service for her first little baby.

Jake found work in the mill in Toledo on the Oregon coast where on May 19th in 1928 they had another little boy. They named him Herman Hubert.

In 1935 Amy was six months pregnant. She had been very ill throughout the pregnancy and had to have a tumor surgically removed. It was a serious procedure, but on the first of August at full term she gave birth to a beautiful little girl and named her Alvina Joy.

In 1937 Jake and Amy moved to Portland and for a while lived in her brother Heinie's house on Jessup Street. Later they moved to a house on

Church Street, but finally settled down in their house on Jarret Street.

It was to the house on Jarret that Barbara, Amy's mother, was taken to live out the last six years of her life. She was totally bedridden and Amy's care and devotion made her last painful years somewhat more tolerable. She died there on Jarret Street in 1942.

Amy and Jake Warkentine with Joy, In front, Herman sits between his two grandmothers, Amy's mother on the left and Jake's mother on the right. 1936

Above, Amy with Herman and Joy about 1940

Below, Joy in a school picture

In 1949 Jake and Amy moved to Fall Creek, Oregon. There Jake found work at the Fall Creek Lumber Company. He worked there until 1960. There, too, Amy was near her sisters, Vinie and Annie. It formed a nice trio of companionship that has never faltered through the years.

Jake and Amy have lived on the creek in three different locations. The first two are under water since the construction of the Fall Creek Dam and Reservoir in 1952

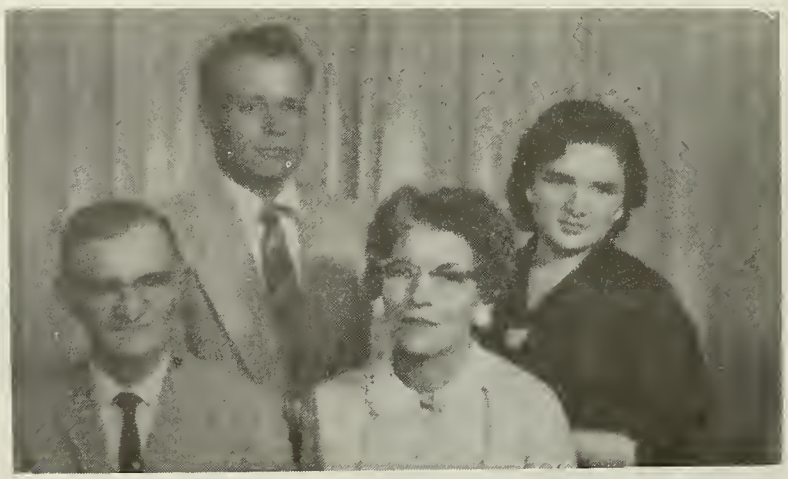
Jake went to work in the Cone Lumber Company at Goshen as a kiln stacker. He has worked in all phases of the lumber industry, from the

timber operation to finished furniture and carpentry. But here he was back in the mill again and it necessitated his driving thirty miles to work every day. He continued working there, however, until he retired at the age of sixty-five.

Their retirement home, their third place on the creek, well above the dam, is on a nice black-top road. The lovely setting in the foothills of the Cascade Range lies on a fishing stream which can be heard from the kitchen window. It is cool and lovely among the tall trees in the summer and mild in a protected canyon in the winter.

Amy's and Jake's health is fragile, but they seem content among their potted plants, pets and precious memories as they live out their years in quietness.

Amy and Jake in the early years



The Warkentine family

Warkentins mark 50th anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. J.E. Warkentin of Fall Creek were honored on their 50th wedding anniversary with a party Dec. 27 in Springfield.

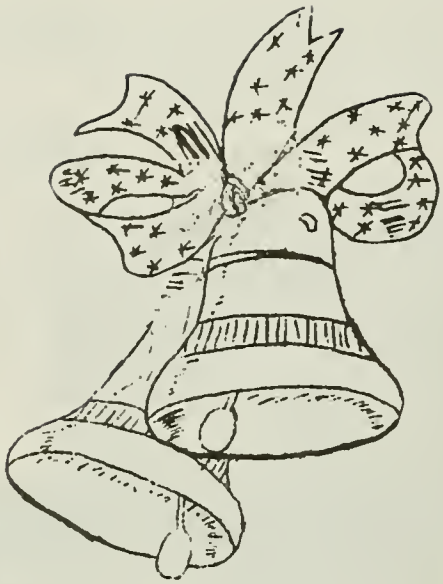
The event, held at the home of Mrs. Warkentin's sister, Mrs. Alvina Place, was attended by about 90 relatives and friends

In charge of arrangements were the couple's children, Joy Helm of Vancouver, B.C., Canada, and Herman Warkentin of Grants Pass. Also present were three grandchildren, Daniel, Dale and Margaret Helm, all of British Columbia.

Other relatives included Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Willis of Springfield, Mrs. Warkentin's brother-in-law and sister; two of Mr. Warkentin's brothers, their wives and his two sisters, Mr. and Mrs. Sol Warkentin of West Salem, Mr. and Mrs. Eurt Warkentin and Mrs. Marie Frey of Dallas, Ore., and Mrs. Anna Friesen of Lebanon; and a number of nieces and nephews of the couple.

The Warkentina were married Dec. 24, 1925 in Toledo and moved to Fall Creek in 1942. He is a retired mill worker.

Besides their two children the couple has nine grandchildren.



Wedding - 1925

Fiftieth Anniversary - 1975

WARKENTIN, Jake Edmond
b. 3 Mar. 1902
Meed Co. Kansas
m. 24 Dec. 1925
Toledo, OR.

MEYERS, Amy Alma Abby
b. 9 Aug. 1908
Rapid City S. Dak.

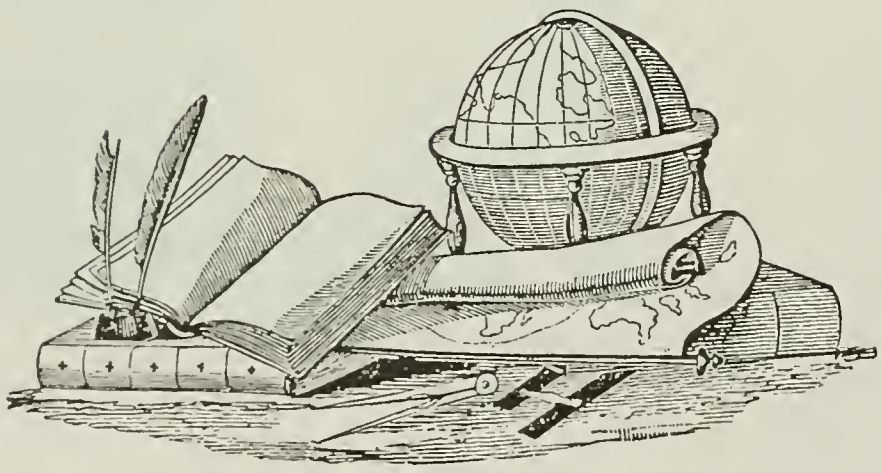
1. Everett J. died at birth

2. Herman Hubert b. 19 May 1928 Toledo, OR.
   m. COLSRUD, Clara Belle (Jolly) 20 Aug. 1950 (1)
      1. Robin Hugh b. 12 Sept. 1955
      2. Scott b. 10 Oct. 1962
      3. Sara DeEtte b. 27 Dec. 1963
      4. Heidi LeAnn b. 29 Dec. 1964
      5. Suzanne b. 24 Jan 1969
   m. PERRY, Elizabeth (2)

3. Frederick, Edmond died at birth

4. Alvina Joy b. 1 Aug. 1935 Portland,
   m. HELM, Alan B. 24 Dec. 1952 Springfield, OR.
      1. Barbara Alan b. 24 Sept. 1953 Eugene, OR
         m. DAILEY, John Nils 2 July 1977
      2. Daniel Ray b. 24 Apr. 1955 Eugene, OR.
      3. Dale Edmond b. 6 Jan 1957 Springfield, OR.
      4. Margaret Rose b. 30 July 1959 Springfield, OR.
   m. HALLIWELL, Kenneth R. 24 Nov. 1977 Vancouver Canada
      5. John Henry (son of Ken.) 15 Nov. 1968 Richmond, B.C.

Notes



CHAPTER 11

SPARHAWK

PART 1 - KERBY

On the 7th of December in 1897 Lafayette Fremont Sparhawk and Bertha Emily Whipp were united in marriage. The scene was the Hotel Josephine in Grants Pass, Oregon. The clergyman was the Rev. N. F. Jenkins and the ceremony was witnessed by Abe Axtell and D. C. Brownell. The day was Lafe's 34th birthday. Bertha had turned 21 the previous November 14th.

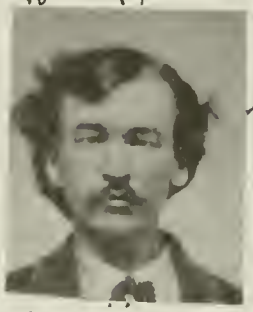
Bertha had visited her maternal grandmother where she was taken to church. Grandma Carter was the only one on her side of the family that had become a Seventh Day Adventist. It was to this church that Lafe also went to visit and where he met Bertha.

The couple made their new home on a small farm up the Applegate River on a little stream that was known as Sparhawk Creek.

Lafe was in the freighting business with horse drawn wagons running a route which included Crescent City, Grants Pass, Jacksonville and Kerby. Since there were few bridges he found it often necessary to ford the rivers and streams with the goods he delivered to families in the remotest areas. He made deliveries to various stores and frequent trips to and from the railroad freight office in Grants Pass.

left: On the road, Kerby, Oregon

Alice Elizabeth Eastwood



Charles Wesley Whipp

Ambrose Ruel Sparhawk

Dorothy Ellen Carter

Lafayette Fremont Sparhawk

Bertha Emily Whipp

Bertha was the oldest child of the Whipp family who had come west in 1866 when she was ten years old. Her father had been the druggist in Concordia, Kansas and continued his trade in Kerby. It is said he was the only doctor the people of the area ever knew.

Bertha worked for her father in the pharmacy where she washed out glass bottles which had contained chemicals. Perhaps it was the chemical laden steam from the bottle washing as her father had diagnosed, or some other unknown cause, that caused Bertha to become completely blind when she was a teenager. But it forced her to stay at home helping her mother with each new baby. She learned to sew and knit even though she was totally blind. After a period of two years in darkness, one evening the family was sitting enjoying an evening together when Bertha asked if there were two white spots before her eyes. The family directed their eyes to where she pointed and saw the boys' new white sailor hats pinned to the dark green drapery. The children started screaming all at once, "Oh, Bashe can see, Bashe can see," using their favorite nickname for their older sister. Bertha had become reconciled to the fact that she would be blind for life, but from that moment on her sight gradually improved to where she could see with the use of heavy glasses.

With Grandpa Whipp's experience and education in medicine he came in handy when it was time for Bertha to have her babies. It was he who delivered her first two boys, Fred, 17 September 1898, and Del, 25 May 1900. Grandpa Whipp died there, in Kerby, before the next two boys were born. They were Percy, 10 December 1901, and Bert, 25 July 1903.

The family lived out of town, but not so far that they couldn't walk the dusty trail in bare feet to visit Grandpa and Grandma Whipp. Rattle-

snakes were prevalent in the rocky hill country of Southern Oregon. On their walk to town one day the children spied a rattler and screamed. Bertha grabbed her boys and ran with them in her arms to safety.

Arriving in town, Fred spied his Aunt Grace squatting over a tiny hole in the ground. Grace was but a few years older than Fred and had become deaf. She had discovered that if she would make a noise over the little crater in the sand where a beetle made its home it would come out to investigate. When the beetle came to the surface she would capture it and make it her playmate. She was only too happy to share her discovery with Fred and her other little nephews. Lizards basking in the warm summer sun were captured and turned into playmates for the children, also.

Perhaps Bertha went to town to spend the day with her mother while Lafe was out on a freighting trip. They stayed late into the night until Grandpa Whipp took out his telescope and showed his grandsons how to study the stars. Lafe returned to Kerby and loaded his little family into the wagon for the homeward journey. It was dark and he tied a lantern onto the harness to light the way. It was necessary to ford the stream and in doing so the horse stepped in a hole and couldn't get up. Lafe got out of the wagon and into the stream to assist the horse to its feet. They were soon on their way home again with the lantern relit and casting the shadow of a horse into the night.

One time a neighbor brought a salmon from the river up to the family. It was just before spawning season for the salmon was bright red. Fred thought the salmon had been skinned because it was so red. He asked the man how he had skinned it. The man, not understanding, thought he was asking how it had been caught. He told the boy it was done with

Downtown Kerby at the turn of the century. The tree in the center background shades the two story building which housed the Whipp Drug Store.

Del, Percy, and Fred at Kerby about 1902

a spear and Fred thought for a long time that the man had skinned the salmon with a spear.

One of the neighbors was preparing to butcher a sow. The poor sow thought better of the idea and ambled over to the Sparhawk back yard and promptly fell into a hole in the ground. The hole was a shallow well and not very deep, but the hog was thrashing and kicking so much she couldn't get out. Bertha came running out to investigate just as the sow found her footing. The first thing she headed for was Bertha, who didn't waste time getting back to the safety of her house.

Lafe and Bertha Sparhawk with neighbor at Kerby

In the cold of winter it was customary to heat rocks on the kitchen stove and wrap them in a blanket. This was then placed in the floor of the wagon before starting on a trip to town or elsewhere. On one such trip Percy was still a baby and crawled too close to the rocks and suffered severe burns. It made quite a blister and he carried the scar for some time.

Lafe's freighting business was beginning to expand to the point that he had to hire extra drivers. There were still few bridges on the freight route making it mandatory that the streams continued to be crossed by fording. On one occasion the lead team, driven by the hired man, became stalled in the middle of a river. One of the horses had caught its foot between the slippery rocks and broken its leg. Without a word, Lafe stopped his team, got out his rifle, and went forward where he unhitched the ailing horse and shot it in the head. His reputation as a God-fearing man was enhanced by the tale of the hired man, for he related the incident to the townspeople emphasizing the fact that Lafe Sparhawk had not uttered one cuss word when he had to shoot his own horse in the head.

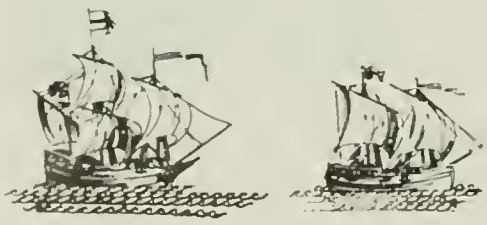
PART 2 - ALASKA

In Alaska Lafe's sister, Adah Sparhawk Young, had to take her husband James to Oakland, California because of his health. He subsequently died there. Adah owned a mercantile store and Lafe and his family went to Ketchikan to manage the business for his sister. Adah's store was on the piling over the water. Three blocks up a canyon behind the store Lafe, in time, built a small house. Out from the canyon was the fisherman's dock where Aunt Adah rented space to the boatmen. There was a little beach near the dock. The kids liked to play there on the dock.

There was a wide street going up the canyon. Some of the kids had sleds and during the winter the community fathers would sprinkle down the street with water to make an icy runway for the sleds. With lightning speed they would race down the street, skillfully manipulating a turn at the bottom of the street and skidding out on the dock. One time the boys saw a playmate slide down the hill right under the guard rail and into the bay. When someone from the crowd fished him out of the water, his heavy woolen clothes dripping icy water, his first words to his rescuer were, "Where's my sled?"

Next door to the store was a saloon. The fellow there kept a little zoo. He had a deer, a swan and among other things, a couple of cub bears who were regular little pets. He would turn the cubs loose and the kids would play with them like dogs. The four Sparhawk boys would take the cubs out on the dock to scuffle with them like little puppies. They had to watch their caps for the bears loved to play keep-away and tug-of-war with them. One time a bear took a boy's cap, placed it on a timber on the wharf and pushed it off into the water. The boy went home "bear" headed.

The boys got all the candy they could want from Aunt Adah's store. But there was another store on the corner with a young fellow serving as clerk. The Italian kids were always begging for candy so the sly clerk gave them some pepper candy. Now this was real candy, but coated with red hot pepper. Pretty soon they went home screaming. It wasn't long until their big Italian mamma came running back to the store. She grabbed the young clerk and smacked him about both sides of the face while the Sparhawk boys stood calmly by, licking the last of their long licorice whips.



Another aunt, Lafe's sister, Minnie Sparhawk, had a dry goods establishment across the street from Adah's. She shared living quarters with Adah. One day Fred, being the oldest, wanted to prove he was grown up. He sneaked into Aunt Adah's store and stole a chew of tobacco from behind the counter. Everyone was wondering what

had made him so sick. He was even wondering himself until Aunt Min pointed her finger at him and said, "You were in the tobacco, weren't you?"

Fred started the first grade in Ketchikan. He was chosen to be in the Christmas program.

Alaska was famous for gold so when Lafe heard about a mine in a canyon above Ketchikan he wanted to show his boys. He borrowed some little magnifying glasses from the store and took a walk up to the mine. They used the glasses to see little flakes of gold in the rocks.

The store in Ketchikan. Standing in from of door is Adah Sparhawk Young. To the left is Annie Sparhawk with her son, Alvin. Alvin's father is Dr. E. E. Sparhawk, the dentist.

The Fourth of July was a big day in the Territory of Alaska. Huge battleships would dock at the wharfs. They would open to the public for tours. One day a big ship called the "Marblehead" tied up below the store and the boys were very impressed.

Across the bay from Ketchikan was an island called Pennick. Toward the island, on bright sunny days, there could be seen flashes of shining lights from a school of whales. They were known as black fish and were similar to the killer whales. The sun would shine on their backs as they played in the bay and would reflect just like mirrors back to the city.

Lafe secured a boat and crossed with his family to Pennick Island to visit the Indian grave yards with their mysterious totem poles.

It was in Ketchikan, Alaska, on the 5th of June in 1905, that Dean, the fifth son was born to the Sparhawk family.

Before Adah could return to the store in Alaska, Lafe came down with a severe case of Typhoid Fever. Ed Sparhawk, their youngest brother, a dentist in California, was called upon to take over the store. He and his wife, Annie, and son, Alvin, moved to Ketchikan. As well as attending to the myriad duties of managing a busy mercantile store, Ed maintained a much needed dental practice there in Ketchikan until his tour of duty to the family was over.

Lafe and his family returned to the States so he might better recover his health. They landed in Snohomish, Washington where he had another sister. She was Alice, known to the family as Aunt Ally, and married to Oliver Hossler.

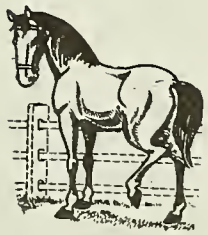
When Lafe returned to good health, he settled on a farm up the Skykomish River. Just before the family was ready to move in there had been a flood with lots of high water covering the low places on the farm. There were three or four drowned cattle in the barn. It was nesessary for Lafe to take his new team of horses and drag the dead animals out to a field and bury them.

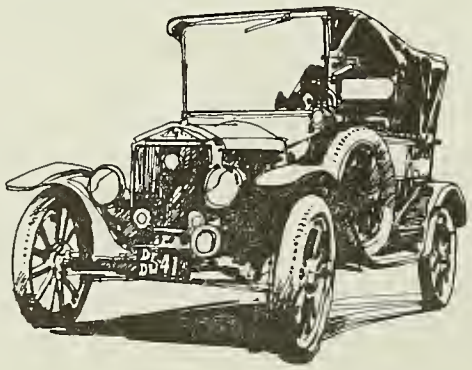
He didn't stay long at this place for he never put in a crop there. He did, however, start accumulating a small herd of cattle and chickens. The river came up at flood time to where the chickens had been roosting in the willows down by the river. The boys went down to the trees and tried shaking the chickens down. One hen was shook loose into the water and floated dwonstream with the rest of the debris.

Sparhawk boys; from the rear, Fred, Del, Percy, Bert, (Alvin) and Dean. Alvin, the boys' cousin, is the son of Ed and Annie Sparhawk. Taken in Snohomish about 1907.

When they left the farm up the river they got a place in Snohomish where the inter-urban street cars ran between Everett and Snohomish. The logging trains used the same track. The property was on Avenue D. Perhaps Lafe bought rather than rented this place for he expended a sum of money to build a two story barn there. The barn was dug into the side of a hill on the lower level. The upper level was set aside for hay storage.

Lafe took frequent trips to the Horse Haven area in eastern Washington to buy wild horses. Will Sparhawk, one of Lafe's nephews, was a cowboy and he helped Lafe break the horses. Then they would sell them for a profit in the Snohomish area. He acquired a pair of beautiful Palominos which he pastured out on a marsh area...





One day Lafe was driving a string of horses along a dike road toward the marsh. At the time there was only one automobile in the town of Snohomish and it was owned by a saloon keeper. He came speeding along in his shiny new auto and wanted to get past Lafe and his string of horses. He kept honking his horn and indicating Lafe was to get off the road. The commotion frightened the animals and they ran wild for three or four miles. The result of the merry chase was that one of the mares in foal ran into a barbed wire fence below the road and lost her colt.

While they were living at Snohomish, Esther, 11 June 1907, and her little sister, Rachel, 29 March 1909, were added to the family.

In 1911, Lafe came home from one of his frequent jaunts around the countryside and announced to his family they were going to move over to Stanwood near Florence. He had found a beautiful dairy farm that needed a renter. By now, Lafe had accumulated thirty head of cows and some horses. The boys were to have the exciting job of driving the stock to their new home.

Moving day arrived with Lafe leading the way driving the wagon loaded with household goods. He was followed by the boys driving the stock. Bertha and the younger children followed behind in the buggy. It was necessary for the caravan to cross a bridge being at that time under the process of repair. The workmen had left a big pile of lumber at the site.

Del was only about eleven and the horse he was riding shied at the pile of lumber. Del and his horse fell into the water with Del's foot stuck fast in the stirrup. There was much screaming and yelling as Del's head bobbed up and down in the water against the floating boards. The children were sure their brother was going to drown, but both horse and rider extricated themselves from the briny depths and the journey continued.

Suddenly a dog came out from a farm and started barking at the traveling menagerie. The point cow became frightened, turned around and headed back. Both Del and Fred rode spotted ponies. Since Del's was the friskiest little pony he got the regular saddle while Fred rode with a donkey saddle. This donkey saddle had no horn and it had iron stirrups. When the dog frightened the cows, the pony became a little agitated and threw Fred. His foot hung up in one of the iron stirrups. The pony jumped over a pile of railroad ties along the road and as Fred was bumped along the ties he was shook loose. Lafe got rid of the unsafe saddle after the trip was over.

The journey involved an overnight stay so Lafe picked out an old deserted barn for his family to sleep in. The barn was very dirty from lack of use for the owners had packed up and left when their house burned down. Lafe went out to a big cedar and cut some bows. From this he fashioned a broom by binding the bows together. He soon had the barn spic and span and his little family bedded down for the night.

A happy and prosperous time is remembered by the family of their sojourn at Stanwood. The place had been vacant for quite a while and needed much work. Lafe leased the dairy for three years. A friendship developed when Bertha cooked and sent food by the children to the man from whom they rented. He often told them he wanted them to stay there on his place and take care of him the rest of his life.

Bertha and Lafe Sparhawk with baby Esther. The boy's identities are concealed by their recent "pigshaves."

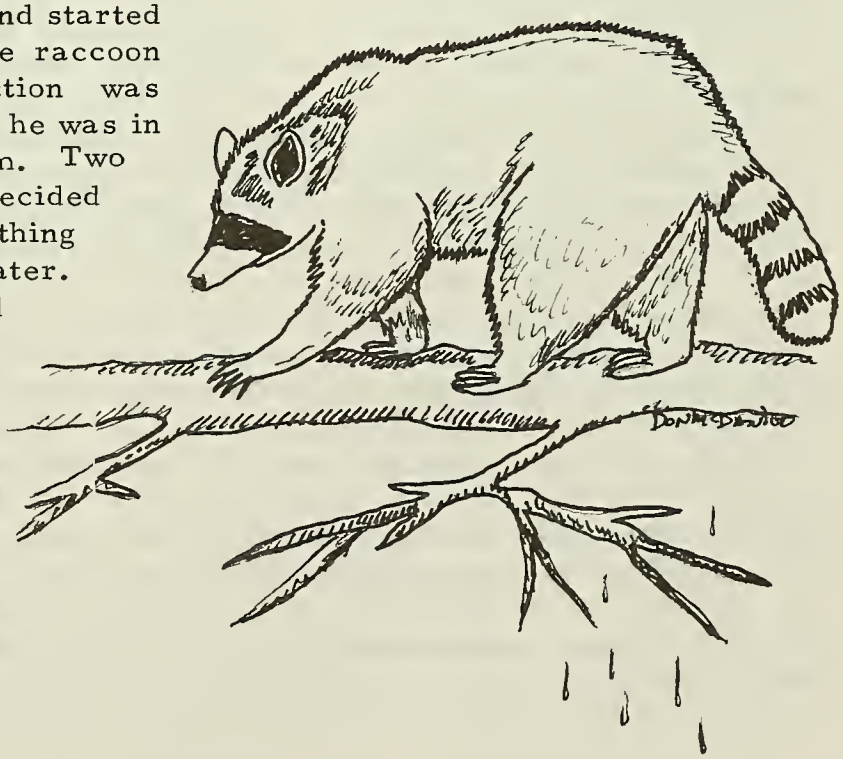
Lafe and Bertha on the porch of their Stanwood home. On the top step are Fred, Del, Bert, Rachie, and Percy. Dean and Esther are on the bottom step.
Taken in 1911 just prior to the birth of Bob.

Lafe bought six more cows that were culls from larger dairies in the area. He also bought a dozen calves. It was the practice of the large dairies to destroy the calves rather than having to feed them and give them cow's milk which would otherwise be sold. Lafe went around to the dairies and gave notice he would take the new born calves off their hands. They bought a separator and gave the calves the skim milk from the six culls. In this way he built up his herd.

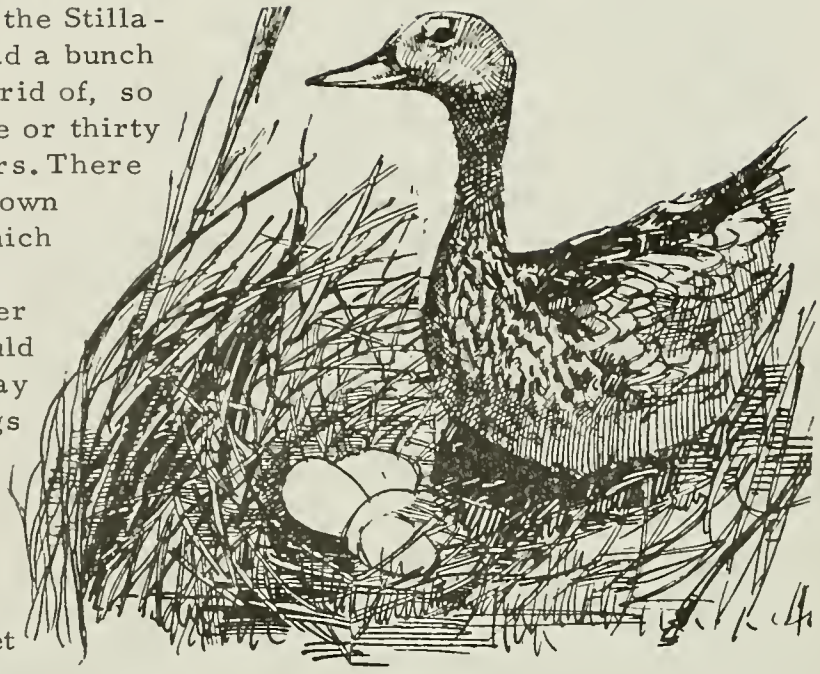
The boys would take the herd to graze in a twenty acre pasture a little distance away. They would have to drive the herd up a narrow lane to and from the pasture. There was a big brown cow with a healthy set of horns and an unhealthy disposition. She would get in the middle of the string of cows, turn around with a threatening toss of her horns and stop the progress of the herd behind her. The kids would have to crawl under the fence to get around the herd. They would then go up to the brown cow and poke her with sticks through the fence to get her moving again.

There was a large orchard on the place. It had at one time been very beautiful. Lafe went to work pruning and trimming until it became productive again.

The family had a nice chicken yard with a beautiful White Leghorn rooster lording it over a bunch of hens. One night a raccoon got into the pen and devoured the rooster. The next day someone spied the raccoon sneaking up to the chicken yard for another meal. Fred and Del took out after him. They could run just about as fast as the coon. The coon decided the situation called for evasive action. When he got to the end of the orchard he climbed to the top of a willow tree. The boys saw he was on his last limb and started shaking the tree. The raccoon thought defensive action was called for in the plight he was in so he "rained" on them. Two very infuriated boys decided shooting was the only thing left for this rooster eater. Fred was left to guard the tree while Del ran to the neighbor's who came back with his gun and shot the tricky animal. Then the boys had their first experience of skinning an animal and taking sweet revenge on a spiteful enemy.



Del and Fred met a half-breed boy who lived down by the Stillaquamish River. He had a bunch of ducks he had to get rid of, so they bought twenty-five or thirty ducks for fifteen dollars. There was a drainage ditch down back of the orchard which formed a little slough. There was always water in it and the ducks would go down there every day and eat slugs and things like that. They would generally come home every night by themselves, but once in a while the boys would have to go out and meet them half-way.



One night the boys were going after the tardy ducks in the first darkness. There was a barbed wire fence along the slough. The boys heard the wire make a squeaking sound, but they couldn't figure out what made the sound. They ran ahead and discovered a pheasant hen hiding under a bush. She had torn a three-cornered gash in her crop on the fence when she flew into it in the twilight. The seeds and things were spilling out of the cut. They carefully picked her up and carried her back to the house. Lafe took a needle and thread and tenderly sewed her up. They nursed her in a box in the house for a few days, then took her to one of their neighbors with a hobby of raising golden pheasants who adopted her.

When it came to doctoring animals, Lafe taught his boys well. One day Lafe was out of town when a calf became bloated. The boys had seen their dad stick them a few times, but Fred didn't have enough nerve to do it. Del, who in later years was known for his expertise with the use of the "cuttin'" knife, said, "Here, I'll do it."

They knew exactly where to stick the knife from watching their dad. They got some tubing from their mother and together inserted it into the hole they made. Every time the calf would breathe they could hear the "swoosh, swoosh," as gases escaped through the tubing. The next morning when they went out to the pasture the frisky calf was playing with the other calves as if nothing had ever happened. Every time it would jump or dodge its playmate they could hear the "swoosh."

Del was good with a knife. Every time a horse or a cow had bots, which are bulges under the hide caused by a fly laying her eggs there, he would cut out the little maggots while Fred held the animal.

There was a fellow in town who owned an empty roller rink. He sold

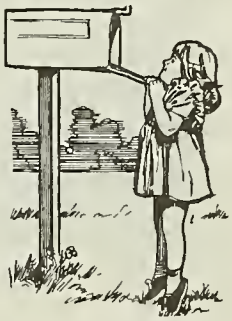
Del and Fred a whole apple box of broken roller skates for one dollar. They fixed and oiled and exchanged parts for weeks until they had a dozen good pair of skates. Some of them were sold to neighborhood kids for one dollar a pair. Quite a profit was realized from the venture.

The house at Stanwood was big and square. It had four rooms downstairs and four rooms upstairs. Bertha kept one big room upstairs for the kids to roller skate in. A lot of rainy day afternoons were whiled away as the older ones taught the younger ones to hold their balance on the skates. It must have sounded pretty awful, for Lafe came home and more than once made them put up the skates. It greatly interfered with his peace and quiet.

In their early teens by then, Del and Fred worked a couple of hay seasons riding their horses pulling cables during harvest for the neighboring farmers. This was a system rigged up using pulleys to drag the shocks of hay from the fields up to and into the barns.

Another son, Bob, 22 October 1912, was added to the family while they were living at Stanwood. Now the Sparhawks had six sons and two daughters.

But neither Bertha's, who had grown to love the dairy, nor the landlord's wishes were to be fulfilled. Lafe, always looking for greener pastures, was ripe for a move when a letter came from his brother, Dick, in Canada enticing him to come and take out a homestead there.



PART 4 - CANADA

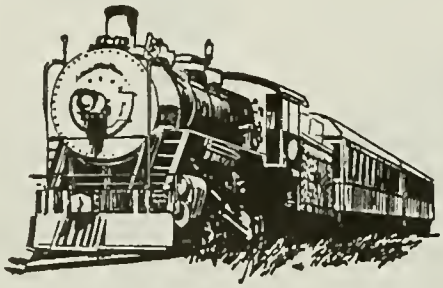
In 1914 Lafe went to Canada ahead of his family to stake out his fortune. He built a two story house a mile east of Rowley, Alberta. The bottom of the house was dug out of the side of a hill on the Canadian prairie. The rest of the house and the upper story were of frame construction and hurriedly built.

Lafe went back to Washington to get his family. Bertha was loath to leave the beautiful house at Stanwood and dreaded packing up and moving again. She had often repeated the old adage, "Three moves are as good as a fire," when it would come to cleaning things out. She was one who could speak from experience, for she was to move many times in her life.

Lafe procured an immigrant car through the railroad. Into it he loaded six heifers, Pedro, the Shetland mare, six barrels of Washington apples and all the farm implements and household goods he could fit in. He took his older boys, Fred, Del, Percy and Bert with him in the box car with the cattle. Bertha rode in the coach with Dean, Esther, Rachie and Bob.

In the front of each box car there was a little window where the fresh

air could blow in for the benefit of either the humans or the animals inside. This particular car had been placed in the train backwards so the window was in the rear. At one time they went through a horseshoe designed tunnel near Kamloops, which was about three miles long. Lafe was resting on the bedding near the cattle when he was overcome with the smoke from the train's engine coming in through the little window in the rear of the car. The boys were very frightened, thinking he was dying. Luckily, the tunnel was short and he revived from his smothering attack as soon as the air was freshened.



Their train ride continued and they found themselves in Calgary. It was there they had to change trains for the trip out to Rowley.

The Canadian winter was cold for those accustomed to a warmer climate. Snow blew through the cracks of the hastily constructed upper story bedroom walls. It wasn't unusual to wake in the morning to find the beds covered with snow.

It was the 30th of November in a bitter cold 1914 that Bertha started into labor with her ninth child. The family was sitting around the fire waiting for news from the bedroom. Finally, Pa came out with a smile on his face. As the door was opened a little squeak was heard from the newborn. Bob, only two at the time, asked, "What was that?" Then Pa answered him, "Oh, it's only a little coyote." But it turned out to be another baby to love. They named her Dorothy for Bertha's mother and sister. It was so cold that winter they dared not undress Dot all at once to bathe her, but unclothed one section at a time to keep her warm.

Kids on the ponies

All of the children except Fred, Bob and baby Dot attended school at Rowley Station a mile and a half away. They rode their ponies on the cold winter days. Even though they rode double to keep warm, and Del buttoned little Rachie inside his coat with him, one day upon arriving at school they discovered her face was frozen. As he lifted her off the pony Del informed the teacher, who rubbed her cheeks with snow to thaw them out.

Fred was the oldest son and well into his teens when they moved to Canada. He found a job on a neighbor's farm a couple of miles away. He had worked for them in the summer and continued on through the winter. One weekend he decided to walk home to see the family. The farmer's cat had had kittens and he wanted to give one to his little sisters, Esther and

Rachie. Fred thought he would take a shortcut across the field, not thinking it would be harder going in the foot of fresh, powdery snow than had he gone around the road. The temperature was forty degrees below zero. The way was tougher because of the little kitten tucked inside his coat, but he finally made it. Rachie, generally full of life and eager, was delighted with the kitten. Even Esther, who was usually calm and easy-going like her mother, showed her pleasure at the fluffy little ball of fur presented to them by their big brother. Fred paid the price of saving a mile of walking by having severe cramps in his legs that night. Sometimes the steps of growing into manhood can be painful for a young boy.

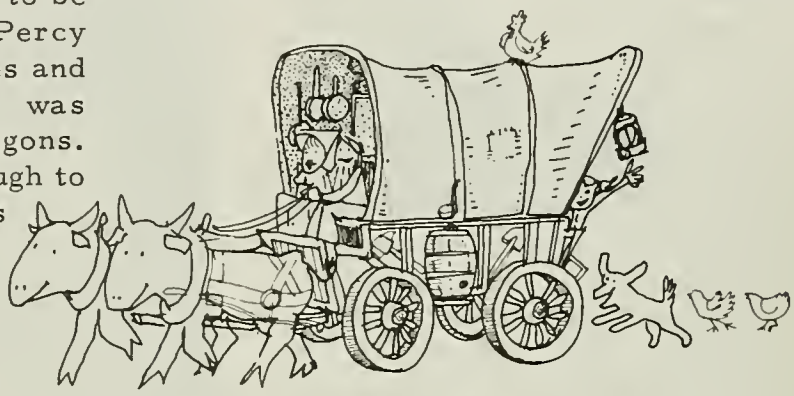
Rachie and Esther

Bertha was not well most of the time they lived in Canada. She suffered from Rheumatic fever and was bedridden a great deal. Dick Sparhawk, Lafe's brother, devised a way to turn Bertha in her bed by pulling sheets under her and rolling her onto them. Bertha was difficult to move because she was a very large and heavy woman.

Bertha with her pet donkeys

Bob and pony held by Bert
Bertha's pet donkeys

Before the spring of 1917 was underway, Lafe decided to sell the homestead at Rowley and move to Lacombe where there was an Adventist school for his children. Bertha complied with his wishes and packed up her household yet another time. Now the family required two heavily loaded wagons that were to be driven by Fred and Del. Percy and Bert rode their horses and drove the stock. Pedro was tied behind one of the wagons. The children not old enough to herd the cattle and horses huddled under warm quilts on a soft bed of straw in another wagon driven by Lafe. Dot was the youngest and rode in the security of her mother's arms. The first day of travel ended when the family sought refuge in an abandoned barn. Bertha fixed up beds in the clean straw as Lafe and his boys saw to the care of the stock.



Continuing north on the second day of this nearly one hundred mile journey, a violent Canadian prairie storm overtook the travelers. Lafe led the way into the yard of a farm house, seeking shelter in the night for his family. They were unable to find anyone at home in the house near Nevis, but having no other place to stay they made themselves at home. In order to dry off they wanted to build a fire in the stove, but couldn't find any matches. After a long search, the matches were discovered on a high shelf in the kitchen and a cheery fire was soon ablaze.

They left the next morning without ever having met the owners of the fine house and wondering if they ever would meet them.

Old Jack, the faithful long-haired Shepherd with a white collar, walked beside the wagon or helped the boys keep the stock together. He was a good work dog as well as a family pet. Jack is remembered for his trick of pawing through the vegetable peelings to find his particular delicacy, the rutabega peel. It was a sad day at Lacombe when Jack came whimpering home to crawl under the front porch to die. He had eaten poisoned meat that someone had put out for coyote bait.

At Lacombe, Lafe got back into the freighting business. He hauled coal from the mines at Drumheller to sell in Lacombe. Here he began to raise ponies to sell to the mines where they were hitched to the trains to haul the coal out.

On his trips south Lafe stopped many times to visit the people in the house near Nevis where the Sparhawk family had spent the stormy night while moving. After one such trip he reported that the house was going to be for rent and he was ready to move again.

It was in the house at Nevis where a baby sister, Alice Lorena, 26 July 1918, was born.

In the freezing winters the older boys went ice fishing on Buffalo

Above; Bertha and Lafe at Lacombe standing by coal wagon. Left; Dot.

Lake, a few miles north of Nevis. There was a regular little town built on the lake. A shanty would be built over a hole in the ice. From the ceiling was suspended a kerosene lantern. The jack-fish came to the light and grabbed the hooks which were dropped down from the hole. All the boys brought many fish home for their Ma to clean. Pa and the boys laid the fish out in rows to freeze. Then they were stacked like cord wood against the wall readily available for food all through the cold winter.

The jack-fish ate the smaller fish in the lake so sometimes when the fish were being cleaned, Ma found a little fish inside. Dot thought the tiny fish were cute and wanted one to play with. Once she took a fish and wrapped it in a small red woolen cloth that Bertha had fixed for a doll blanket. She played with it for a long time that day and when night came, placed it in the bottom drawer of the chiffonier in the girl's room. Even in the coldest winter Canada ever knew, a fish in a drawer in a bedroom would begin to smell. No one could find where the horrible smell was coming from. Dot had forgotten all about putting her fish doll to bed. A general house cleaning and thorough search resulted in the discovery of the rotten fish.

Riding the ponies to school in the frozen northland will never be forgotten. Sometimes the snow was even too much for the ponies and walking was difficult. All of Bertha's children remember her as being very gentle, loving, patient and kind. This is proven by the many times she pulled up roots and moved on to Lafe's greener pastures without complaining. But one Canadian saw another side of her personality. On a bitter cold winter while the family was living at Nevis, she kept the children

"Dot, in The Bed of Roses" Cow manure and straw was piled against the house for insulation in the cold winter. Dot stands among the snow and cow manure with her underwear peeking out from under her skirt.

home from school. Bertha was never fond of the Canadian winters and refused to allow her children to walk in the deep snow. One day a truant officer came to seek the reason for the children's absence from school. His contentious attitude implied that the children were to be in school regardless of the weather conditions or he would take legal action against the parents.

Bertha's usual gentle disposition could turn harsh when it became necessary. She walked up to the truant officer, shook her finger in his face, and in a very firm and decided tone of voice said, "You get off this place as fast as you can run. I don't intend, at any of your threats, to allow my children to walk four miles to school, through four feet of snow when that thermometer reads sixty degrees below zero." Needless to say, the truant officer was speechless. He soon took her advice and left the premises, never to press charges.

Several times each year, notice would arrive from the railway station that the Sparhawk family had some freight waiting to be picked up. Lafe hitched the team to the wagon, whether it was winter or summer, and went after the wooden crates. Upon arriving home the boxes would be placed in the middle of the front room floor where Lafe pried off the lids with his claw hammer. Ten pair of eager eyes fastened themselves on the intriging crates that had been sent by Aunt Adah from Ketchikan. She had packed these crates with great care, labeling each item with the name of the recipient. Coats and dresses, shirts and underwear, dolls and toys, fabric and pretty beads; all were revealed to gladden the hearts of the eager youngsters.

Aunts Adah and Ally were always welcome visitors when they came to Canada. It was treated as a special occasion and a room was fixed up for their use. Although both married, neither had any children and treated Bertha's and Lafe's as their own.

One cold winter Lafe headed south for a load of coal. It was very cold as he hitched the big team to the wagon and started out early. He had a long fur coat and a cap that pulled well down over his ears. He wore heavy gloves on his hands. The day drew to a close and he hadn't returned. When darkness fell Bertha walked often to the window to see if he was coming. She set a lamp in the window so that he could see the light. After what seemed long into the night they heard the jingle of the bells on the harness. As he drew closer they could hear the squeak of the steel wheels as they crushed the snow. Bertha and the older boys went out on the front porch, but couldn't see Lafe on the seat of the wagon where he usually rode. They went around to check the load and found him holding onto the back of the wagon. While the boys unhitched the team and took care of them in the barn, Bertha helped Lafe into the house where he collapsed on the floor. When she was able to revive him he told her he had had to wait at the coal mine to get his load and got a late start home. He had become so cold he was afraid he would freeze to death so he had gotten out of the wagon to run behind to keep warm. He had collapsed from utter exhaustion caused by the running.

One of the horses didn't make it through the cold winter and as the ground was too frozen to bury it they left the carcass where it dropped. The hungry coyotes came around and chewed on the horse and fought over the choice pieces of horse meat. The boys went out with their guns and shot into the pack of them. One of the coyotes got in the way of Del's bullet and ran off. He took some of the younger kids and started following the trail of blood in the snow. When they caught up with the dead animal, he shot it again to be sure it was dead and drug it home. It was getting late and Bertha was waiting supper. They didn't have time to

At right: Dot pulling little sister Alice in apple box cart made by Dean. It was during one of Aunt Adah's visits. 1919

At left: Lafe, Aunt Ally, Alice, Bertha, Dot, Aunt Adah, Rachie, and Esther. Nevis, 1919

Rachie, Esther, Dot and Bob. This became known as the "Guardian Angel Picture."

Rachie, Esther and Dot. The lovely little Sparhawk girls.

skin the carcass before it froze, so they brought it into the house. It ended up under someone's bed for the night. The little girls took turns being scared and venturing peeks under the bed. No one slept all night. The next morning the skinning job was done and Del had a coyote hide to put to a useful purpose of which only he knew.

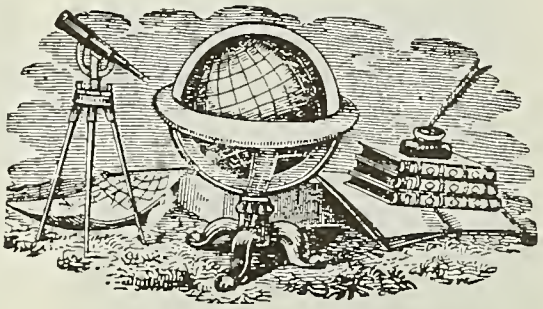
Coyotes were prevalent in the Nevis area and they often came into the barnyard area. One day Bob and Rachie were hunting eggs. The chickens built their nests where they could and it was up to the kids to seek them out. This day Bob and Rachie went around the side of the big barn and found themselves face to face with a couple of the biggest coyotes they had ever seen. They looked like monsters to the two little kids who were scared motionless. The coyotes stared back at them, swung their big heads and walked back up the hill. Maybe their bellies were full of chicken and the children didn't look appetizing to them.

When the snow melted and the flowers began to bloom the children began to investigate the creek bottom. One day when the lady slippers were in bloom, Esther, Rachie and Bob took Dot on a walk toward the creek. Just after they crossed the road and headed for the woods, Esther ran into a single line of barbed wire from an old, broken down fence. She cut her throat and the younger ones thought she was going to die. But their Ma's doctoring closed the "mortal" wound and their big sister lived.

When it was time for Bob to go to school he rode on the horse with Esther. Their teacher's name was Mrs. Lavigne. One day Bob asked to go outside to the bathroom. She thought he was wanting to goof off again

so she wouldn't let him leave the room. But he really did have to go and filled his pants. On the way home from school the older kids made fun of him by singing a song copied from an ad for the Victrola. "He hears his Master's Voice" became "He Smells His Master's Pants," and poor Bob never did live it down.

The younger children found much pleasure dangling their feet in the creek waters when the long summer days began and the waters receded from their swelling of melted snow.



Dean would send for literature from the Smithsonian Institute and pore over it when it arrived. Then he would get Rachie or one of the others to ride out looking for bones to have his own archaeological dig. He found a lot of prairie dog and lizard skeletons. Once he found a cow. He brought the bones home and tried to fit the pieces together. He was interested in Indian artifacts as well.

Dean was good with his hands and liked to fix things around the house. One time he made a cart from an old apple box and a pair of wheels. A pole handle was fashioned so it was easy to pull. Bertha wrapped the year old Alice in a blanket so the box wouldn't scratch her tiny legs and Dot pulled her around the yard. It gave both little girls much pleasure.

One day in the spring when the weather had taken a turn for the better Dean talked the girls into playing hooky. They spent every day for nearly a week exploring all the interesting things around the railroad tracks instead of going to school. They figured out what time to come home so their mother would think they had been at school. Finally someone found out about their evil ways and made them go back to school. They were being bothered by a guilty conscience and discovered it was a big relief to have been "found out."

Lafe,
Bertha with
Alice,
Esther,
Rachie,
Bob and
Dot.

1919

Bertha and Lafe Sparhawk

One afternoon Lafe and Bertha decided to go for a walk. They went up the hill behind the house where the stock had been allowed to graze in the wheat stubble. Tobby and Old Kay, the big team of work horses, were grazing with the rest of the stock. Suddenly Lafe saw Old Kay come rushing down to the fence as near the barn as she could get. She started raising a commotion at the gate. Lafe said, "I wonder what's the matter with Old Kay, there."

There were alkali bogs throughout the wheat fields in which grass grew luxuriously. Lafe went over to Old Kay, who turned around and raced back over the brink of the hill leading him to the mud spring where just the head and shoulders of Tobby could be seen sticking out of the mud. The family's faithful old Clydesdale was stuck fast in the mud.

Bertha stayed to calm the horses as Lafe ran back to the brink of the hill to yell at the kids in the yard, "Tobby's in the MUD SPRING. Tobby's in the MUD SPRING. Bring a ROPE. Bring a ROPE."

All the bewildered children could hear was, MUD SPRING and ROPE. They assumed the worst, that their mother was stuck in the mud spring. The whole family was immediately on the scene and relieved to see it wasn't their mother, but their work horse, Tobby.

Tobby was a big old horse, weighing over sixteen hundred pounds. He floundered around in the muck and mire until mud had splattered for yards around the spring. Lafe threw a rope around the animal and dad, mother and all the kids began pulling on the rope. All the kids, that is, but Dean, who was assigned the muddy task of grabbing a long piece of brush and going behind the animal to hit him with prickly swats of encouragement. Finally, with the horse lunging and the family pulling, he was extracted from certain death. The poor thing could hardly walk after his fight with the mud, but Lafe led him down to the creek and washed him off. Old Kay was much relieved her team mate had been rescued.

As Percy and Fred grew, they both showed signs of refinement. Percy set high goals for himself. When he had some money and an occasion to give gifts he bought perfume and dainty gloves for his sisters, as well as nice things for his mother. When Alice Lorena was born, Percy came home with a beautiful little silver baby spoon. Percy and Fred were the two children that looked out the best for their mother's needs.

The Sparhawk family were great lovers of animals. Lafe was always

Bob and Dot with the pesky goat Billy.

Dot with big brother Del in a hammock.

bringing something home for the family to love. Everyone remembers Billy, the goat who was Bob's pet. One day Aunt Ally was visiting and helping Bertha with the kitchen chores. She brought a pan of peelings out to the porch for the boys to empty. Before she could set it down, Billy had her pinned against the wall with his horns. Aunt Ally's screams brought Bob to the rescue. No one felt sorry when Lafe decided to sell Billy.

The boys always had their own horses and rode well. Often the community would have a picnic and a small rodeo for the boys to ride in.

One year the sheep herd produced about a dozen bummer lambs. These are lambs that would not be accepted by their mother or the ewe had died. It turned out to be a fun chore to feed the cuddly little lambs. There was one that especially appealed to Esther. After much begging to her pa, it was given to her to take into the house. Esther named him and he became a great pet. He followed her around the house until he became a large animal. She finally had to put him out in the pen with the other lambs, but he wasn't used to the cold weather. He caught pneumonia and died. After that Lafe would never let anyone bring little lambs into the house for pets.

Del seemed to have a great deal of patience with all of the younger children. He took Bob, when he was just a little fellow, out to the field the day he was to burn the stubble. The wind changed direction and the fire got out of hand. Del became frightened and told Bob to run to the house and get Lafe. Bob was so little and so frightened himself he couldn't move. Soon the smoke was visible from the house and help arrived. A lot of neighbors fought the fire with gunny sacks that had been soaked in water. The only damage it did was to destroy the straw stack.

Wind driven prairie fires on the Alberta plains were never treated lightly. One day a fire got out of control and headed for the Sparhawk place. A neighbor knew that Bertha was alone with the kids and rushed over on his horse to warn her. He advised she pack up and get out of there fast. Bertha hitched up the team to load the wagon, but when she started to leave, Dot could not be found. All of the kids rushed frantically around looking for her, but the little girl was still missing. The neighbor on his horse was looking also. Finally, from his vantage point atop the tall horse, he spied Dot in the top of the fanning mill fast asleep. He reached down and woke the sleepy girl and took her to her relieved mother. At that time Lafe returned home and unhitched the team from the wagon. He rehitched them to the plow and began plowing fire break around the yard adjacent to the buildings. The place was surrounded by fire and smoke, but the buildings were saved.

Above: Bert and Bonnie.
Right: Snapshots of Percy found in an old album.

Bert was a charming young man. He curly hair and endearing personality helped him get by with a lot of teasing. He would torment his sisters until Bertha could stand no more. His job was to comb out Rachie's long, thick hair. He would get hold of one long hair and jerk it out. Rachie let out a yell and Bertha came running. Bert would defend himself by saying he had only pulled out one little hair. He was a good worker and liked to work around the house fixing things up. He later became a good carpenter. Bert had a heart murmur. When he joined the National Guard they told him they would take him, but warned him if there was active war he wouldn't be able to go because of his heart.

The hair cutting job fell to Del. One day when it was Bert's turn to have his cut, he said to Del, "Cut it all off. All of it." He sat on the front porch as Del snipped the lovely curls, letting them fall to the floor. When they were all through, they went inside to shock their mother,

leaving the pile of hair on the porch. Esther spied the beautiful pile of curls and crawled out the front window onto the porch. She gathered up the hair in a sack and crawled back into the house without anyone being the wiser. The boys went back out to the porch and saw their hair gone. They swore Bob's goat, Billy, had eaten it. Esther kept her secret and later made little pincushions from her booty.

When Bert was old enough he went away from home to work for some Jewish people as a chore boy for the summer. At one of their Jewish feasts, the men ate with their hats on. That really impressed Bert, for when he went back home he jumped up from the table to run and put his hat on. He continued to tease his mother and insist he was supposed to wear the hat. Bertha finally won out, but not before the family had some fun over his jest.

On a nice summer day Bob was walking on the road down by the creek when he cut his foot on a piece of old, broken fruit jar. Four years later, when they had moved back to the States, he and Rachie were taking the cows to pasture. They were walking along the rails when Bob slipped. His ankle rubbed against the rail. It became very sore and raised a lump. He picked at it and a piece of glass about an inch and a half came out. Bertha was given the little piece of glass and she kept it in her trinket box until she died.

Bertha had all she could take of Canada and wanted to go back to the States. One February day, in 1920, when the temperature was very cold Lafe drove them to town in the wagon to catch the train. Bertha took with her the four girls and Bob. Del, Percy and Bert stayed with their dad to winter the stock and sell what they could to make a new start in the States. Dean stayed with the boys, but was thinking about heading for Wisconsin.

When they arrived at the train they knew it was very cold.

The train stopped at Three Hills, Alberta, where Del came into the coach to tell them good-bye from a farm where he was working nearby. He entered the railroad coach with frosty eyebrows and foggy breath. He told them the thermometer on the depot read sixty degrees below zero.

The train pulled out in the cold and made its way to the mountains in the west. Looking out the window

Dot and Bob. Can you guess why Bob cut his foot on a piece of glass?

Dean

Uncle Dick Sparhawk, with Bob's goat, Lafe with son Bob.

toward the front of the the train the engine could be seen. Looking backward they could see the caboose on the winding curves as they snaked their way through the mountains.

Lafe came down with a severe case of influenza soon after his family left. The boys took him to the sanitarium in Calgary and left Bert there to keep an eye on him. While they were there the doctors decided it was as good a time as any other to take Bert's tonsils out. When both were well they returned to Nevis.

Lafe sent Del to the States to see his mother because it was the end of May and he would be turning twenty-one. They had heard that when a young man reached his majority in Canada he would become a Canadian citizen. After the summer he returned to Canada and stayed two years.

Later in the summer of 1920, Lafe was reunited with his family.

DAFFODILS

Bertha and the children arrived in Independence, Oregon well after dark one evening in the early part of February, 1920. They went to the home of Bertha's sister, Nettie, and her husband, Cloud Chamberlain. The weary children were tucked into nice warm beds to recover from the effects of traveling. When they awoke sometime the next morning Rachie went out on the front porch of Aunt Nettie's house and was amazed to see the yard and surrounding fields covered with yellow blooms. She asked in astonishment, "What is that?" and was told the blooms were daffodils. She had learned the poem, "A Host of Golden Daffodils" for her school class, but had never seen their beauty. Her cousins couldn't understand why she exclaimed so over something as common as daffodils. But the contrast of sixty below weather and a host of golden daffodils was something unique, indeed.

Circumstances did not remain so golden, for the children all came down with the flu. Little Alice Lorena's flu became worse as a bad case of whooping cough hit her. Alice died in her mother's arms in the middle of the night as she was being rocked in the big old rocking chair. The date was the 12th of February, 1920. She was about eighteen months old. Bertha was very broken up over the loss of her little one, but had to suffer alone for Lafe, himself, was sick in the hospital in Calgary.

Aunt Nettie had three girls, Clara, Dora and Alta. They were about the same ages as the Sparhawk girls and had many good times together. They put on plays for the adults and listened to stories told by their cousins' grandparents, the Flemings, who were staying in the big house. Their Uncle Cloud told them many funny stories and jokes, as well.

Bob was five years old and the only boy in the household. Somewhere in his travels he had gotten hold of an American flag. He was just getting over the flu and it left him with a running nose. He involuntarily pulled the flag out of pocket and wiped his nose on it. He was caught in the act by his cousin Dora, who went running to her parents to report Bob's act of treason. She kept repeating over and

Clockwise: Clara C., Dora C. Rachie, Dot, Alta C., and Bob.

over, "Bobbie has 'dislegaled' our flag. He's nothing but a Canadian." She was all for sending him back to Canada if he couldn't learn to respect the American flag better than that.

While Lafe was recuperating from the flu in Canada he read an ad in the church paper about a place for rent and made arrangements for his family to go there. When Del came down for his birthday in the spring, he took the family by train to Kalama, Washington, then by river boat down the Columbia where they got off at a little town named Stella.

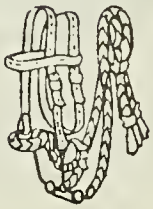
The girls started school there and met nice friends who taught them how to crochet.

Del stayed a few months and found work in the woods as a logger. When he came down from the woods to visit the family on weekends, he brought tubs of honey to share with his little brother and sisters. It had been given to him by the people he stayed with.

When Lafe arrived in the summer, he wasn't happy with the place. He moved his family to Salem where he rented a house out close to the fairgrounds. The Adventist Camp Meeting was held at the fairgrounds that summer and it was a good time for all the relatives to come and get reacquainted with the family after they had been in Canada for six years.

That summer the entire family, including Lafe, picked berries. Finally Lafe was put on as an hourly worker and Bertha found a job in the prune dryer. They lived in six different places during their first year back in the states.

The three younger Sparhawk children, Dot, Bob and Rachie, in a photographer's goat cart. Possibly taken in Salem in 1920.



The Sparhawk
Baling Business

In 1922 Lafe ventured into the hay baling business. He contracted baling jobs in the Dallas area and all up and down the Willamette Valley. The boys, with the aid of some hired help, did the baling. Lafe's daughters helped in the baling some, but mostly they were kept busy fixing the food for the baling crews. Bob, only nine when Lafe bought the baler, helped, too. The baler was stationary and the power to push the plunger to form the bales was supplied by mules. The mules were hitched to a circle in front of the machine. As the mechanical circle reached a certain spot it tripped a mechanism which in turn released the plunger. Lafe welded an old mower seat to the circle and placed Bob on the seat with a long stick in his hand. He was told to keep the mules moving. By latter day standards it seemed a very slow process, but was sufficient for its day.

The whole family getting into the baling.

Later Lafe bought a baler with a motor on it. It had great big wheels to transport it from field to field. When days became more prosperous he bought a brand new John Deere baler. He was in the hay baling business for nearly ten years and eventually bought two balers and kept them both running through the harvest season.

Lafe was a great one to run around town with the car Adah bought him. He always wore a moustache and was very proud of it. He would tweak his moustache and button his vest one button or so, square his shoulders and walk proud. He has been described as "somewhat like a banty rooster" because he wasn't very big. His sister Adah would buy him a suit and he would wear it until it was threadbare. He was never without a tie, even to supervise the baling. The story went around that Lafe had bragged that he had never had on a pair of overalls.

It took huge crews to keep the balers working, for each was stationary and the hay had to be stacked, loaded on wagons and hauled to the baler. As many as four or five team driven wagons were kept loading and unloading at each baler all day long. It was years later that one-man automatic balers came into being. When Lafe was an old man, Del asked him to get out of bed to see a baler being run by one man. He refused to budge, calling Del a liar, believing yet, that it was an impossibility to run a baler with less than ten or twenty men.

One summer Bertha and the younger children went over to the Seventh Day Adventist Camp meeting. After they had been camping there for a couple of days, Dot woke up with a sore throat one morning and said to Esther, "Look in my throat. It's so sore."

Esther called to her mother, "You'd better look in her throat. It looks just like there's a cracker or something stuck in there."

As Bertha looked at the youngster's throat a shadow of terror struck her face. She hurriedly sent the older girls off to their meetings. But it wasn't long until Bob came into the meeting looking for the girls. On the way back to the tent he told the girls Dot had diptheria. The doctor wanted to examine the older children as well. He gave them some shots and told them not to worry, but stories of epidemics recalled didn't put their minds at ease. It was the first time for shots for anyone in the family.

The camp officials brought a truck over and drove the family to their home where Lafe, the boys and some hired men were staying during the

harvest season. Bertha got out of the truck and went to the window to call for Lafe. She informed him of the diptheria through the window, not wanting to expose him and the other boys. Lafe rousted out the boys and moved them out the back door while Bertha and the younger children moved in the front door. The balers stayed away until Dot was well. Bob and Rachie, with help from Esther, milked about sixteen holstein cows that summer because Lafe and the boys were gone to batch at another house they had rented.

When Dean was about sixteen he went to Wisconsin where his brother Fred, who was married, had a home.

When the family was located on a nice place in Rickreall, Lafe went to Salem and bought a brand new Ford truck. He taught himself to drive it, but didn't learn the mechanics of it too well. He crawled down under the truck to do something and lit a match to see. It caught the oil in the pan on fire and the flames burned off all of his precious moustache before he could get out from under the truck. Bertha had never seen Lafe without his moustache. Of course, Dot was little and didn't think it was her Pa when he came into the house.

The Sparhawks planted a beautiful garden down by the creek. The kids formed a bucket brigade to irrigate from the creek every evening. Lafe and the kids worked hard in the garden and were rewarded with lots of beautiful red tomatoes. They had had none of them in Canada and joyously took them to work in pails to the hop yards.

There was an old flour mill on the place where the kids would climb to the top to survey the countryside. Aunt Dot, Bertha's sister, gave the kids a bunch of old stuff to play with. In it was a pair of her old glasses which Rachie put on when she climbed to the top of the mill. With the glasses she could see all the things the other kids could see. It was but a short while until the teacher in her school discovered Rachie's near blindness and forced Lafe into getting glasses for her. Bertha ordered herself a pair of new glasses at the same time.

One day when Rachie came home from school her mother met her with the new glasses that had come in the mail. She said, "Here, put on your glasses. When I was washing clothes today I saw a little squirrel on the washboard and I want to show you." They both looked at a little tiny embroidered squirrel in the corner of the hankie which neither of them had ever seen before. Tears of joy came to their eyes as they realized the impact this would have in their lives.

Rachie and Esther

Bertha Sparhawk, contemplating her lilac.

The family moved again, to a place near Dallas they called the Emmon's Place. The kids enrolled in the Orchard View School and were there for some time. Then Bob began teasing the son of the local school board member by singing a song he didn't like over and over to him. One evening the board member came over to the house and told them they didn't actually live in the district and had to go to the Dallas School even though the one they had been going to was closer.

Lafe bought a herd of about twenty milk cows. But he was never one to stick to a routine required by dairy cows. Much of the milking was left up to the kids when Lafe would go visiting with friends and forget to come home. It gave them a chance to learn the ways of dairying, for most of them ended up having dairy cows of their own when they grew up.

They later moved with the cows to an eight hundred acre place in North Dallas.

One spring Del came down from Canada with his new wife, Margaret Meyers. He was welcomed into the family's hay baling business for he was a hard worker. He bought a saw and together they cut fire wood in the winter.

In November of 1923, Herman Meyers brought the Sparhawk horses down from Bonner's Ferry where they had summered. The kids came home from school and saw their horses around the barn. They were all excited to have their horses to ride again.

Rachie saw Herman standing in the barn, looking out the window at them as they walked into the yard. But ten years was to elapse before the two would continue the union of the Meyers-Sparhawk families which Del and Margaret had started.

Lafe decided to leave the Dolph place on the North Dallas Road and move to Salem. Bertha liked the nice big house on Division Street and the kids went to the Adventist School there. But it wasn't to last long for he soon moved to a nice, but small house northwest of Salem on Church Street, not too far from the river.

Esther was sick with bad tonsils and had to have them taken out while they were living in Salem.

Rachie, with Bob's help, earned her tuition at the school by doing the janitorial work.

Lafe drove his truck on frequent trips to Lake Labish on the coast where he bought vegetables. He brought them back to Salem and made a profit when he sold them. He must have liked the coast and what he saw there, for he later moved out there.

During the summer the family moved out to an old shack where they

batched during baling season.

Lafe had a one-eyed mare which was among those animals driven down from Canada in 1923 by Herman and Del. Her name was Good-eye and she gave a number of good colts, one of them being born on the trail drive. When Bob was about thirteen the family was living at Tillamook for a season. Lafe took Bob along with him when he sold the mare.

Lafe secured pasture for his horses along the ocean near Netarts Bay. There was good grazing, but the pasture contained a lot of blown sand. One old gray mare died. They couldn't figure out why she had died and whey the other horses were all so sick. Some old fellow came along and told them the horses were getting sand in their bellies. Lafe was reluctant to believe such a tale, but the fellow said he could prove it. He cut the dead mare open with his knife and together they dug out nearly twenty gallons of sand from her belly. The stock was moved off the sand, but two more horses died as a result of grazing in the sand.

That fall Esther and Rachie were sent to the Seventh Day Adventist Academy in Gaston. They boarded with a family named Knolton.

Lafe hired out his horses and his boys for road building. They worked on the road between Tillamook and the beach. Bob was only thirteen, but doing a man's job beside his brother Bert and their dad as road builders.

Del and Margaret followed Herman Meyers and his folks to Tigard. Margaret was with her mother in Tigard when both Buddy and Evelyn were born.

Lafe decided to move to Gaston to be near the girls, no doubt thinking he could save the money of their board and room. They rented a big house and stayed until Esther graduated and went to college at College Place, Washington.

It was then that Lafe and Bertha moved with Bob and Dot to Auburn, Washington, while Rachie remained at Laurelwood.

The big house at Laurelwood where the Sparhawks lived.

The Blue Moon

Lafe rented a converted roadhouse known as the BLUE MOON. It was located on the outskirts of Auburn. But before too long he found a house he liked on Ninth Street and bought it.

Bob and Dot went to school at the Auburn Adventist Academy. The next fall Rachie joined them. For a while Dot lived and went to school at Trout Lake where Esther, having finished college, had a teaching job.

In the fall of 1931 Dot was to have her sixteenth birthday. Rachie and her mother planned a fancy dinner party for the event. Lafe sat by the hour carving little baskets from walnut shells for the party. Then little corn candies were placed in each basket. Dot, who was working off and on as a house maid in Seattle, had a very elegant affair to remember.

The Sparhawk family trying out Bob's new car.

Bertha, with her cactus.

Del and Margaret came to Auburn to be near her mother-in-law when Billy was born. Rachie and Bob both helped when it came time for her delivery.

Fred and Ruby were living in the house on Ninth Street, as well, since their arrival from Wisconsin that summer. Ruby gave birth to Rosie only two months after Margaret had Billy. The house on Ninth Street was teeming with activity.

When Rosie was about two weeks old Rachie planned a trip to town and

was talking about it to her mother as she ironed. Bertha said, "You go ahead and go to town. Leave the baby things and hankies for me to iron, she said. "I feel fine. I haven't felt this good in years and I don't mind doing a few hankies."

Lafe had been gone for a few days and had returned. That evening he and Bertha told everyone good night and went to bed. In about twenty minutes Rachie heard a strange coughing from their bed and went down to investigate. When she got there Lafe had Bertha on the front porch where she had asked to be taken for better air. Rachie saw she was in trouble and ran upstairs to send Bob for the doctor as well as to tell her other brothers their mother was ill. The doctor came soon for he lived nearby, but was unable to revive her. She died of chronic myocarditis on the 28th of January, 1932 at the age of fifty-five years.

Bob and Rachie went in the middle of the night to get Dot where she was working in Seattle. All of the family came home for the funeral.

Aunt Adah called for assistance once again and Rachie and Dot were the ones chosen to go to Ketchikan to her aid.

Bob soon came down with tuberculosis and went to be doctored back to health by some nearby neighbors. It was nearly a year before he was well again.

Fred and Ruby stayed on at the Ninth Street house.

The haying business continued, but became known as the Sparhawk Brother's Trucking Company.

Bert had married Nadine and they had started their own family.

Bob went to the Yakima valley where he joined Del and Bert, who were raising sheep. That is where he met Freda.

Without a mother in it, the household just broke up.

Lafe lived on to marry Alice Bowman. Nearly eighteen years later, while staying with Del near Winlock, Washington he died on the 27th of October, 1950. He is buried at Vader.

Dot, Bob, Esther & Rachie

Lafe and Bertha, 1930

SPARHAWK, Lafayette Fremont
b. 7 Dec. 1863
Parish, N.Y.
m. 7 Dec. 1897
Grants Pass, OR.
d. 27 Oct. 1950
Vader, WA. bur. Winlock, WA.

WHIPP, Bertha Emily
b. 14 Nov. 1876
Concordia, KAN.
d. 28 Jan 1932
Auburn, WA.

1. Frederick Lafayette — b. 17 Sept. 1898 Kerby, OR.

2. Delbert Charles — b. 25 May 1900 Kerby, OR
d. 17 Mar. 1962 Auburn, WA.

3. Percy Edward — b. 10 Dec. 1901 Kerby, OR
d. 18 Nov. 1950 Salem, OR.

4. Bertrand Francis — b. 25 July 1903 Kerby, OR
d. 23 May 1963 Centralia, WA.

5. Dean Ambrose — b. 5 Jun. 1905 Ketchikan, Alaska
d. 6 Sept. 1966 Bainbridge Island, WA

6. Esther Ellen — b. 11 Jun. 1907 Snohomish, WA.

7. Rachel Adah — b. 29 Mar. 1909 Snohomish, WA.

8. Robert Fay — b. 22 Oct. 1912 Florence, WA.

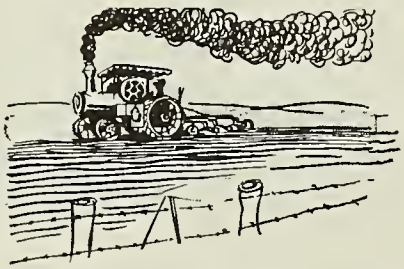
9. Dorothy Myrtle — b. 30 Nov. 1914 Rowely, Alberta

10. Alice Lorena — b. 26 July 1918 Nevis, Alberta
d. 12 Feb. 1920 Independence, OR.

CHAPTER 12

FRED

It wasn't long after the Sparhawk family moved to Canada that Fred was able to get jobs on neighboring farms. He was fifteen when he was herding cattle for several outfits. At harvest time he was always hired as a hand. One time he worked on a big tractor with iron wheels. The big wheels were higher than Fred's head. The huge machine ran on steam power which was generated by burning straw.



One time Fred's father, Lafe, took him with him to Rocky Mountain House, Alberta to cut trees to sell for barn timbers and mining props. A feller was hired to do the cutting and Fred worked with the horse snaking the logs out to the railhead. Lafe had some railroad cars waiting to be loaded for the haul back east to Rowley. This job lasted for half of one summer.

When Fred left Rocky Mountain House he had to switch trains at Big Valley. He was standing on the platform at the station and a man came up to him and said, "Want a job?"

Fred didn't have any money, so said, "Sure. Doing what?"

He was taken down to the man's place where there was a bunch of grain waiting to be threshed. But the inefficient farmer had a real problem of getting organized.

Fred stood around for three days waiting for him to get started. They fed him well and he wasn't out any thing so he helped around with the chores. There was a river a couple of hundred feet from their farm yard buildings with a spring between. That spring was always filled with jack fish. Fred would take a pitch fork and go down to the spring and spear a couple dozen of the jacks. Then he would toss them to the hogs.

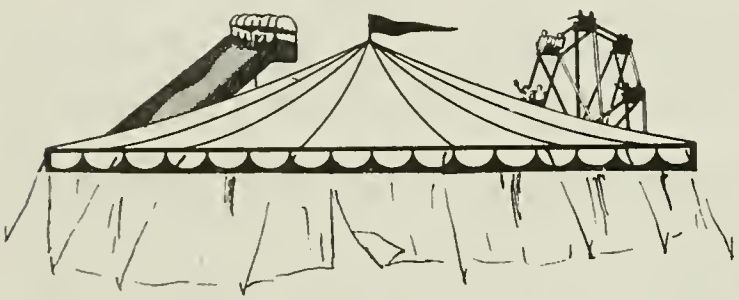
Fred went back to work for Lafe when he bought a flock of sheep on shares. Fred helped him drive the sheep to Nevis and stayed around for a month to help in the shearing.

Fred worked for a man during harvest and was asked to stay on for the winter. The farmer came by the home place and picked Fred up and took him to his home. He put him to work plowing after showing him how to ride the plow. The farmer went on about his business while Fred plowed. Being a young fellow on one of his first jobs and uncertain of what to expect, he worked through the dinner hour without stopping. Determined to pass the test on his first day as a plowman, he continued

working long after sundown. Finally, while driving the horses down the furrow with only the light of the moon to guide him, he spied the farmer coming out to get him. He had been supposing the farmer would come out and tell him when it was quitting time. In his heavy Scandanavian accent, the farmer apologized profusely for leaving him out in the field.

Coyotes were beginning to overrun the country, making it hard to keep a flock of sheep alive or even baby calves. The government introduced a disease called mange into the coyote herds, which caused them to lose their fur and freeze to death.

The farmer, who with his brother ran three hundred head of cattle, let Fred work through the winter for his board and room by hauling hay out to feed the cattle. Fred was allowed to ride the farmer's wife's saddle horse. Fred and the farmer, on the two horses, would race out with the hounds chasing the coyotes. The coyotes were curious enough that they could get pretty close before they turned the hounds loose on them. In a foot of snow, with the fresh, long-legged hounds after them, the coyotes wouldn't last long. It was good training for the hounds as well as good sport for the hunters, even though the mangy hides weren't much good for anything.



No matter where they lived, the Sparhawk family never missed a circus that they could get to conveniently. During Fred's seventeenth summer he had a contract job shocking two hundred acres of hay at fifty cents an acre. It was when he had it all shocked and waiting for the threshers, that the circus came to town. They set up their tents just half a mile west of Nevis. Fred rode over there on his pretty horse, with its fancy saddle, bridle, and chaps. The bridle had a lot of silver on it and Fred was anxious to show off his fancy gear. He hung around before and after the performances, until the circus manager came around to look him over. He said, "Want a job?" Fred thought it over a bit and nodded his head in agreement. The guy said, "Do you like snakes?"

Fred said, "I'm not afraid of them."

The circus man answered, "I'll give you a job in the pit show."

Fred went home and told his mother good bye, put his riding gear in a gunny sack and headed back to town. He threw his gunny sack in the baggage car and when the circus pulled out of town he was with them.

Fred had the circus fever. His job was to work in the pit with the snakes, alligators and gila monsters. There was a girl they called "Little Bit" who wrapped the snakes around her body and arms in the pit show. Fred was a roustabout and it was his job to oversee putting up the tent for the snake pit and to take care of the pit animals.

Two days after leaving Nevis, Fred had his eighteenth birthday. Two years before, England had declared war on Germany. Although President Woodrow Wilson of the United States had tried to keep his country a neutral peace negotiator, we were nevertheless being drawn into the conflict. The draft was established and all men of eighteen must register. There were three or four other roustabouts in the circus who had turned of age and were United States citizens. When the train reached Medicine Hat, Alberta the boys went to the American Counsel there and registered for United States Military Service.

Later, in crossing the border into the States, Fred didn't have any trouble with the border officials. He didn't tell that his folks were still living in Canada, but when they asked what he was doing and where he was going, he merely said he was traveling with the circus. He believed that if they thought he were running away from home he never would have made it across the border.

Before the circus train ever left Alberta, Fred's esteemed riding gear was missing from the baggage car. He was sure that someone from the outside had broken in and stolen the fancy gear.

Fred's pit show tent was only about twenty by thirty feet and every time he got it put up and ready for the show, he would go over to help the other roustabouts put up the big top. The big top tent came in four sections, two in the middle and one on each end. They would lay the sections out and lace them together. It took four big fellows to drive the stakes into the ground. One would start the stake while each of them would hit it in turn, driving it deep into the ground. The sections of the tent were heavy and it took six big men to carry each section. There was a big ring in the middle and it was hooked up to pulleys to which Judy, the circus elephant, was hitched to pull it into place.

The circus had its fat ladies and its hootchie-coochie girls. When the crowd at the snake pit show started thinning out, the barker would get up on the platform and cry out, "Dancing girls, for men only. Dancing girls, for men only."

The pit was soon filled with paying customers anxious to see the girls perform. But there were those who weren't willing to pay the price of a ticket, who made it a practice to peek under the flap in the back of the tent. It was Fred's job to go down and step hard on their fingers to let them know they were caught in the act.

The days weren't all filled with dancing girls and circus elephants, however. Fred learned many lessons about human nature while he traveled with the circus. There was a black guy that wasn't especially fond of Fred. Although Fred never gave him cause, the fellow had it in for him. One night the roustabouts were shooting craps and playing cards to

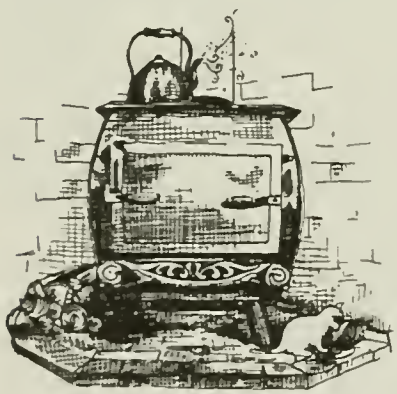
while away their time between performances. Since Fred didn't know a thing about gambling he stood around and watched. Blacks are pretty superstitious and Fred was standing behind this particular one whose luck was running bad. He turned around and hollered at Fred, "Get out of here, you Jonah."

Fred answered, "I'm no Jonah," and tried to be friendly, but that only made the situation worse.

The next day they had to load up the train and move on. The black man was assigned to help Fred carry a load to the train and as they were crossing the tracks the guy gave his load a push. Fred on the opposite side fell and hurt his leg. He thought Fred was bringing him bad luck and was trying to get rid of him.

The boys were returning home from the war in Europe, some of them in pretty deplorable condition. One particular soldier whose face was bloated up, who trembled and had bad nerves from shell shock was turned back at the line into the pit show. The ticket taker wouldn't let him go on down into the pit. Perhaps he was worried some about his condition. There was a cocky little Mexican who thought he would have some fun at the soldier's expense. The Mexican got a rattle snake by the neck and started running after the soldier. The snake wielder backed the soldier into a corner and the battle-scarred soldier promptly fainted. Of course, everybody was angry with the Mexican. He got a good bawling out, but he couldn't be fired because they had to take him back to the United States.

The circus performed through Fargo, North Dakota and Minnesota. When they got to St. Paul, they weren't allowed to continue or put on their show because of the influenza epedemic then ravaging the country. They stayed in the yards there for a few days. Finally the cars were pulled down to St. Louis where they were left for about two weeks.



Oh, for the comforts of hearth and home.

All the circus people remained in their separate quarters, the musicians or girls never mingling with the roustabouts. Nevertheless the flu started hitting the circus performers and the flunkies one by one. No one was fired because the circus managers just didn't know what to do. They continued to keep the workers on, even though there was no money coming in to feed them. There were seven roustabouts, including Fred, who moved into the loft of the snake barn. They didn't have any money and there was no work available. The roustabouts started coming down with the flu and each in turn took care of the others. Fred came down with a bad case of chills, fever, and the accompanying respiratory symptoms. In the day time he would try to warm up by lying

in the sun on stacked up railroad pilings. At night he would return to the snake barn and the cold. They were on a siding across the rails from the St. Louis railroad depot platform. Fred counted fifty coffins, piled two high, of the bodies awaiting transport on the dock of the station. The circus lost two musicians and one roustabout before it disbanded and all went their own way.

Fred was over the flu when he heard of a construction job. He headed for Kentucky where his job was to build Fort Knox. He worked there only a short time before the war stopped, making no further need for a fort. The workers were all laid off.

Fred had filed a complaint with the police about his missing riding gear, so he headed back to St. Louis, but there was no sign of his gear. That's when he learned the lesson that all circus people were not nearly as trustworthy as he had believed.

When he arrived in St. Louis he was broke. He hocked his watch in a saloon that had a restaurant in the back. It was one of those places where they piled big bowls of food on the table and everyone helped themselves. Like home cooking, there were lots of steak, potatoes, and gravy. His watch had brought him three dollars worth of meal tickets.

Coming out of the saloon one day a man met him on the street asking if he was looking for a job. Fred said, "yes," which led to a job at the stockyards. The man showed Fred where he could get a room for twenty-five cents a night. This put him on his feet again. He stayed in the rooming house, sharing the room with two other guys.

The job at the stockyards was loading the horse driven dump wagons with manure by hand shovel. After three or four days the boss came through asking if anyone could handle a team. Fred indicated he could. The boss asked where he was from. When Fred said he was from Alberta the boss said, "Oh, good. You're hired." Then he drove the dump wagon from Swift's packing house over to their fertilizer plant about a mile away. He got more money, three and a half dollars a day, and didn't have to shovel manure.

One of his roommates told him about the packing house he was working in where they paid a dollar more than Fred was getting. He quit his first job and went to work in the other packing house. It was December and the new job was inside work.

By this time he was getting a few dollars ahead and his feet were beginning to itch. He had a little book he carried around in his pocket. It was his account book where he kept track of his time and wages. He got to looking at the map that was bound in the center of the little book and realized how close Wisconsin was to

St. Louis. Uncle Rollie lived there and he had long been one of his favorite uncles. With forty or fifty dollars in his pocket, he quit the packing house and headed for Wisconsin.

Uncle Rollie Sparhawk lived in Stevens Point. It was about in the middle of the state. Fred arrived in Knowlton pretty late at night. He stopped in a saloon there and asked if anyone knew where his uncle lived. One fellow looked up from his card game and said, "Yeah, I know where he lives. You wait around a few minutes and I'll go with you."

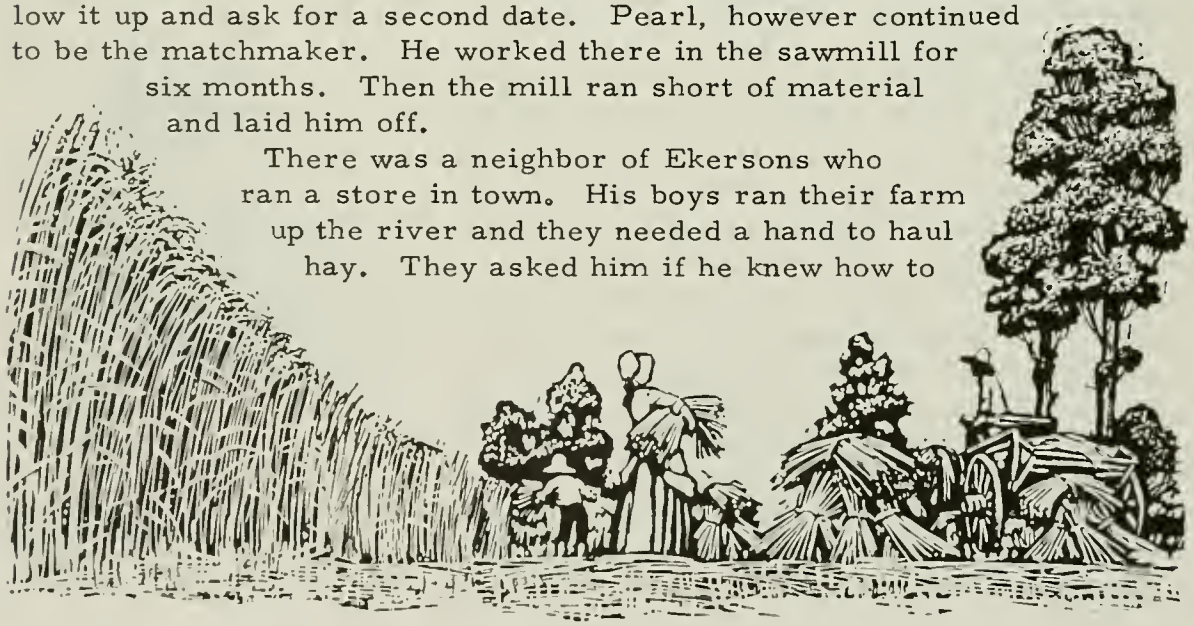
He waited around there for about an hour and a half before he finally decided to strike out on his own. He had figured it was about three miles and he was on foot. He stopped at a number of farmhouses along the way with each one telling him he was headed in the right direction. He finally knocked on Uncle Rollie's door in the middle of the night. Of course Uncle Rollie didn't have any idea who he was and could tell at a glance that he was on the bum. But after some explaining, he accepted him as his nephew and was tickled to death to see him.

Uncle Rollie's boy, Shirley, was only ten years old. He was the youngest and the older boys had left home to find work as soon as they were old enough. After a few days Fred was getting ready to go to town to find work, but Uncle Rollie asked him to stay on with him and work for the summer in trade for room and board. Shirley helped with the harvest when he could.

The next winter Fred wanted to go to work to earn some money. Pearl Ekerson, Uncle Rollie's daughter, asked him if he wanted to move into town, live with her family, and go to work in a sawmill close to her house. All he had was a few work clothes, but he packed them up and went to live with Pearl.

The first pay day Pearl took him up town and picked out some decent dress clothes for him. Then she started making dates for him with some of the girls in the neighborhood. He was so bashful he would never follow it up and ask for a second date. Pearl, however continued to be the matchmaker. He worked there in the sawmill for six months. Then the mill ran short of material and laid him off.

There was a neighbor of Ekersons who ran a store in town. His boys ran their farm up the river and they needed a hand to haul hay. They asked him if he knew how to



handle a harpoon fork. He did, so was hired. One day he was loading hay with the harpoon when he lost his footing on the hay and fell off the wagon. He landed with his shoulder on the tongue of the wagon. He thought he had torn his whole arm out of the socket. He was taken back to Uncle Rollie's where his Aunt Effie nursed him back to health.

About a month after the injury, while he was still recuperating, Aunt Effie sent Fred to town to do some shopping. He parked the team on the public square, did a little sight-seeing, and started back home. About a mile out of town an automobile pulled up behind him and stopped. The driver honked and held up his hand for Fred to stop. The man had been shopping in the store owned by the man on the place where Fred got hurt. He said to Fred, "I think you are the man I am looking for. In the store they said you were looking for a job and you were a good farm hand."

Fred told him he was hurt, but was just about well. The next day he came in his automobile up to Uncle Rollie's and picked Fred and his things up. He then took him to a farm down near Plover where he worked through that winter and the next summer.

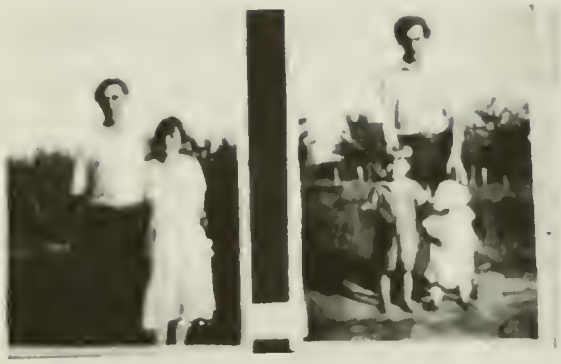
The following winter Fred met Ruby Perriel. Hers was a French-Canadian name. She lived on the next farm and it was only logical that they became acquainted. They were married in 1921 at Christmas. They took a trip thirty miles to the north for a short honeymoon.

Upon their return Fred went to work for a farmer who gave him the wood for cutting down trees and clearing the land. It was his first experience at cutting down trees. The job took about a month.

It was a friendly community for everyone knew each other for miles around. People didn't relocate like they did in later times. The young couple were asked to go and live with a farmer whose wife was ill and needing care. While Ruby nursed, Fred did the farm work outside.

When they were no longer needed there, Pearl Ekerson's husband asked Fred and Ruby to go out and live in a little house below his home farm. He had a field of rye and buckwheat which he wanted to work on shares. Ekerson bought the groceries for the couple in the deal. It was a nice little house and Ruby fixed it up so it was very pleasant. Fred harvested the crop and soon after Ruby gave birth to a little son whom they named Frederick Fremont. Aunt Effie walked across the fields to help deliver the baby. They stayed in the little house until Fremont was a month old.

There was a furniture factory in Steven's Point that made baby furniture. Its specialty was an automatic cradle which would rock itself when wound up. They also made cribs and kiddie-cars. Fred found a job there that he worked at for five years



Fred with Ruby then with Fremont and Elaine.

The little family lived across the slough in what was called the "Polack" section of town. Then they moved up by the Catholic Church in the house where Elaine was born. Following that they moved to a house right across the street from the furniture factory. It was there that Enid was born.

Fremont got a bad case of pneumonia. Fred and Ruby bathed him in hot mustard water and wrapped him up tight in warm blankets. Then they placed him in the back room with the window open. The temperature was well below zero and they would take turns going in there at night to see that he reamined well covered. That was the proper way to doctor pneumonia in those days.

Fred was beginning to get disgusted with the job in the furniture factory because the men doing the piece work were making more than he. He felt he was working harder and when something came up that he and the boss disagreed on, he took the opportunity to quit.

Within an hour's time he had a job driving truck for the Olsen Fuel Co. He didn't know anything about driving a truck, but he had bought a 1913 Model T Ford before that and was not unfamiliar with automobiles. It was nothing like the modern day trucks, but was immense for its time. He caught on how to drive it right away when the boss showed him how. He drove that truck for three years.

When that job ended he went right across the street from their home and got a job delivering ice cream. The ice cream factory packed the ice cream in large wooden bins with ice all around it. Fred had to pack the ice. He was getting four dollars and fifty cents there where he had only been getting three dollars in the furniture factory. Every time he started across the street for his lunch hour, the owner would come out and make him take a brick of ice cream home for the children.

Fred said, "Oh, no. I still have some left."

He would answer, "Take another, take another. It's good for the kiddies."

He forced ice cream on them so much that the family wouldn't touch it. His idea must have been to make them eat so much ice cream that they wouldn't be taking it when they shouldn't. That episode cut their desires down to less than a pint a week for the whole family after that.

Fred worked there one whole summer, through the winter, and on into the next summer. Then he got acquainted with a landscape gardner named Rex. He had under contract several nice places of rich people around the town. He put a man on each of the places then would go around to each in turn showing them what to do.

Charlie Sparhawk, another of Uncle Rollie's sons, had an old Willis-

Knight car with a box on the back for a pickup which Fred borrowed to do some hauling. Rex, the landscaper, happened to see Fred using the truck and said, "Why don't you work for me?" Rex lived only three doors down the street. He asked, "Fred, can you get that truck to haul some coal for me" In the winter when there was no landscaping business he would get a car load of coal and peddle it out. He had seen Fred working and was aware that he knew the town pretty well from other delivery jobs he had been on. Rex would have his coal car moved to a siding and pay other guys with pickups fifty cents a ton to deliver it around town. He He gave Fred a list of orders and he filled the truck and delivered coal the rest of the winter. The following summer Rex kept him on as a landscaper. That is where Fred learned so much about gardening.

Dean Sparhawk had joined his brother, and his family in Wisconsin. He was introduced to Ruby's family. Ruby's father was Fred Puariea. He had a cousin he introduced to Dean whose name was Lillith. It didn't take long for Dean to fall in love and marry Lillith.

In August of 1931 Fred and Dean decided to pull up stakes and go back to Washington where their folks were.

They left the only home the little kids had ever known and headed west. Dean went along, driving a Model T Ford. He left Lillith and their daughter there to send for them later. Fred drove a 1923 Star Touring car. It took them over two weeks to make the trip.

Enid, Elaine, and Fremont
1930

The minute they left town Ruby became homesick. As they crossed the wild and vast miles of lonesome prairie her homesickness became worse. It wasn't eased by Dean's constant teasing and raving to her about the beautiful Northwest that was to be her new home.

They encountered storm after storm that August on the plains. The rain made the roads unbearably muddy. Mud began to build up on the wheels and the two cars struggled through the mire. The tires weren't built for such hard traveling and it became necessary to change between thirty and forty tires, repair and patch them, then return them to the muddy wheels only to go a few miles further and repeat the pattern over again.

When they reached the Yellowstone River and set up camp, Dean's teasing became unbearable for Ruby. She grabbed a butcher knife and chased him waist deep into the river. The cold water seemed to have eased the tension for the journey continued without incident.

On the trip Ivan came down with the measles. The poor little fellow was suffering so. There was no milk available for his bottle. Finally

Fred and Ruby with
some of their children

they were able to buy a pint of milk for the outrageous price of fifty cents.

Ruby was pregnant during the trip, for she gave birth to Rosie only five months later. It must not have been an easy trip.

When they arrived on the coast at Auburn they learned that Aunt Adah had changed her mind about asking Fred and his family to join her in the business because, they learned, she didn't want the responsibility of such a large family.

They lived in the Sparhawk family house on Ninth Street and were in the house when Rosie was born. Two weeks later, January 1932, Fred's mother died in the same house with all of her family around her.

When harvest time came around both Fred and Fremont worked with Del and the other Sparhawk brothers on the baler. In between Fred had to take a number of odd jobs to keep food on the table for his family. It was at the time when the nation was coming out of a great depression and

work of any kind was hard to get.

Fred worked as a laborer on the farms of the Japanese gardeners in Auburn. For a while he worked in the woods. One time he was bringing home a load of wood in his car when one of the rear wheels broke off. He put together some sort of a skid out of scrap iron and continued on home. Sparks flew all the way home as the iron scraped against the pavement.

Fred and the kids went out in the fields to pick berries to earn a little extra money.

Ivan Elaine Fremont Enid
Fred Ruby Rose Marie
Leroy

Elaine, Fremont and Enid with mascot Leroy in the Drum and Bugle Corp

Great salmon swam up the River to spawn and Fred went out with a pitchfork to spear them. He brought them home and smoked them in a smoker he built himself. They fed the family for many winter meals in hard times.

Fred was able to get a job at Boeing where he worked for a year and a half.

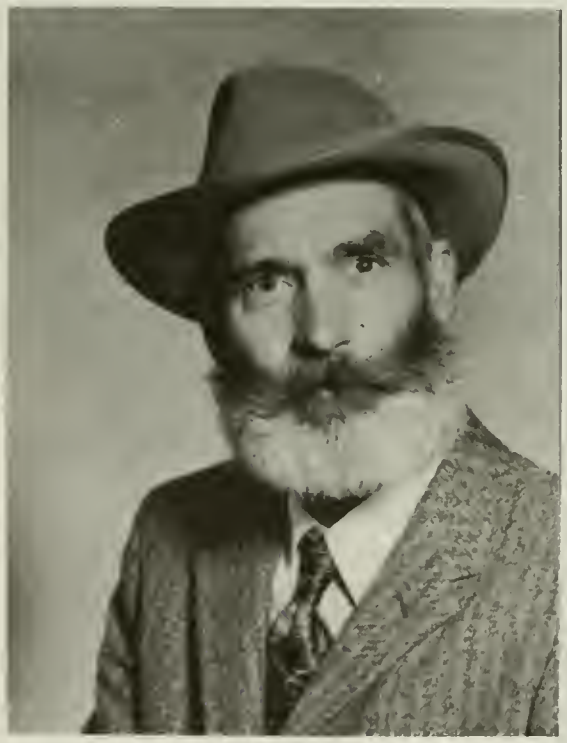
When the war broke out he became a welder at the Tacoma Shipyards and worked there until six months after the war.

A little boy named Billy Alan was born to the family, but he died at age eighteen months.

Later another little boy came along. They named him Carl Leroy. When Leroy was about four years old he was hit by a car and suffered a concussion. There was much concern about him among the family, but he pulled through.

By 1952, Fred and Ruby were no longer the happy family with such high hopes that had left Wisconsin to come to Washington and start out in a new life. They were divorced and Fred went to live alone in Lake Bay where he worked in the Bremerton Navy Repair yards.

Ruby led an active life and was very popular in civic organizations in the community. She died in November of 1969.



Frederick Lafayette Sparhawk
1959

Fred took several trips, including one to Mexico, but finally came back to Washington. He lives in a small house next door to his nephew, Bill Sparhawk, in Tacoma. He gardens, tends plants in his greenhouse and does a great deal of reading.

One of the plants in Fred's greenhouse is the original Orchid Cactus that belonged to his mother, Bertha. He gladly shares starts with anyone he believes would give it the loving care he has all these years.

Born in 1898, Fred is the oldest of the Sparhawk family and has outlived four of his younger brothers.

SPARHAWK, Frederick Lafayette
b. 17 Sept. 1898
Kerby, OR.
m. 25 Dec. 1920
Stevens Point, WIS.

PUARIEA, Ruby Rose
b. 3 Nov. 1899
Stevens Point, WIS.

d. 6 Nov. 1969
Auburn, WA.

1. Frederick Fremont b. 14 Oct. 1921 Stevens Point, WIS.
   m. ALLEN, Dolly Lou 20 Jan 1945 Auburn, WA.
      1. Christine Marie b. 3 Dec. 1946 Auburn, WA.
         m. SPANE, Frank 24 July 1967
            1. Angela Grace b. 24 June 1971
            2. Teresa Lou b. 23 Oct. 1974
      2. Frederick Fremont, Jr. b. 6 Nov. 1953 Auburn, WA.
         m. MONGRAIN, Michele 11 July 1974
            1. Jennifer Eve b. 3 May 1976 Auburn, WA.
      3. Katherine Lou b. 28 May 1956 Auburn, WA.

2. Elaine Marcella b. 26 May 1924 Stevens Point, WIS.
   m. (1) HUFFMAN, Donald
   m. (2) NEIBAUER, Fred

3. Enid Ione b. 18 Jan. 1926 Stevens Point, WIS.
   m. (1) HAND, Fred
      1. Fred, Jr. b. 23 June 1946 Seattle, WA.
         m. ALLEN, Christine Marie 21 April 1966 San Jose, CA.
            1. Lisa b. 1966 San Jose, CA.
      2. Candace Christine b. 22 Dec. 1951 San Jose, CA.
         m. TATE, Richard (D)
            1. Tina Marie b. 30 June 1969 San Jose, CA.
            2. Amanda Rae b. 17 Aug. 1974 Daurte, OK.
   m. (2) MOODY, Carl

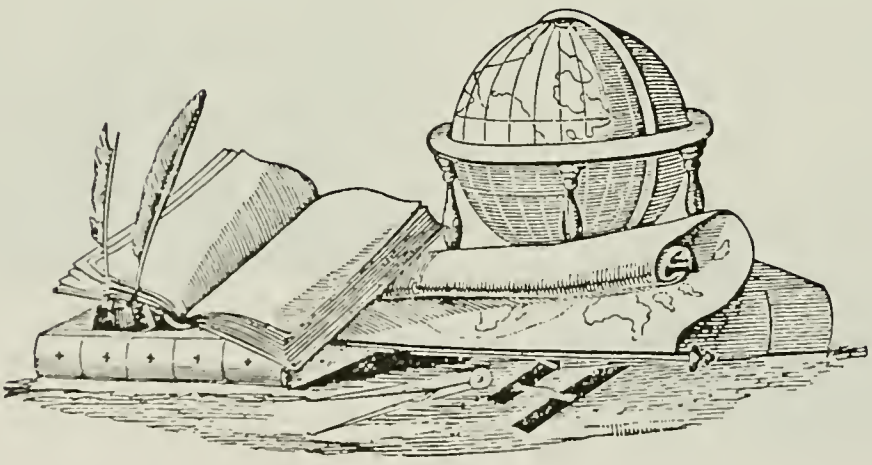
4. Ivan Lee b. 25 Dec. 1929 Stevens Point, WIS.
   m. HERR, Roberta Ann 7 Nov. 1953
      1. Lonnie Lee b. 27 Dec. 1954 Auburn, WA.
         m. EASTERBROOK, Sharon 22 June 1974 Auburn, WA.
            1. Andy b. 21 Aug. 1977 Auburn, WA.
      2. Steven Blake b. 3 July 1956 Lafayette, IND.
      3. Patrick Rory b. 16 Sept. 1957
         m. MOORE, Kim Leigh 3 Sept. 1977
            1. Jeremy Phillip b. 6 Dec. 1979 Pullman, WA.

5. Rose Marie b. 19 Jan 1932 Auburn, WA.
   m. (1) GREER, Joe
   m. (2) RHODES, Jay
   m. (3) AUSTIN, Robert Allen

step children (Rose Marie)
1. Stephen Allen d. 1978
2. James Dennis
3. Sharron Louise
4. Robert Daniel

6. Billy Alan b. 18 May Auburn, WA. died 18 months

7. Carl Leroy b. 26 Jan. 1936 Auburn, WA.
m. (1) Betty Rae
m. (2) GONZALES, Cheryl
m. (3) ROBERTS, Phillis A. 17 July 1976 Seattle, WA.



CHAPTER 13

DEL AND MARGARET

Some time before the trail drive of chapter one, Del Sparhawk had taken Margaret Meyers to town and bought her a trunk to put her things in for the trip to the States. That trunk was later to play an important and tragic part in the drama of the lives of the young couple.

When it came time for the departure of the Meyers family, caused by the ill health of the father, Henry, Del was at the train depot to see them off. As the conductor called, "All aboard," Del reached over and kissed Margaret goodbye. The brazen show of love left a shocked look upon the face of Margaret's mother, Barbara, but a pact between the couple had been made.

Del Sparhawk with two Meyers sisters, Emma with her son Ralph and Margaret.

Shortly after that, Del and Herman left Canada with the combined herd of the two families horses. It was a few months after the horses were delivered that Margaret's sister, Annie Dunbar went with Del and Margaret to witness their marriage in Bonner's Ferry, Idaho on Nov. 26, 1923.

Soon after the ceremony, Del and Margaret settled in Dallas, Oregon where the Sparhawk family was then living. Del started baling hay with his family for farmers in the Willamette Valley.

It was the summer of 1924 that Del and Margaret had their first child. She was named Elizabeth June. Margaret liked to sew dresses for June and always had her dressed up like a little doll. They were living with the elder Sparhawk family and June was the delight of her three aunts, Esther, Rachie and Dot.

Del feeding the Sparhawk ponies.

Alberta, Canada

1920

Delbert C. Sparhawk Margaret M. Meyers

The following summer, Delbert Dale, 24 Aug. 1925, was born. They were still in Dallas at the Sparhawk home. One day when Delbert was only five weeks old, Margaret went upstairs to get some baby things out of the trunk that Del had given her. She didn't realize that June had followed her. There was some medicine in the trunk that the doctor had prescribed for Margaret. June went to the open trunk and ate some of the pills. In a few hours she was dead. After just one short year of life, she lies buried in a cemetery near Independence, Oregon.

Soon after June's sudden death, Del and Margaret moved to the little town of Laurelwood and settled on a farm where he milked a few cows and raised the ponies he had brought down from Canada. They lived there a few years and Del continued working on the hay baler with his brothers.

The summer of 1926 saw another little boy added to the family. He was Alfred Henry, 17 Sept. 1926. By this time the Meyers family was settled in Tigard, Oregon. Margaret's parents were living in Herman's house and Alvina and her husband, George Place, were on an acre just down the road. It was to Alvina's that Margaret went when it was time to have Bud, as he soon became known. The doctor said he was sure mad when he was

born because he was screaming like everything.

It was another trip back to Tigard on December 6, 1927. Only this time it was at Herman's house where Evelyn Rose decided to be born. When Vina got to the house Margaret was already in labor so she sent for the doctor. Either the doctor was slow or Evelyn was fast because she got there before the doctor did. With their mother's advice Alvina had helped Margaret have another little girl.

About 1928 the family moved to Auburn, Washington where Del did well operating a dairy farm for a few years. It was near Auburn that Kenneth Faye, 26 April, 1930, was born.

From the farm they moved into town to live with the elder Sparhawks in a house on Ninth Street. There another son, William Lee, 17 Nov. 1931, was added to the family.

It was in the house on Ninth Street in January of 1932, surrounded by her family, that Grandma Sparhawk died.

Del and his brothers had expanded their hay baling business to the Ellensburg - Yakima Valley area. After his mother died Del decided to move closer to his work. He put the horses and cattle aboard the train and shipped them to the Yakima Valley and settled near Buena. The depression was getting a good hold of the country at this time. To keep his family fed Del had to spend a lot of time away from home running the baler and thrashing machine. Margaret was a very able-bodied woman and did very well keeping a dozen cows milked and fed while Del was gone.

One day Del went into the makeshift shed where the milking was done to clean out the manure. The Guernsey bull came through the door and saw him there. Del didn't make it to the manger fast enough. The bull ripped his pants leg and tore the side of his leg open. The next day he asked some neighbor men to come over. When they left the bull was hornless.

Margaret and Del Sparhawk

In June of 1933 another baby was due. Evelyn was hoping for a sister, but she got a fifth brother instead. She loved the little baby, however, just as if it had been a little girl. He was Vernon, born 23 June, 1933.

One day Delbert and Bud went after the cows with their dad. They were driving the cows in when a couple of young heifers hid out in the brush along the river bank. Del sent the boys back to find them, but they found a strange bull was with them. He wasn't about to let those boys drive the heifers away from him. He went after the boys, knocking them down, even though they fought him off with sticks and rocks. All the screaming and yelling brought Del back to see what was going on. He separated the boys from the bull, but the bull went to the barn with the cows. The next morning when the bull went home he was an "it." A few days later the farmer who owned the bull came over asking what happened to him. Del let him know and told him to keep his bull home.

Margaret holding Bud, Del holding Delbert

Bud and Delbert sharing a pony

One hot summer day the kids heard Margaret scream for them. They went running out of the barn to see a wall of fire heading straight for the house. It was one half mile wide and ten feet high. The fire came to within thirty feet of the house where it turned at a fence and eventually burned itself out at the highway. It had been started by sparks from a passing train and burned about forty acres of sage brush.

Above; Bud and Evelyn
Right; Delbert, Bud, and
Evelyn on pony

Both Delbert and Bud started school in Sawyer about two and a half miles from where they were living at Buena.

Del decided to move to the town of Granger. He had traded off most of the milk cows for horses and went into the hay hauling business. He rented an island on the Indian Reservation near Granger. Del, with his boys, drove the horses and a few young cows the twenty-eight miles to the island. They got there late in the evening and the boys spent the night in a bed made under the wagon while Del went home. Delbert was eight and Bud was about seven at the time.

One year there was a high flood that covered a good part of the island and the horses had to swim to shore. Del told Evelyn later how her mare, Dolly, rescued her colt. It seems the colt was floundering in the flood-swollen waters when Dolly grabbed it by the hair of its mane with her teeth and safely swam with it to the shore. Other mares, seeing their colts losing strength in the water, made their way to the downstream side of them and got their colts up against their bodies when they were swimming so they wouldn't go down the river. There was a nice stallion named Pedro lost in that flood as well as a number of other horses and some young cows. They were belly deep in water and Del was unable to reach them before they died from exposure.

The sheep were only on the island during the summer and it was the family's job to herd them while Del hauled hay to the coast. They camped out in a shack that was on the island. Margaret and the older boys, Delbert and Bud, herded the sheep and horses. Evelyn took care of the younger boys. When the sun reached a certain place in the sky, Evelyn was to start the biscuits and cook the macaroni. When dinner was about ready a white flag was hoisted in the yard. The flag could be seen from the pasture and was the signal for Margaret and the boys to come in to rest and eat.

Sometimes they would ride Dolly

They would sit under her belly using the hop sack for shade. The gentle little black and white pony knew they were under her and never moved to hurt them.

Del bought Margaret a beautiful, long-legged brown mare. Her name was Lady. She had been on the track in Renton at Long Acres where she had fallen and been injured. She was a good horse, but not good enough for racing any more. Margaret loved to ride her.

One day some of the ponies were missing so Margaret saddled up her mare and went out looking for them. She rode all over the country and came back soaking wet. Just where she had decided to cross the river was where gravel had been taken out. Margaret couldn't swim a stroke, so rather than getting off the mare and floating in the water with her she stayed in the saddle and her weight kept the mare pretty much under the water all the way across. She saw only the mare's nose sticking out of the water.

The next day Evelyn went with her to look for the ponies. Margaret saddled a pony for her and on the way home the saddle became loose. As they were about to cross the river to go back to the island, Evelyn's pony put his head down for a drink and both rider and saddle went right over the horse's head and into the river. Margaret looked at her daughter and laughed and laughed.

There were a lot of coyotes on the island. They had to be fought off continually to keep them away from the sheep. One morning Margaret left the kids with the sheep while she went back to the shack to fix breakfast. Finally they saw her coming across the field and ran to meet her. All of a sudden she started jumping up and down, waving her arms, trying

to tell them something. They weren't able to read sign language, but turned back to see a band of coyotes making havoc with the sheep. The coyotes were chased off, but when Margaret got there and helped gather the scattered sheep, nine of them had been bitten in the throat.

Every year Toppenish had a big parade on the Fourth of July. All the Indians and white people would gather there and have a big powwow with fireworks in the evening. Del fixed up the ponies and the kids rode them in the parade. Evelyn took first prize riding Dolly. Bud had tied a red scarf around his head and donned some kind of a cowboy hat and was rather put out that his little sister had taken the prize instead of him. They entered the contest again the next year and Evelyn came in second. It was her turn to be put out because the first prize was awarded to a little pig on the end of a leash. Next to the fireworks, the most interesting thing was the carnival. The kids got to take a few rides even if money was kind of short with six kids. When they ran out of money and got tired of watching the carnival they could always watch the drunks. When the Indians weren't dancing they were drinking, for they had come to town to celebrate.

One winter Del was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis. It was so bad he had to use crutches. He went on working and took his crutches with him as he cut out cottonwood trees down on the island. He went to the welfare to see if he could get some help until he could get over his infirmities. He was told he was ineligible because he owned too much. It was suggested that he sell his ponies. It was right during the depression and no one was in the market for horses.

When Del couldn't work he made some chaps for the boys. They were made from animal skins. Ken got the pair made out of Angora goat hide. It was real pretty. Evelyn didn't get a pair because girls don't wear chaps and Vern didn't get a pair because he was still in diapers and it's kind of hard to change chaps and diapers, too.

Indians came by in their horse and buggy rigs every year to go hop picking on the other side of the valley. It was quite something to see the Indian ladies in their bright scarves with their little papooses. One day they looked out the door and there was an old Indian standing under the sycamore tree. He had been drinking and was huddled under the tree with a couple of squaws trying to keep dry. He walked toward the house, up onto the porch, through the door and into the bedroom where he laid down on the bed. Margaret didn't resist him because she was afraid of him. She figured he would sleep his drunk off and get up and leave, but Del came home about that time and got him up and took him down to the

city jail. He tried to give Margaret a dollar when he was being escorted out and she could have used the money, but Del wouldn't have a thing to do with the Indian's money.

D.C SPARHAWK -- 1937 Diamond T

Del got a real good business going with his hay hauling truck. He was making frequent trips to the coast and often took one of the children with him when they weren't in school. Postcards with orders for so many ton of a certain kind of hay were arriving often from the dairies on the coast.

Margaret had a deep faith and trust in God and taught her children to pray. One night a big storm with thunder and lightning came up. They were afraid the big tree by the shack would be struck by the lightning and fall through the roof and kill them. Margaret told them to pray. They did and the storm passed over in the night without any damage.

Margaret and the kids picked hops sometimes while Del was out driving his hay truck. Once an Indian lady got mad at her and called her a blue-eyed coyote because she thought she had stolen her hops.

Like kids everywhere, childhood diseases put them to bed once in a while. When the measles struck, Margaret got them along with the kids. She curled up in bed with them and read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the sick household. She had the mumps with her children, too.

At the beginning of 1938 Margaret told the children she was going to have another baby. They all hoped for a little sister, especially Evelyn. It was a hard winter for Margaret. She had a bad cough just before it was time for the baby. They planned to name their little sister Margaret Rachel. On the 27th of March little Margaret Rachel was born, but she died at birth.

Margaret's illness and the birth of the baby were too much and the following day Margaret, the wife and mother, died from pneumonia. She is

FUNERAL

Mrs. Margaret M. Sparhawk

GRANGER, March 29—(Special)—Funeral services for Mrs. Margaret Matilda Sparhawk, 32, who died of pneumonia Monday in the Toppenish general hospital, will be held Wednesday at 2 o'clock in the Granger Adventist church. Born in Rapid City, S. D., April 14, 1905, Mrs. Sparhawk and her family came to the Granger district four years ago. Members of the family are the husband, D. C. Sparhawk; six sons, Delbert, Alfred, Edmund, Kenneth, William and Vernon; the mother, Mrs. Barbara Myers; six sisters and two brothers. The Rev. R. A. Libby will preach and burial will be in the Outlook cemetery. The Drake Funeral parlor of Toppenish is in charge.

Even the Yakima Morning Herald thought that Evelyn was a tomboy.

buried in the Outlook Cemetery at Granger.

With six motherless children, Del didn't know what to do. He prevailed upon a kind neighbor named Mrs. Randolph who took care of them until school was out. When summer came Del packed up the kids and headed for Oregon. He left Evelyn, Billy, and Vernie in Tigard with their Aunt Rachie and Uncle Herman Meyers. Delbert, Bud and Kenny were taken to stay with Aunt Vina and Uncle George Place who had moved to a big farm at Fall Creek.

Before Margaret's illness and death, Del had started to remodel their house. He used the lonely summer of 1938 to complete the project. He hired a housekeeper and sent for his children before school was to start in the fall.

Herman fixed his car up with boxes for luggage on the outside and kids on the inside to make the trip with them to Granger. Mrs. Stiles, the new housekeeper, must have viewed the future with alarm as she saw that passel of kids

Del's hay business continued to grow. In 1935 he had bought a 1935 Ford truck and hitched a trailer on behind it. In 1937 he added a larger truck to his fleet. It was the Diamond T and he hitched a large two-axle trailer behind it. By 1940 his fleet of trucks had grown to three rigs and the orders kept coming in.

Soon after school started in the fall of 1938 Del took Bud, Bill and Evelyn to Toppenish to have their tonsils taken out. Mrs. Stiles nursed them back to health, but no sooner than Bill got well he came down with meningitis. Del still had bad memories about the Toppenish hospital where Margaret had died so shortly before. He couldn't bring himself to leave Billy there. He decided to take care of him himself and save the money he needed to take care of his household of kids. He sat up day and night nursing him. Both Mrs. Stiles and the neighbor, Mrs. Randolph, helped. The doctor came from Toppenish every day to look in on Billy, but he didn't give Del much hope that Billy would pull through. One terribly bad time for Billy, Del walked up the street to the minister's house and that evening the elders and the minister prayed for the sick boy. It seemed that almost immediately he started getting well.

Mrs. Stiles left and Del had to find another housekeeper. When Del was over at his Dad's in Seattle he heard about a lady who needed work. Her brother had married Lafe's second wife's granddaughter. Late one night Del came driving in with Myrtle in his truck. Myrtle was allowed to sleep in the next morning when the kids were sent off to school. Delbert went home at noon and came back to tell Evelyn a great big tale a-

bout the new housekeeper and how she had a baby and a girl her own age (every thing she would have wanted in a housekeeper.) When she got home from school she looked all around for the baby or the girl, but she found only a little five year old boy. Just what she needed, another boy. But everything worked out well he little boy was Norman and he fit right into the family. Myrtle was a good housekeeper and a good cook. She never raised her voice or yelled at the kids.

Del and Myrtle were married a year later at Marysville with just a few of the relatives there. The kids didn't know they were going to get married until they came back from the trip and told them. But they had figured it might happen because they could see a romance building. They now had a mother again and with her a little brother.

A neighbor boy, about nineteen, had made a deal with a guy who was rounding up wild horses in the Horse Heaven Hills. For breaking four of the wild beasts he was to get one, but he wasn't very brave and wouldn't get on them. Now Delbert, at about fourteen, was game for just about anything and was easily convinced to ride them. There was going to be an Indian Rodeo over near Fort Simico and the two bronc busters were going to ride the half broken wild mustangs over to it. When he came back Delbert told Myrtle the horse kept trying to get down in the ditch every time a car came by. Myrtle kidded him that the poor horse was so ashamed of Delbert that he was trying to hide whenever some people came by.

Myrtle had a lot to put up with in a household of boys and their pets. Here is Bill with a tiny colt that has to share his attention with a motorcycle.

Myrtle was the one that broke the news to the kids about the United States going to war. Worry and fear built up in the kids' minds as they read newspaper accounts of the fighting. Bud told Evelyn that Oregon and Washington were going to war against each other and it just about scared her to death. She had a lot of favorite aunts and uncles there.

As the war continued to rage on the front Del decided to pack up his horses and move to Auburn. But he wasn't happy there in town. He found a place out in the country on the Enumclaw Highway. He went to work at the shipyards in Tacoma, riding the distance each day in a car pool.

During the war there were blackouts forced upon everyone. No light was to be seen from the houses at night. Curtains had to be made and kept pulled all the time. One morning a knock was heard on the door. It was the warden whose job it was to see that all the houses were blacked out. He made them put black paper over the windows as well as the light proof curtains because he could see light shining through.

Finally Del had had enough of shipyard work and decided he would go back to try his hand at farming. He eventually settled on a little place at Drews Prairie. For awhile both Del and Myrtle worked at Boeing near Chehalis.

A number of moves were made about this time, but he always came back to Auburn. In 1962 Del was back in the hay business again. He had a couple of places in College Place that Norman and Delbert and their families were living on. He was driving back and forth to the coast.

Back row: Delbert, Del and Bud
Front: Ken, Bill, Vern, Norman & Evelyn

Del was just past sixty, but was beginning to have some trouble with his heart. He had a young man with him who had been hired to drive the truck when he started to have a heart attack. He stopped to let him rest, but things didn't get better. The young man called for an ambulance and Del was taken to the hospital. The next morning the nurse came in to bathe him, but he hung on to the blanket and would have none of it. He went home and in a couple of days was running around in the pickup with his young hired man.

On the 17th of March in 1962 they were up at Evelyn White's. She was standing at the pickup window talking to Del when he started to have another heart attack. He was dead before the young man could get him to the hospital. Del is buried at Mountain View Cemetery near the grave of his mother overlooking Auburn.

Myrtle has continued to lead a busy life working in a nursing home

and taking care of her grandchildren. Myrtle took on a big responsibility, that of raising six children that were not her own. There were problems as one might well expect, but her sweet nature has endeared her in the hearts of her step-children.

When Billy suddenly lost his wife after the birth of Vickie it was to Myrtle that he turned for help. Vickie found a new home. She was under Myrtle's care for a number of years until she found a new mother.

At right; Myrtle and Del with granddaughter, Vickie

At left; The car in which Del and Herman returned to Alberta to work in the wheat harvest. It was during the great depression and they were able to make good money compared to what they could in the states.

Right; Del in Canada. That is the the first Pedro on his left.

SPARHAWK, Delbert Charles
b. 25 May 1900
Kerby, Ore.
m. 26 Nov. 1923
Bonners Ferry, Id.
d. 17 March 1962
Auburn, Wash.
bur. Mt. View, Auburn

MEYERS, Margaret Mathilda
b. 14 April 1905
Creston, S. Dak.

d. 28 March 1938
Toppenish, Wash.
bur. Outlook, Granger

1. Elizabeth June b. 30 June 1924 Dallas, Ore. d. Sept. 1925 Independence, Ore.
2. Delbert Dale b. 24 Aug. 1925 Dallas, Ore.
   m. June 1948 REEL, Bessie at Auburn, Wash.
      1. Sharon
      2. Larry m. Sally

3. Alfred Henry b. 17 Sept. 1926 Tigard, Ore.
   m. (1) REEL, June LaRee 7 Jan. 1946
      1. Jackie
         m. POLLARD, Carroll
            1. Raymi
      2. Alfred H. Jr.
      3. Christina
   m. (2) ADSET, Donna 28 March 1953
      4. Sandy
         m. FREED, Lloyd
            1. Jason
   m. (3) HOPKINS, Lola 10 Oct. 1970

4. Evelyn Rose b. 6 Dec. 1927 Tigard, Ore.
   m. WOODS, William E. 29 June 1947 at Winlock, Wash.
      1. William Sherman b. 16 Oct. 1948 at Chehalis, Wash.
         d. 23 Aug. 1980 at Vancouver, Wash.
         m. (1) TOMPSON, Gloria 22 June 1971
         m. (2) SHULTZ, Deloris 28 May 1976
            1. Julie (child of 2nd wife)
            2. Amy (child of 2nd wife)
      2. Ted Earl b. 6 Dec. 1949 Centralia, Wash.
      3. Donald Charles b. 1 Jan. 1951 at Centralia
         m. CHAMPAINE, Diane 11 Jan. 1970 at Woodland, Wash.
            1. Cory Leigh b. 5 Jan. 1971 Seattle
            2. Craig Allen b. 28 Dec. 1972 Seattle

cont.....

5. Kenneth Faye b. 26 April 1930 Auburn, Wash.
m. (1) SANFORD, Ruby 7 Oct. 1950
1. Linda Kay b. 15 May 1953 Tacoma
m. LINDER, Myron 28 June 1972
1. Joanie Judith b. 12 July 1974 Longview, Wash.
m. (2) SLOAN, Joan
2. Raymond b. 28 June
3. Katherine Fay b. 27 April
4. Laura Lyn b. 26 Dec.
5. Cynthia Ann b. 18 June

6. William Lee b. 17 Nov. 1931 Auburn Wash.
m. (1) TIMBLIN, Gloria Nov. 1951 at Tacoma
d. 19 Feb. 1953
1. Victoria Elaine 27 Nov. 27 1952 Fort Lewis, Wash.
m. SELLARDS, Gordon 11 Mar. 1973
1. Monique b. 14 April 1975

m. (2) COLVIN, Betty 14 Aug. 1955 Carnarion, Wash.
2. Cheryl Ann b. 10 Jan 1957 Tacoma, Wash.
m. BROOKS, Joe 10 June 1979 Tacoma, Wash.
1. Justin Matthew b. 17 Aug. 1980
3. Dennis Lee b. 7 Oct. 1958 Tacoma, Wash.

7. Vernon b. 23 June 1933 Buena, Wash.
m. Ethel
1. Elizabeth
2. Evelyn
3. Sharon
4. Susie

8. Margaret Rachel b. 27 March 1938 Granger d. at birth

married Del Sparhawk
on 21 Oct. 1939 at
Everett, Wash.

(2) KNAPP, Myrtle COLVIN
b. 26 Sept. 1910
Council, Id.
m. (1) KNAPP, Austin
1. Norman b. 6 Aug. 1932
Forest Grove, Ore.

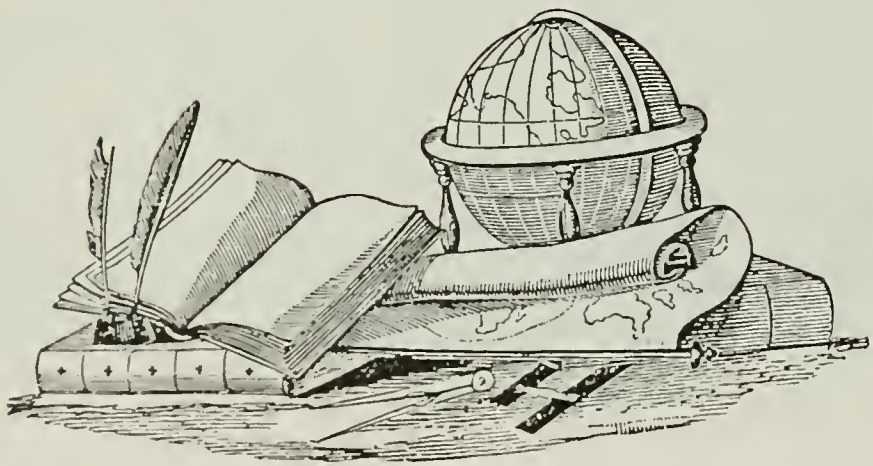
(Norman)
m. (1) CHASE Gloria 20 Jan 1952 Auburn, Wash.
1. Keith b. 26 Dec. 1952 Portland, Ore.
2. Tammara b. 21 Dec. 1953 Astoria Ore.
m. (2) CARMON, Darlene 2 Oct. 1955 Walla Walla, Wash.
3. David b. 27 Aug. 1957 Walla Walla, Wash.
4. Duane b. 29 April 1959 Walla Walla, Wash.
5. Darla b. 5 Sept. 1960 Walla Walla, Wash.
6. Dwight b. 13 Jan 1965 Walla Walla, Wash.

Del' s threshing machine with steam tractor, Alberta, 1920

Del seeding grain on farm in Gaston, Oregon

Sparhawk hay baling outfit, Wilamette Valley, Oregon

Notes



CHAPTER 14

PERCY

Percy Sparhawk was eighteen when he came down from Canada in 1920 to settle for a while at Independence, Oregon where his family had gone earlier. During the summer he went to work in the berry field of Mr. A. Eoff. He saw a pretty fifteen year old girl out in the field and asked someone her name. He found out that she was Edna Griepentrog. The next time she went by with a full crate of berries he called out, "Hello, Edna." She was surprised the handsome fellow knew her name, but she liked the sound of it coming from his lips. From that time they went together for two and one half years.

Percy with Pedro, Canada

Percy and Edna were married on the 30th of September in 1924.

Percy went to work for the Crown-Zellerbach Paper Mill in Salem.

On the 25th of April in 1926 a little girl named Edna Leore was born. She has been called "Boots" all of her life.

In the summer of 1931 Percy worked for the Sparhawk Brothers Hay Baling Business. The Sparhawks rented a big farm house so that all might live near the work of baling. Rachie, Percy's sister, and Edna were to do the cooking and housekeeping for the baling crew, but before they could get started they had to clean the old house to make it livable. Rachie and Edna scrubbed the beds with kerosene to kill the host of bed bugs that had taken up their abode there.

During the season Boots got a bad case of whooping cough. She was unable to get the phlegm up

from her throat and started choking. When she turned blue from lack of oxygen, Edna let out a yell. Rachie saw what was happening and grabbed Boots while jumping up on a chair with her. She grasped her legs with her head hanging down and shook her. The rough treatment broke loose the phlegm in her throat and she started breathing again. Edna credits Rachie's quick thinking for saving Boots' life.

Boots, with her "lifesaver" Aunt Rachie, playing "dress-up like men."

Percy and Edna with their daughter, Boots.

During the hay baling season they had a milk cow to provide milk and cream for the big crew. One evening after dark Percy went looking for the errant cow. It was in the fall of the year when the rattlesnake weed was just dry enough to let out a good rattle when disturbed. Percy jumped a ditch and in doing so shook some of the annoying weed. He thought it was a rattlesnake. It frightened him so that when he returned to the house the girls said that he was as white as a ghost. Indeed, he thought he was going to be one.

In 1934 Percy and the family returned to Salem where he went to work for the water company.

On the 1st of August of 1934 Percy and Edna had another little girl. Her name was Wanda Earlene and she joined her eight year old sister.

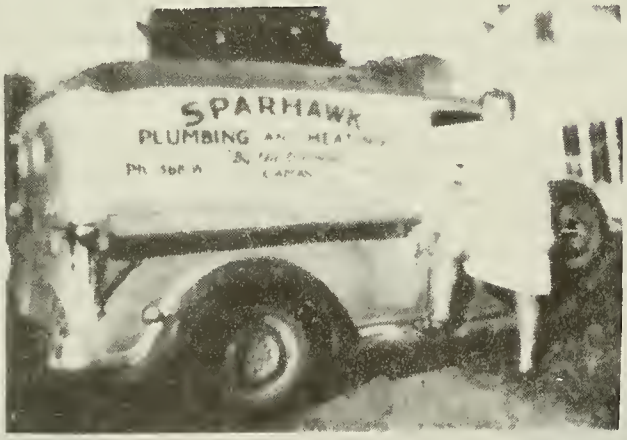
In the late 1930's Percy went into construction, building houses in the Salem area. When the World War broke out he started to specialize in plumbing and heating.

Business was booming in the metropolitan Portland - Vancouver area so they moved their enterprise there. He did the plumbing and heating

Wanda 1941

Wanda 1943

work on nine hundred forty homes in Vancouver, as well as four hundred twenty in Portland.



Edna beside Percy's plumbing and heating truck.

The Sparhawk's lived in Camas, Washington from 1942 until 1947. He owned his own business called "Sparhawk Plumbing and Heating."

In 1947 they moved back to Salem where he continued in the plumbing and heating business. In 1949 Percy retired. He bought a fifty-two acre farm ten miles east of Salem. There they raised chickens and sold the fryers. They had some cows and, of course, the horses.

Percy loved horses and his daughter, Wanda, shared that love with him. They rode in parades, drills and fun nights. Percy belonged to

the Marion County Sheriff's Posse. They were very active in the social events of the Posse. Both Percy and Wanda were members in the Salem Saddle Club. Their horses took many prizes in the shows, including at least three grand champions.

PERCY SPARHAWK

SALEM, Nov. 19 (Special)—Funeral services for Percy Sparhawk, 48, retired Salem plumbing contractor, will be at the Howell-Edwards chapel on Tuesday at 1:30 p. m.

Mr. Sparhawk was born in Grants Pass and lived in Washington state and Canada prior to locating in Salem. He was a member of the Lutheran church, Salem Saddle club and Knights of Pythias lodge of Portland.

Surviving besides his widow are two daughters, Wanda Sparhawk of Salem and Mrs. Lenora Humm of Hubbard.

One year and ten months after he retired, the 18th day of November 1950, Percy died of a sudden heart attack. His death came only three weeks before his forty-ninth birthday.

Percy lies buried in the Bellcrest Cemetery in Salem.

It is interesting to note that after working for a construction company for a few years, that Percy's daughter, Wanda became a building contractor, following in her father's footsteps.

Edna went to business school after Percy died and worked in a Salem hospital as an accountant for four years, as well as for another company in the same capacity.

In 1954 Edna went to work as a correctional officer at the Oregon State Penitentiary and worked there until 1964.

Shortly after she went to work at the penitentiary she married Allen T. Keith. It was 24 Dec. 1954, but he died in 1970.

Edna is retired and living in a lovely home in Vancouver built for her by her daughter, Wanda.

Left:
Percy and Edna in Salem, Oregon
1948

Right:
Boots, Edna and Wanda
1948

SPARHAWK, Percy Edward
b. 10 Dec. 1901
Kerby, OR
m. 30 Sept. 1924
Salem, OR.
d. 18 Nov. 1950
Salem, OR.
bur. Bellcrest Cem.

GRIEPENTROG, Edna Selma
b. 26 May 1905 Willemina
White, S. Dak.

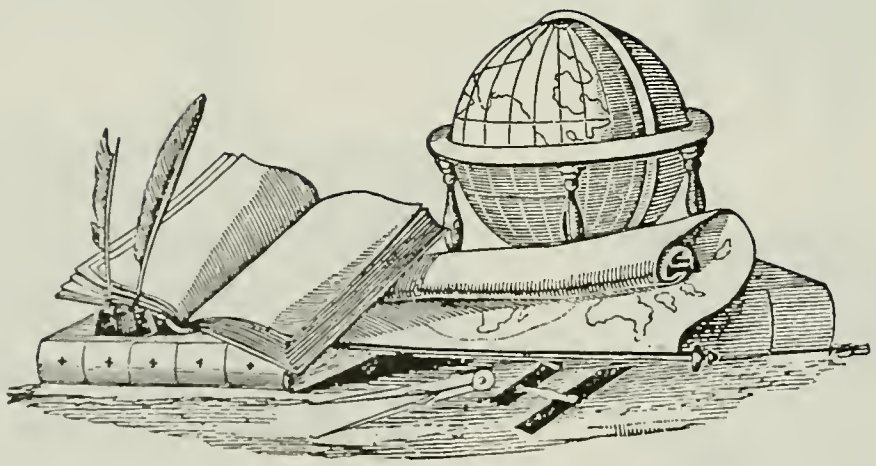
m.(2) 24 Dec. 1954
KEITH, Allen T.

1. Edna Leore (Boots) b. 25 April 1926 Salem, OR.
   m. (1) DECKER, Warren 15 May 1944
      1. Karen Leore b. 31 July 1945
         m. MORLAN, Marvin (D)
            1. Traci Leore b. 19 Sept 1969
            2. Ryan Taylor b. 8 Jan. 1972
   m. (2) HUMM, Max E 23 Dec. 1946
      2. Pamela Gaye b. 2 Nov. 1947
         m. HILL, Gary
            1. James Edward b. 4 Oct. 1967
            2. Joseph Norman b. 11 Apr. 1977
      3. Jenene Dianne
         m. WAYBRIGHT, J. Madison
            1. Mylissa Leore b. 23 Feb. 1971
            2. Jessie Ann b. 12 Apr. 1977
      4. Marc Eugene b. 13 Au. 1953
         m. Teddy Ann EDWARDS
            1. EDWARDS, Melinda, her child
            2. EDWARDS, Dannielle, " "

2. Wanda Earlene b. 1 Aug. 1934 Salem, OR.
   m. (1) OWEN, Mark 11 Aug. 1953 (D) 1966
      1. Robyn Joy b. 2 Sept. 1955
         m. HOLMES,
            1. Amanda Owen b. 15 Oct.
      2. Dena Dianne b. 27 May 1958
   m. (2) CROSBY, Don 23 Feb 1973

Left to Right; Back row,
Max Humm, Boots, Wanda,
Percy, and Edna
Front row,
Pam and Dianne Humm, and
Karen Decker
1950

Notes



CHAPTER 15

BERT

Bert Sparhawk spent many of his years as a youth working in the Sparhawk Baling Business. In 1929 the family had moved to Auburn. It was the year of the stock market crash and the great depression. Bert was able to find a job loading lettuce for a Japanese truck gardener in the Kent area. It was there that he met Nadine.

Although this is a story basically about the Sparhawk family, Nadine's story is so interesting that it warrants telling. She was born Esther Nadine Durman in Walla Walla on the 2nd of August in 1913. When she was only eighteen months old her mother died. She and her older brother were sent to live with their grandmother at Antelope, Oregon. They stayed there until she was three and a half years old. She remembers well when her father came to get her from her grandmother's. They had to get up real early in the morning to leave the homestead to go the eight miles to Antelope, then another eight miles to Shaniko, where they were to catch the train. Both towns are well known points of historical interest in that central Oregon valley. Her grandmother was crying as she made a bed down for Nadine and her brother in the back of the wagon.

The two were placed in an orphanage in Walla Walla where they stayed until Nadine was five and her father remarried. They went to stay with their father and new stepmother. They didn't like her very well so one day Nadine's brother took their Dad's bicycle out of the garage and the two of them ran away. They got as far as Pendleton before they were picked up and locked up in jail for the night. The next morning they were put on a bus and sent back to Walla Walla.

Within a week, however, their father sent them back to Eastern Oregon to their grandmother's where they had been heading in the first place. They stayed with her for another two years.

When she was eleven, Nadine went back to live with her father and her stepmother. After this her father's marriage broke up and Nadine was sent to live in a foster home.

The foster mother was Holland Dutch and very hard on Nadine. She had to peel potatoes so thin you could see through the peeling. She would "get the dickens" if she was one minute late coming home after school. She had so much work to do in the household of nine children that she was working until time to go to bed and had no time to do her studies. The woman complained to her father about how bad Nadine's grades were and

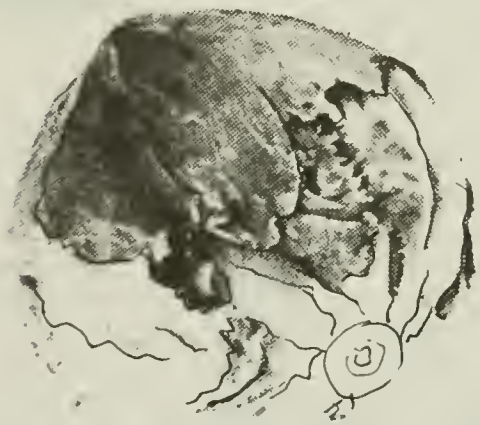
how dirty her room was.

When she was twelve, Nadine stayed with a school teacher out on the Snake River, who was so big everyone said they didn't have to worry about a wind storm as long as she was in it. She was fifty-two inches around the bustline and wore a size thirteen shoe. When she got mad, you knew. But most of the time she was real good. Nadine liked her and stayed with her for a year.

The summer she was thirteen she went to work in the harvest and was able to put a little money in the bank. That winter she stayed with another school teacher out at Lowden, Washington. She worked hard for her room and board and $1.50 per week. Then that summer they talked her into following them to the coast and working for them because the woman was to have another baby in a Tacoma hospital. They camped out and Nadine had to wash out diapers for two babies in the cold creek water. They begged her to quit school and stay on with them the next winter, but she had had enough of them.

About that time her older sister, Lucille, was ready to teach school and got a job at Peshastin. Nadine stayed with the postmistress there. Her sister was her English teacher and she had to call her Miss Durman. She remembers having a lot of fun that year. The woman with whom she was staying was expecting, so Nadine did all of the housecleaning and washing. She figured out that if she did all of the work during the week she could have Saturday free. She would go with a girl friend on long hikes to where they could enjoy their hobby of classifying birds.

Fresh Lettuce



One time she met a girl who told her about working in the lettuce sheds of Western Washington. During the winter she wrote to her asking about work. The girl never answered her so Nadine wrote to the postmaster in Kent. He was so nice that he went down to the lettuce shed and got her a job. She was only fifteen and he must have been impressed.

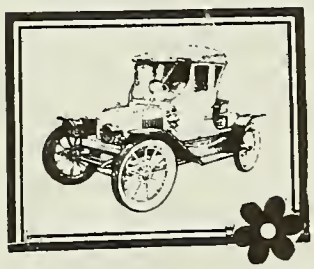
Nadine went over there the next summer, but didn't have a job even after all the promises to her. She found a place to stay and followed the Japanese lettuce farmer around for a week. Every time he turned around, she was right there asking for the job. She just worried him to death until he gave up and hired her. He ended up keeping her on longer than anyone else.

While Bert loaded lettuce, Nadine trimmed lettuce. He came out on

the dock during the noon hour where she would be sitting with a box upturned writing a letter or eating her lunch. Bert came by every once in awhile and said, "Hello, Red," and quietly grinned as he walked away.

Nadine's friend, Liz Herring, liked another fellow who was working there so she invited him and Bert, along with Nadine, to her house for an evening. That is where they really got acquainted.

Bert was boarding there with some people in Kent.



Aunt Adah in Ketchikan bought a car for her brother Lafe, Bert's dad. When she came to visit it was expected that the car be available to drive her to church.

Without telling Nadine the circumstances, Bert borrowed the car on Saturday the 24th of August, 1929. They drove to Everett and were married. They spent the night there.

The Sparhawks had to squire Dear Aunt Adah to church in an old rattletrap of a car. Lafe never quite forgave Nadine for leading Bert astray and leaving him to face Aunt Adah. He wouldn't talk to Nadine for six months after that episode, even though they lived under the same roof for much of that time.

After the lettuce was harvested, the Sparhawk brothers went right into baling hay. Del, Bert, Fred and their families, as well as Lafe's family were all living off the income of the hay baling.

Their first winter, Bert and Nadine stayed in a rented house up at Kittitas. They took work wherever they could find it.

They celebrated Thanksgiving, 1931, with the Sparhawk family only a few months before Bert's mother died.

On the 19th of October in 1932, Benjamine Fay was born to Bert and Nadine. He was a beautiful, fair skinned little boy with red hair. When he was just a tiny baby, Bert was summoned to Ketchikan to go to work for Aunt Adah. He rode the high stormy seas on a vessel no bigger than a fishing boat. It was loaded to the brim with produce to sell in the store. The weather was bad and the water was choppy. He feared for his life much of the way.

But worse than the trip was the fact that he had left his wife and little baby for several months.

Finally, when Benny was five months old, Bert came down and got them. They boarded the NORCO out of Seattle for Ketchikan. The ship was crowded so Nadine and her baby had to stay in a state room with four other women. Bert was bedded down with the men. The doors of the staterooms were on the outside of the ship and the weather was so rough they had to keep the doors and windows shut to keep the water out. It took three and one half days to make the voyage.

Bert and Nadine stayed in the apartment above the store that had J. W. YOUNG written across the top. Adah's sister, Minnie Sparhawk, had a store beside Adah's.

They lived in Ketchikan several months. Nadine worked as a clerk in the store. Bert wasn't happy and went to work in a fish cannery to earn enough money to send Nadine back to Auburn. After he got her off he worked some more until he earned enough for his own passage.

Bert and Nadine Sparhawk

They lived in a number of different places. They were in the Yakima Valley at Buena when Nadine became pregnant again. Two months before the second baby was due, Benny came down with a strangulated rupture. They took him to Walla Walla for surgery, but he died on the 23rd of Dec. in 1933. Nadine lost her brother at the same time.

Bonita Frances was born in Buena on the 22nd of February in 1934. A neighbor woman was supposed to help Nadine when Bonnie came, but about the time the birth was to take place she fainted. She wasn't much help. They found that the doctor they were planning on to assist wasn't available, but a young doctor fresh out of medical school came. He didn't look to be more than nineteen, but he proved to be a good doctor for it could have been a difficult birth because she was born breech. The only light in the room was from a kerosene lantern.

Bert worked awfully hard to make a living. He walked out into the country and thinned apples for ten cents an hour. Because he did that he was considered employed and couldn't get on a W.P.A. job.

Two years later, on the 10th of February in 1936 in Granger, Washington, Gerald Wayne was born.

Alice Darlene was born at Outlook on the 23rd of August in 1937.

One fall Bert and Nadine left the kids with Mrs. Randolph, a friend of the family, while they tried to pick fruit to earn some money. They were never very expert in that line and found they couldn't pick enough to make it worthwhile.

They left the Yakima Valley and moved to Redmond where Bonnie started school in 1940. The first day she went to school, she went by herself on the big, yellow school bus, for Nadine had no way of going with her. She ended up getting shots on that first day. It was a very frightening experience.

The Sparhawks moved to Portland and lived at S.E. 1010 Franklin. Bert found work there in a garage as a mechanic for twenty dollars a

week. While living at Portland, Robert Allen was added to the family on the 17th of May in 1943.

When the war started, Bert went to work in the shipyards.

Then when Bob was two years old they moved to Napavine. Bert took a job away from home painting bridges. Nadine was left at home in Napavine with four little kids. During the summer the well ran dry. Finally she got so sick and tired of the isolation that they moved into Centralia.

In Centralia, Bert got into carpenter work. He became very adept in that line of work and was willing to tackle any job. He put everything he had into his job. He built bridges and walked with ease on the high beams three hundred feet in the air. Bert worked as a carpenter for over twenty years.

The last child born to the family was Bruce Wade. He made his appearance on the 3rd of June in 1947.

Bert had a wonderful personality and made friends very easily. He was the kind that would give anyone the shirt off his back. Nadine would have to ask him for money before he went out because he figured if she didn't need it he could find a place to spend it.

Finally the bills began to go unpaid and it became necessary for Nadine to go to work in the St. Helen's Hotel in Chehallis where she continued for fifteen years.

Nadine and Bert Sparhawk

Bert Sparhawk

The friends Bert so easily made were in the tavern and he enjoyed going there to play cards and drink with them. Finally the drinking became too much a part of his life. He became despondent because of his problem and on the 23rd of May took his own life.

Nadine continued to work in the hotel as a maid, but took L. P. N. training and was able to find a job she liked in a hospital. After working many years she is retired and living in a very lovely mobile home in Centralia.

SPARHAWK, Bertrand Francis
b. 25 July 1903
Kerby, OR.
m. 24 Aug. 1929
Everett, WA.
d. 23 May 1963
Centralia, WA.

DURMAN, Esther Nadine
b. 2 July 1913
Walla Walla, WA.

1. Benjamin Fay b. 19 Oct. 1932 d. 23 Dec. 1933

2. Bonita Frances b. 22 Feb. 1934
   m. UNZELMAN, Glen 3 June 1951
      1. Steven Glen b. 26 June 1952 d. 18 Dec. 1952
      2. Larry Charles b. 19 Aug. 1954
      3. Kathy Diane b. 13 Feb. 1959
         m. HOFFMAN, Mark Lewis 30 June 1979

3. Gerald Wayne b. 10 Feb. 1936 d. 15 Apr. 1977
   m. VAN NOSTRAND, Annabelle 21 October 1960
      1. Denise Gayle b. 16 Sept. 1961
      2. Keith Edward b. 23 June 1963
      3. Gregory Owen b. 18 Oct. 1964
      4. Brian Leland b. 18 Feb. 1966
      5. Diana Louise b. 17 June 1968

4. Alice Darlene b. 23 Aug. 1937
   m. DE GROSS, Darrell Lee 21 Sept. 1958
   1. Timothy Carl 25 May 1961
   2. Michael Lee b. 16 April 1963
   3. Tiffany Lynelle b. 1 Apr. 1968

5. Robert Allen b. 17 May 1943

6. Bruce Wade b. 3 June 1947
   m. HOOPER, Carol June 24 Dec. 1966

CHAPTER 16

DEAN

Shortly after the Lafe Sparhawk family returned to Oregon from Canada Dean decided it was time for him to leave home and conquer the world. He told his mother goodbye and headed for Wisconsin where his brother, Fred had settled. He did anything he could find to make a living.

Dean Sparhawk ready to conquer the world.

Dean made his home with Fred and Ruby and their family. He did a lot of mechanical work on automobiles, for he was very good in that field. For a while he drove a coal truck making deliveries in the Stevens Point area.

One time Dean was doing some mechanical work on a coal truck as another driver struck it from behind causing the truck to run over him. The impact broke his back and he had to be taken to the hospital for a long spell. When he was released from the hospital he was wearing a body cast. He wore it a good many months and suffered a great deal. From then on he was unable to do work which required heavy lifting or straining.

Fred Sparhawk's wife, Ruby, had a cousin named Lillith Morris. She introduced her to Dean. She was the oldest of four girls and had lived on a farm most of her life. Dean was quite taken with her fun personality.

About one year after Dean broke his back, he and Lillith were married. They had a real nice wedding in her folks' home on the 9th of June in 1929. Dean had wanted to be married on his birthday, the 5th, but they were unable to get the license back in time.

The newlyweds rented a house in Plover, about eight miles south of

Stevens Point. Then they started running a garage. Later he found a place where he could haul in old cars and salvage the better parts. This started him in his lifetime profession of dealing in junk. He bought and sold automobile parts all around the Stevens Point - Plover area.

In a hospital in Stevens Point, Lillith gave birth to a little girl. Her name was Betty June and her birthday was the 20th of January, 1930.

Fred, Ruby, Dean and Lillith spent a lot of fun times together. Fred's boy, Ivan and Betty were only a month apart in age. Both families went back and forth for many visits.

In 1931 Fred and his family moved out to Auburn, Washington. They moved in with the elder Sparhawks in the house on Ninth Street. Dean had traveled with Fred and Ruby to Auburn and was there at the time of his mother's death in January of 1932.

Lillith had to stay behind for nearly a year while Dean could earn enough money to bring her and Betty to the coast.

Finally on the 22nd of October in 1932, Lillith and Betty arrived by train to join Dean. They lived in a house in Auburn not far from Ninth Street where Fred And Ruby

Fred and Lillith Sparhawk with daughter, Betty 1933.

It was later that they settled in the Port Townsend area across the sound where they lived in a number of towns through the years.

When Betty was tiny, Dean went over east of the mountains to the Yakima Valley where his brother, Del, was living and through him got some ponies. He put up a pony ride ring and followed the carnivals and fairs in season.

Betty 1935

Suzzy and Lillith 1945

One of the many trailer houses Dean built and sold.
Right: Dean Sparhawk in his junk yard.

Dean continued to work in the junk business on the coast, buying old cars and selling the parts. He also salvaged aluminum and iron for a good profit.

Fred and Lillith were living at Crocker Point on the 19th of January when Suzzy Irene was born. It was 1942.

Dean built quite a few trailer houses and sold them. The designing and building of trailers was an innovation for the time. They were handy for Dean, for he had begun to travel far and wide finding salvagable parts to sell. He could pull the trailer to a spot where there was an abundance of junk and live in it while he tore apart old cars.

Dean built up a goodly supply of the tools of his trade. He was very good in any job he set out to do, whether it was building, electrical work or working on automobiles. He was well known as a jack-of-all-trades throughout the area and picked up many jobs. He would take jobs away from home and be gone for months at a time, living in his trailer.

They had moved to the West Valley Road when another daughter was born on the 27th of June in 1947. She was named Juanita Ann.

Shortly thereafter, Dean became very ill with the pain in his back. The old injury of twenty-five years earlier had flared up and put him in bed. The pain was so great that he was only able to find relief from alcohol. He developed a drinking habit of which he lost control.

He was down with his back again when Lillith presented him with his only son. He was born on the 15th of November in 1949 and they named him Ambrose Dean.

Lillith and Dean had had a good life together for twenty five years, but she couldn't handle a drinking husband and continue raising their three

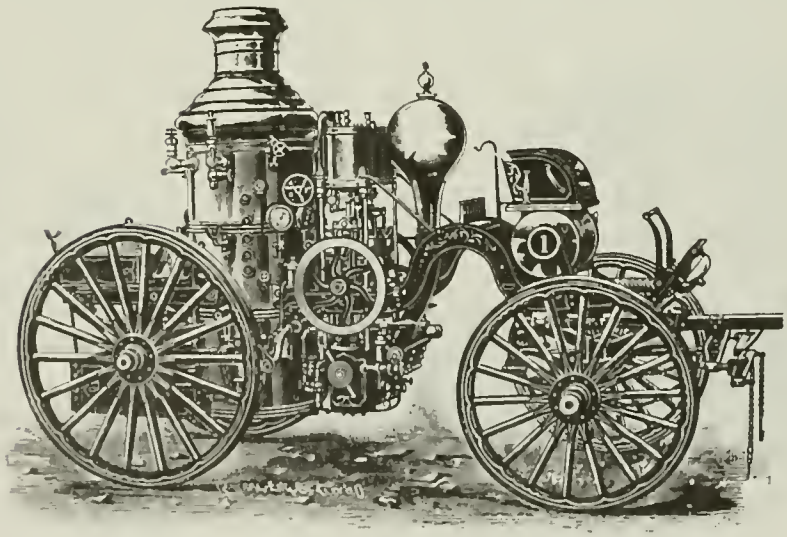
left at home without his help. In 1954 they were divorced.

Lillith took a train trip back to Wisconsin to visit her family for a few months shortly after the divorce. She later returned to the coast and did the best she could raising her children and grandchildren.

Dean lived alone and worked at his junk business. He didn't have much contact with his family in the next twelve years. He was living at Bainbridge Island when he had a heart attack. He was sixty-one years of age when he died on the 6th of September in 1966. He is buried in the Port Blakely Cemetery at Winslow.

Lillith continues to make her home at Port Townsend.

Juanita Ann and Ambrose Dean,
"Nita" and "Bud" 1961



SPARHAWK, Dean Ambrose
b. 5 June 1905
Ketchikan, Alaska
m. 9 June 1929
Stevens Point, WIS.
d. 6 Sept 1966
Winslow, WA.

MORRIS, Lillith Irene
b. 1 May 1908
WIS.

1. Betty June 20 Jan 1930 Stevens Point, WIS.
   m. JONES, James Francis 1947 he died Aug. 1957
      1. Frances Marie* b. 29 Aug. 1948
      2. Bruce Ivan * b. 19 July 1949
      3. Midget Ann* b. 25 Apr. 1952

* given up for adoption after death of father

      4. Debra Lee** b. 27 June 1960

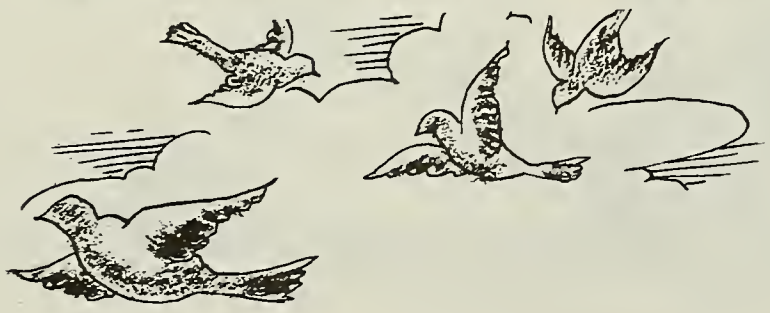
** adopted by George and Dorothy Holmes (Chapter 19)

   m. HINDS, Arthur Joseph 1962 D. 1969
      5. Lydell Ross (twin)b.12 Apr. 1965
      6. William Clay (twin) b. 12 Apr. 1965
   m. BROCKERMAN, William 13 Aug. 1979 Reno Nev.

2. Suzzy Irene b. 19 Jan 1942 Port Townsend, WA.
   m. IVERSON, Gordon Wayne 22 Dec. 1958 D. 15 June 1960
   m. STONE, Glen Noel 15 June 1960 Seattle, WA.
      1. Jimmy Allen b. 25 June 1968

3. Juanita Ann b. 27 June 1947 Port Townsend, WA.
   m. WHITLEY, Alex Raymond 19 Jan 1966 D. 29 July 1969
      1. Leon James b. 29 Sept. 1970
   m. REINSTRA, Roger Lee 24 July 1972 D. 16 Jan 1976
   m. FERGUSON, Fred 29 Mar. 1980

4. Ambrose Dean (Bud) b. 15 Nov. 1949 Port Townsend, WA.
   M. JOHNSON, Doris Irene 10 Nov. 1973 Sweet Home, OR.
      1. Roy Allen b. 21 Mar. 1972 Lebanon, OR.
      2. Tonya Ranae b. 17 Aug. 1974 Lebanon, OR.
      3. Gary Hankins b. 24 Apr. 1976 Lebanon, OR.



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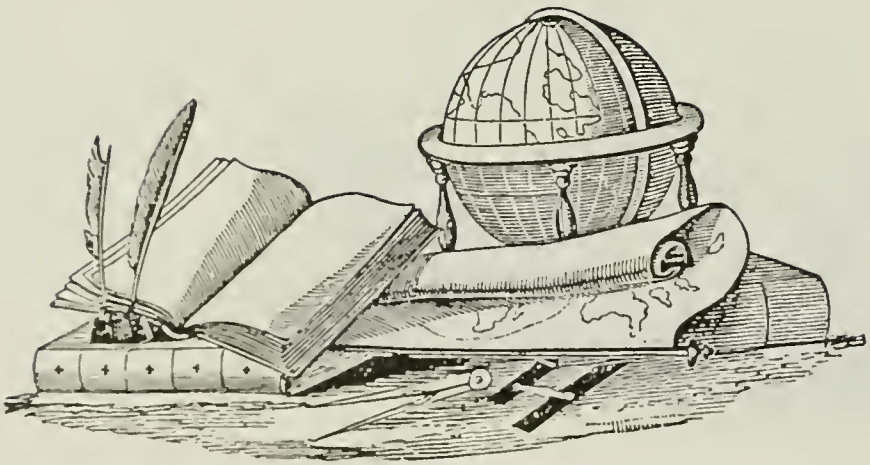


CHAPTER 17

ESTHER

Esther Sparhawk graduated from the Laurelwood Academy in Gaston, Oregon and entered Walla Walla College in Washington the year she was eighteen. Her dad drove her to Walla Walla and paid her entrance fee. It was by faith, and faith alone, that she was able to meet her expenses. She was able to secure a job in the hospital next door to the college. This gave her enough money to pay her room and board of fifty five dollars. Even though her father, Lafe, was getting on in years, he was able to send the money each month to pay her tuition. He also had three younger children in church school in Auburn.

Esther took the normal course, or teacher training, which was a two year course at that time. She attended there two years, but never received her diploma because the hours at the hospital job caused her to lose a few classes. She was, however, advised to teach for a year and then return to college to pick up the needed credits. The college years were fun for her, in spite of the long hours.

The business manager of the hospital where she worked told Esther about a school at Trout Lake, Washington that needed a teacher. She mailed in an application, got the job and went there to teach.

In the fall she took her younger sister, Dot, with her and moved into a little house near the school. Dot stayed with her for a few months before returning to her folks in Auburn.

Esther enjoyed teaching and found it a real challenge. She had eighteen students spread over eight grades. She had all the grades but the seventh. She even helped a boy, who wanted to pass the test for ninth grade, during her off hours.

Fond memories of the students have remained with Esther throughout her life. Among the students there was a family of four boys who were so ambitious that they carried on a little trapping business between school work and helping their dad in his dairy barn. These boys would trap fur bearing animals, skin them, and sell the skins. Sometimes they would come to school still smelling of a skunk they had sur-

Esther Sparhawk

prised in the woods, The confined classroom soon took on the aroma and there were a few unpleasant moments. But they were good boys who never took time to play games after school. They would get their coats on as soon as they were dismissed and head for their trap lines.

In school there was a little girl named Thelma who couldn't carry a tune in a basket, for she was a monotone. In order to get her to hear the tone, Esther would sing to her. As she sang she would take the little girl's hand, raising it for the high notes and lowering it for the low notes. She worked with her after school using this ingenious method until the little girl could sing. Years later Thelma took voice and was heard singing beautiful solos in church.

Discipline wasn't a problem for Miss Sparhawk until one day little Thelma came into school soaking wet. She had been playing in the deep and swift running irrigation ditch. Esther, afraid she might catch cold, told her to stay away from the ditch. The next day she came in soaking wet again so Miss Sparhawk threatened her with a spanking. She failed to heed the warning, so she was taken out to the wood shed where Esther picked up a little twig the size of a wheat straw and hit her three times with it. She went home brokenhearted and told her mother that Miss Sparhawk had given her a whipping. Soon the mother came up to the school "just a storming." She was ushered out to the same wood shed and shown the tiny stick. It convinced her that her precious child had not been beaten.

Miss Sparhawk tried to teach habits of good health to her students and used the health cards provided by the school to mark off when they complied by brushing their teeth, bathing, etc. One little girl went home and told her mother that Miss Sparhawk said she wasn't taking a bath often enough. The mother came to the school and accused Esther of calling her child dirty. Esther explained about the health cards and that a bath was recommended twice a week. The mother agreed that

was a very good thing, but her daughter was using Esther's health class as an excuse to demand a nice warm bath every night.

The little house Esther lived in didn't have any running water, so Esther had to dip her wash water from the irrigation ditch. For drinking water it was necessary that she take her bucket over to her very close neighbors, the Woods, to get water from their kitchen faucet. One day about a month after she had been doing this, she went into the kitchen as usual, and drew her water. She was about to take her bucket and leave when Ed Wood jumped up and took the bucket from her hand and carried it home for her. She was surprised. The first time she had seen Ed was when he was with a group of beef farmers rounding up their cattle in the fall. Then he had been gone for a month, for it had been hunting season. She thought he was too young to be interested in her, but what a handsome guy. He always did look young for his age. Later, as the courtship developed, they discovered they were the same age, but for a few days.

The romance blossomed with the spring flowers. Plans were made for a wedding to take place when school was out.

Esther attended the little Seventh Day Adventist Church there in the Trout Lake Valley. Ed's mother and his sisters attended there as well, but Ed and his father went their own way. His mother's influence was strong, however, and Ed began attending. One Sabbath both he and his dad were there when at the close of the sermon, just before the closing song, Ed jumped up and said, "I don't know who you are," directing his remarks to the preacher, "but I want to take my stand for the Lord." Ed's father jumped up, too, and because Ed had the courage to lead the way, he also said he wanted to take his stand for the Lord. Before the service was over, several others also made a profession of faith. A revival in the church followed.

Esther and Ed decided on a formal wedding in the little chapel there in Trout Lake. It took place just three days after school was out with all of her students in attendance. On the wedding day her students asked if they still had to call her Miss Sparhawk, or could they call her Esther instead. She consented and was Esther to the whole valley ever after.

Some people said that if Esther went ahead and married Ed before he was baptized, he never would go through with his new found commitment to the Lord. But they were proven wrong when just one week after the wedding, both Ed and his father were baptized into the church.

They continued to live in the little house where Esther had been living alone while teaching. She didn't go back to teach that fall, but stayed at home to await the birth of their first born.

Ed had a job as the official tester for the milk cows in the valley. His salary was paid by the dairymen who used his services. In off time he worked for the United States Forest Service taking care of nearby forest facilities.

The first summer they were married, they borrowed a truck and drove down to Vancouver. There they went into Clyde Wood's furniture store and bought enough secondhand furniture to fill their little house for one hundred dollars. That furniture lasted their family for a number of years.

On the ninth of March in 1932, the local doctor came to that same little house and delivered Bertha Ann for a fee of twenty-five dollars.

Ed had been in partnership with his dad so part of his herd belonged to Ed. He began adding to the number and when he had enough milkers they rented a little farm down by the river. They started to ship enough milk to take care of the little family.

On the 11th of September in 1933 Ardice Dorcthy was born. That made two pretty little girls to grace their home.

For three years they lived on the place on the river , all the while building up their own dairy herd. Ed continued to test cattle and work for the forest service. One time he was called in for a special assignment when a boy got lost in the lava beds. He was among the searchers that had to be sent out to find the boy.

The elder Woods moved down to Ridgefield and Ed and Esther followed with their herd. James Harvey was born on the 8th of January in 1936 there in Ridgefield.

That venture into dairying didn't work out, so Ed took his family and his herd and returned to Trout Lake. They moved onto the place of Ed's sister and her husband, Carl and Dolly Dietrick. They lived in an upstairs apartment above Dolly's house. Ed put his cows right in with Carl's herd and they worked together for a while.

Bertha,
Ardie,
and their
cousins
Dottie Mae
and
Emily Rae
Meyers

1940

George
and
Bill
Meyers

with

Jim
Wood

1940

Bertha, Ardie and Jimmy were all preschool age when they moved onto the Buelly place at the end of the road in Trout Lake. There they lived in a huge, solidly built, two story log house. The place had a large barn and many of the necessities for a large dairy herd which Ed had accumulated.

The dairy was a full time job by then and the family began to prosper. The girls started school. Their fourth child, Frederick Ford, was born on the 22nd of June, 1940 while they lived in the log house.

They liked it there at the end of the road and stayed there a number of years. They would liked to have bought the place instead of renting, but the owner didn't know that and sold it to someone else. They were forced to move and chose to buy a place at the lower end of the valley.

Their own place was a forty acre farm that easily ran the thirty head of cows and other stock. It had a nice, big, two story house for the family and a mammoth sized barn for the hay and cattle. Instead of a fast moving, slippery, dangerous irrigation flume at the upper end of the valley it had a nice little creek running through the middle of it. The kids could go out there in the summer and dam it up for a swimming hole. They had a lot of fun sharing it with the cows.

The family attended the little Adventist Church that had a "circuit riding" preacher. He could only be there once a month for he had to divide his service with three other groups. It was, therefore, up to the men of the congregation to present the Bible studies on the days he wasn't there. Ed took his place among those men and grew as a spiritual leader, both in his family and his church. One Sabbath day one of the men read the entire book of I Thessalonians for his sermon of the day. Because, he said, he had read in it (I Thess 5:27) where it said, "I charge you that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethern."

Ed and Esther

The family grew and when Bertha finished the eighth grade, they sent her down to the Columbia Academy near Battle Ground. There she continued her education in a Christian school. For a year she boarded there, but then it was time for Ardie to start high school, too.

It was discovered that it would be cheaper to move down near the school with their herd and family than to pay for two daughters in boarding school. They had an auction sale to sell off their excess holdings and moved down to another dairy they bought near Battle Ground.

Most of their milk was being sent to the local cheese factory in Trout Lake, but it was now being picked up by tanker trucks for transport to the big city milk processors in the Portland and Vancouver area.

All of their children were enrolled in the Adventist school; the girls in the high school and the boys in the grade school. Six weeks after the school term started one of the teachers became ill. It was discovered she had cancer and never came back to school. Esther had her teacher training and experience, even though there had been an intervening seventeen years, so she was hired. She taught there for five years in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades with classes ranging in size from nineteen to thirty-one. She took special courses at Clark College to keep abreast of new teaching trends and was able to earn all the money it took to keep her four kids in the Christian schools. Bertha kept up the tradition of being a hard worker, by tutoring some of the music students to help pay some of her way.

Ed managed a prosperous dairy herd for a number of years there in Battle Ground. But beginning to tire of it he started selling off parts of the farm a little bit at a time. In 1956 he held an auction sale for the purpose of getting rid of the milk cows and equipment.

Ed had been going down to the auction sales to pick up heifers to add to his herd for years. He became a very good judge of cows as to their

Bertha Wood

Ardie Wood

milk producing qualifications.

At the close of the sale he went to Montana and enrolled in the Rocky Mountain College Auctioneer School. When he finished the intensive course he began operation of his own auction barn north of Vancouver. He had a great booming voice that yielded itself well to the profession of the auctioneer. Not only that, it was in his blood, for he came from a long line of auctioneers. His dad, his uncle and his cousins, as well as those before them had been auctioneers. It was a dream come true when Ed and Esther moved into the top of the auction barn to be "on top of their work." They worked together for thirteen years. Ed would use his experience and knowledge of animals to look over the animals, then launch into his sing-song chant calling for a dollar, trying for two. It was exciting to watch and hear. Esther was the bookkeeper and clerked every auction by his side.

The boys, Jim and Fred, both followed in their father's footsteps. When they were living on the Buelly place at the end of the road, in Trout Lake, they were often snowed in by great drifts of blowing snow. In order to catch the school bus, it was necessary for someone to go ahead and break trail in the snow that was often piled higher than the little boys' heads. Ed would start out in his tall rubber milking boots and tell the children to follow close behind in his footsteps. If they failed to step where his footprints were they would be buried in a drift. Not only did they follow in his footsteps in the snow, but the boys followed their father into the auctioneering profession. Both Jim and Fred did their time in the Navy, but when they got out, both went into the auctioneering business with Ed. Later both branched out into auction businesses of their own.

The auction years were good years. Ed and Esther took frequent cattle-buying trips. Esther had more free time to devote to a long awaited

dream of becoming an artist. As the years rolled on the work of the artist improved as the pleasure in it increased.

Ed was the top auctioneer in the county for a number of years, but finally some of the local cattlemen grouped together and refused to pay the ten per cent commission Ed charged. They opened up their own auction, but the years proved they couldn't make a go of it their way. The competition only proved to increase the Wood's business.

At the height of his career, at the age of sixty, Ed was stricken with cancer. He died two years later, in June of 1969, in his own home at the age of sixty-two.

Esther sold off the rest of the farm, taught a year for missionaries' children in Haiti, taught another year in Colorado, then settled down to part-time retirement from teaching in a lovely home in Battle Ground near the academy.

But this is a continued story, for not only did Ed and Esther have sons that became auctioneers, but their granddaughter Dianne went to auctioneer school where she was the only girl in the class. She came out a full fledged auctioneer, working beside her dad, Jim.

The booming voice of the beloved auctioneer is silent, but there remain those still following close in his footsteps.

WOOD, Edgar Earl
b. 28 Aug. 1907
Vancouver, WA.
m. 1 June 1931
Trout Lake, WA.
d. 10 June 1969
Battle Ground, WA.

SPARHAWK, Esther Ellen
b. 11 June 1907
Snohomish, WA.

1. Bertha Ann b. 9 Mar. 1932 Trout Lake, WA.
   m. DASHER, Wilmer H. Nov. 1950
      1. William Steven b. 28 Feb. 1952 Tillamook, OR.
         m. (1) Rita
            1. Eric b. 3 Feb. 1972
         m. (2) EDDY, Cheryl
            1. Gena (a twin) b. 7 Jan. 1976 d. 17 Jan. 1976
            2. Tina (a twin) b. 7 Jan. 1976
      2. Mary Ann Lynn b. 27 Nov. 1954 Longview, WA.
         m. LIU, Charles 26 Aug. 1975 Battle Ground, WA.
            1. Jennifer Lynn b. 13 July 1977 Berrien Springs. MI.
            2. Jonathan Bryon b. 27 Sept. 1979 Gold Beach, OR.
            3. Janell Marie b. 16 Oct. 1980 Gold Beach, OR.
      3. Nancy Lee b. 11 Aug. 1961 Longview, WA.
      4. David b. 1 April Longview, WA.

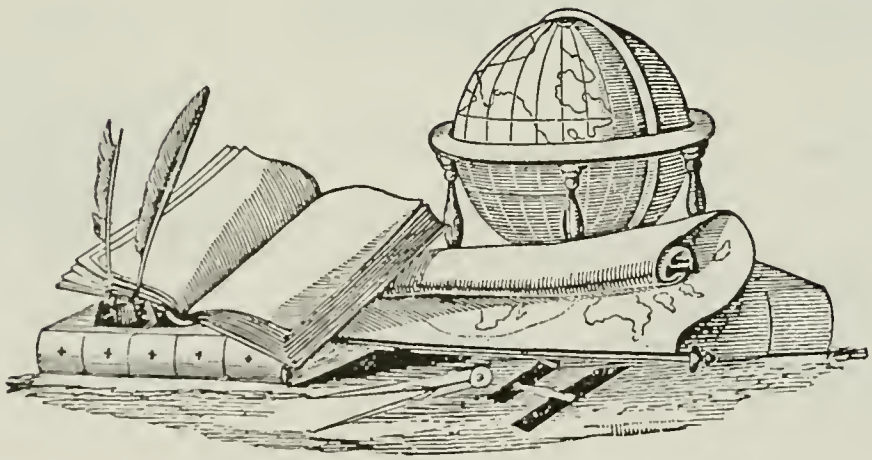
2. Ardice Dorothy b. 11 Sept. 1932 Trout Lake, WA.
   m. STRAWN, Alfred Dewey 11 Sept. 1952 Battle Ground, WA.
      1. Gerald David b. 26 Jan. 1956 Seattle, WA.
         m. JOHNSON, Sandra Kay 28 May 1977 Ridgefield, WA.
            1. Elisha Rose b. 3 June 1979
      2. Scott Allen, b. 21 June 1957 Seattle WA.
      3. Bruce Wendell b. 6 Oct. 1958 Seattle WA.
      4. Virginia Ellen (A) b. 6 Dec. 1956

3. James Harvey b. 8 Jan. 1936 Ridgefield, WA.
   m. RODERICK, Annetta Joan 4 Oct. 1959 Battle Ground, WA.
      1. Dianne b. 17 Aug. 1960
      2. Tracy b. 3 Apr. 1962
      3. Duane b. 5 July 1964
      4. James Harvey b. 6 Mar. 1969
      5. Terrence b. 28 Feb. 1972

4. Frederick Ford b. 22 June 1940 White Salmon, WA.
   m. SOUDER, Laura
      1. Mechelle Annette b. 10 Mar. 1967
      2. Michael Edgar b. 27 Aug. 1969
      3. Sarah Lynn b. 17 June 1979

Esther Wood,
Del Sparhawk
and
Rachel Meyers

Trout Lake, WA.
beside the Wood
log home



CHAPTER 18

BOB

Bob Sparhawk's first extended trip away from home was when he went to Ketchikan, Alaska where he worked in his Aunt Adah's store. He went to school there in Alaska for awhile. In the meantime, his folks had moved from Oregon to Auburn, Washington. In January of 1929, Bob returned to the States to live with his folks. That fall he enrolled at the Auburn Seventh Day Adventist Academy. He attended there for three years. It cost a great deal to go to the Academy and Bob worked various jobs, such as on the baler in the summer and milking cows in the winter. It was in the midst of the great depression and there was just not enough money for him to continue at the school.

Bob Sparhawk in a garden of dahlias. He has always loved to work with flowers.

After Bob's mother died in 1932, he continued to live in the house with other members of the family, but he became very ill. One of the neighbors of the family took him over to their house where he was nursed back to health. X-rays later proved that he had been sick with tuberculosis.

He finally regained his health and moved over to Granger to work with his brother, Del. He lambed out about five hundred head of ewes that were pastured on an island in the Yakima River, for three years in a row.

A family named Randolph lived down the road a piece from where Bob was living with Del and his family. One day Mr. Randolph went down to the island with Del, Bob and their brother, Bert, where they had a bunch of horses pastured. Mr. Randolph pointed out a particular colt and said, "I want to ride that colt." So the boys caught him and Del put a bull riggin' surcingle on him. Mr. Randolph got on the wild colt, gave him a swat with his hat, and hollered, "Ride 'em cowboy," or something like that. The colt went into the air and so did Randolph. But instead of letting go of the riggin' he hung on until his elbow was twisted out of joint. They took him to a doctor over in Toppenish where Bob helped put the arm back in place.

In spite of the pain of the arm, all the poor man could think about was his second cutting of hay. Bob reassured him that his hay would be taken care of.

Bob Sparhawk and his sister, Dot, about 1922.

Randolph's had a girl about thirteen, whose name was Alfreda. She was assigned to help Bob cut, shock, and haul in that second cutting of hay the old man was so worried about.

The two families attended the same Seventh Day Adventist Church and enjoyed visiting over many Saturday night ice cream feeds and various other church activities. When Del's wife, Margaret, died in the spring of 1938, it was Mrs. Randolph and her girls who took in the six little motherless youngsters until school was out.

One day Bob was out on a double date with Beth Atkinson and another couple from the church. They took a walk past the Randolph house. Freda saw them and was green with envy because she wasn't old enough to go dating. She stomped back into the house, mad as a wet hen. Her mother asked, "What is wrong with you?"

"I just don't like to see Bob walking out with Beth," Freda retorted. Her mother answered, "Why should that bother you? You never act like you want him."

"Oh, I don't want them to ruin him," retaliated Freda. But she had her cap set for him and Bob couldn't resist her charms when she became a little older.

They were married when Bob was twenty-eight years old. It was on the 6th of January in 1940 at Granger, Washington. The ceremony was held in the Randolph living room with Rev. R.A. Libby, a good friend of the family, performing the ceremony.

Bob and Freda moved to Redmond, Washington when they were married and lived there nearly a year. They rented forty acres and bought a small herd of milk cows. They made their living selling milk. They sold out and returned to the Yakima valley when their baby, Richard Raymond, 14 August 1940, was a few months old. A year later in Toppenish, little Robert Fay, 21 December 1941, was born.

They moved to Tigard and lived with Bob's sister, Rachie and her

Dickie Sparhawk being taught to walk by his cousins, George and Billy Meyers.

family for awhile. Bob was sent by an employment agency to a job salvaging woolen cloth which was then recycled for wartime use. Bob found an empty shack out in the country. They moved into it and Freda fixed it up real cute for her little family.

In October of 1942 they started out from Tigard, on a trip to California. When they got to the Grants Pass area in Southern Oregon little Bobby became ill with a fatal asthmatic attack. He died on the 9th of October and is buried there in Grants Pass.

They moved away from Portland and went to Pendleton where Bob worked in the sawmill for awhile. It was in the middle of the summer and they were living in a tent when Freda became pregnant again. Bob did a month of farm labor in the Ukiah area before moving back to Granger. There he took Randolph's truck and hauled sheep fertilizer.

Following that they settled on a place in Auburn out toward Enumclaw. Bob went to work building a machine shop in Seattle. Later he worked in a shipyard in Tacoma. The winter of 1943 in Auburn, George Henry, 28 December, was born.

They went back to Granger and while there, on the 16th of October in 1945, George was accidentally killed when his grandfather's truck was being backed out of the driveway he was playing on. He is buried at the Outlook Cemetery.

Dickie was a pleasant child to raise, but wasn't well when he was young. He was fun loving, however, and when Freda went shopping, he would tag along and let out a wolf whistle at the pretty girls. Everyone turned around and stared at Freda, thinking she had done it. But when it came time for school and he had to ride the school bus, he always acted like a gentleman and allowed the girls to board first.

Dickie had never been well in the damp Northwest climate and in the year of 1948, Uncle Dick Sparhawk, Bob's uncle, asked them to take him to Arizona. He agreed to pay all the expenses in return for their help. He was old and very ill and thought the Arizona climate would revive him. They took him up on the plan, thinking a change of climate would be good for Dickie, also.

Uncle Dick Sparhawk

Uncle Dick was pretty sick all along the road and when they reached Glendale, Arizona his condition worsened. Freda was in the back seat with him when she yelled to Bob to hurry and get him to a hospital, for she couldn't find a pulse. Arriving at the emergency room, there were two orderlies who rushed out to the car. Neither of them could find a pulse. Everyone was sure the old man was dead, but he started to stir and was soon admitted to the hospital. He got settled in the hospital and called for Bob. He asked Bob to get his money out of the bank. He died shortly, and Bob used the little money the old man had left to pay his hospital and burial expenses.

Bob and Freda rented an apartment for awhile there in Glendale. They had neighbors, who had two little boys, that they became friends with. The neighbors' relatives came out to Arizona from Ohio for the Christmas holiday. They convinced Bob that chances for work were better in Ohio. That spring they headed east.

They arrived in Ohio broke, and Bob's first job there was plowing gardens with a borrowed tractor. Later, he got on the assembly line of Areonca Aircraft, where he stayed until the fall of 1949.

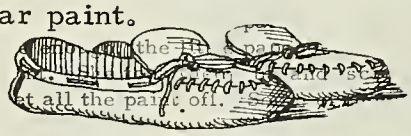
They returned to the west coast where Bob got a job as a carpenter in Modesto, California. He was a foreman on a framing crew for housing developments until he returned to the northwest in 1952.

It must have been time to settle down and Pendleton was drawing them to return. They lived in a number of places before settling on a piece of leased ground near the Harris Pine Mill where Bob worked. There was a very small house on the land. Bob went to work fixing it up. He added to it until he had a good sized home.

Freda became an aide at a Pendleton hospital. She worked off and on there for twenty-six years. She was on duty the night a little Indian girl named Rena was born. Then eight months later little Rena was in the hospital again, a very sick little girl. Her weight was about eight pounds; the same as she had weighed at birth. Her brother was admitted at the same time. Freda was not feeling well herself at the time, but didn't want to quit working. Finally, the doctor convinced her she must quit and he would let her take the two Indian babies home with her to nurse them back to health. The doctor called the welfare office to arrange the details. From that episode, Bob and Freda began their second family, for the mother gave Rena to them.

From time to time, Freda took care of five of Rena's brothers and sisters. The brother next above her in age was affectionately known as "Little Chief." One time before Rena became officially theirs through adoption, their father brought a whole car full of bedraggled and unkempt kids and begged Freda to help him. There had been family problems, and he was left alone with the children. Freda agreed to take Rena only, but the father pleaded and Freda's heart softened as it always did for children. She went out to the car with him to bring in the rest of the Indian children. When she saw them, her hands flew up in the air and she exclaimed, "What in the world have you been doing to yourselves?"

The children, all covered with different colors of paint, answered, "We've been playing Indian." Sure enough, the little papooses had been playing Indian, but with enamel paint. She took them in and scrubbed and scrubbed, but was unable to get all the paint off. Some of them had to go to school the next day in war paint.



They kept the children until the family could iron out their problems.

Rena had found a new home, however, and was adopted to become a Sparhawk.

Sometime later Freda took Rena to the wading pool in the city park. Rena's Indian family was there playing on the swings. One of her sisters, about five years old, heard Freda call Rena by name. She came over to ask, "Is that my mother's Rena?"

Freda answered, "No, this is my Rena," for she truly was by then.

Not believing her, the little girl answered, "That's no sun tan she's got."

There was never any attempt to deny Rena her Indian heritage. She has maintained contact with some of her family throughout the years. She has grown into a beautiful and hard working woman.

Bob always had ponies. He has had as many as fifty head at pasture. They provided some income and much pleasure. His nieces and nephews came in for their share of Sparhawk offspring, for Bob was always sharing his pleasure in raising ponies. One time he ran a pony ride for fairs and shopping center entertainment, but it was much too hard on him and the ponies.

The Sparhawk kids were never without a pony to ride until they were grown. Two times, however, he sold off most of his ponies and started up his herd again. Bob had three daughters of his dad's pony, Pedro, a spotted Shetland. He kept their line going in the family for years.

Tiny was a little Shetland colt about the time Dickie was two years old. One day Bob and Freda looked out the window and saw the colt at the watering trough with Dick right in the corral with her. He was playing horse trader by lifting each foot of the colt in turn, pretending he

was inspecting them. The folks held their breath, but the colt never moved a muscle until he was finished playing his game and was safely out from under her. Years later, when Rena and Emily and some of their friends were lining up for rides in the horse pasture, it was Tiny who again showed her love for kids. She was standing still, letting a whole string of kids fondle her, when a much bigger horse at the end of the pasture became jealous. He layed back his ears and started charging for the little old mare and the kids. Bob grabbed his arms full of kids and Freda grabbed her arms full of kids. Then both ran for safety behind the fence. They looked back to see one little two and one half year old girl still under the mare. Tiny lifted her hind foot and wrapped it around the little girl, pulling her safely out of the way of the charging horse. Bob said to Freda, "Did you see that?" She exclaimed, "I sure did." Many times Tiny would leave the herd of ponies and come up to the yard to graze near Dickie. She enjoyed the kids and would never leave the yard if they were near.

One of the doctors in Pendleton was treating a woman who was pregnant with her fourth child. It was found necessary to let the child go out for adoption as soon as it was to be born. The doctor contacted Bob and Freda and they agreed that they wanted the child. On the day of the birth, which took place in Heppner, the doctor called to tell them they had a beautiful little girl and they must get a lawyer to draw up papers of adoption right away. The lawyer was called, but it was impossible for him to go with them that day to afficiate at the signing of the papers. He was willing to make up the papers and send them along to the hospital where they would have to find a notary. When they got there and saw the baby, they asked a nurse if she knew where they might find a notary to witness the signing of the papers. She was able to do even better, for she knew a judge just three doors down from the hospital. He went in to talk to the parents of the new born. When he came out to talk to the Sparhawks and complete the signing of the papers, he said he really felt good about what was happening to the little unwanted girl. They named her Emily Mae. She was born on the 6th of September in 1960.

The next day the doctor called to tell Freda she could come and get her baby. Freda gasped and said, "She isn't even twenty-four hours old yet."

"That's alright," answered the doctor. "You've worked in a hospital nursery long enough that I wouldn't worry about you taking care of her." But he did promise to drop by and look in on Emily.

Emily grew and was a happy little baby until she was several months

old and became unable to digest cow milk and absolutely refused to swallow the substituted soy milk. Finally, she was given goats milk and became healthy on that until she outgrew her need for it.

Bobby came along a few years later. He is Robert Leon, born 31 March 1964. He is the sixth child of Freda's cousin. Marriage and home problems developed about the time he was born and he came into an unstable home situation. He was a premature baby and had to have his blood changed twice before they could take him home from the hospital at two weeks. He weighed four and a half pounds. The doctor looked at him and said he didn't know if he would live or not. He said to take him home and do the best they could with him. He still had a serious blood condition, heart problems and vision and hearing imparities. Before he was three, Freda had nursed and cared for him to the point that his condition had improved. They were granted custody, under the State of Oregon, when they appeared in court. After another year had elapsed, Bobby was adopted and became an official Sparhawk.

Bobby had a broken leg when he was only a year old and had to wear glasses at eighteen months. But the frail little baby has grown into a strong young man.

About 1962, Bob purchased eight acres of hillside land east of town. On the 4th of July they moved a cat out to the property and began excavation for the house and roads. For a year and a half the family worked together building the house overlooking the valley east of Pendleton. Even little Emily would take her toy wheelbarrow and haul sand.

While building the house, Bob continued to work for Harris Pine, but moved out of the mill to become a truck driver.

Bob had bought a set of architectural plans and redesigned them to fit their needs and their location. They lived in the house down by the mill all the while they built their new home. Bob had not a little trouble getting water, but after spending $10,000 and taking a "royal rookin'" from two or three guys, he finally got a good well. They were able to move into their beautiful new home on the hill in January of 1964. It is there they have choosen to finish raising their family, retire, and live out the rest of their days.

SPARHAWK, Robert Fay
b. 22 Oct. 1912
Stanwood, WA.
m. 6 Jan. 1940
Granger, WA.

HULL (RANDOLPH), Alfreda A.
b. 7 Mar. 1921
Granger, WA.

1. Richard Raymond b. 14 Aug. 1940, Seattle, WA.
   m. NELSON, Carol (D)
      1. Shannon b. 28 July, 1964, Pendleton, OR
      2. Ronnie b. 27 Aug. 1965, Los Angeles, CA.
   m. (2) ROBERTS, Janette 26 Feb. 1981, b. 15 Dec. 1951
      ROBERTS, William b. 9 Jan. 1976
2. Robert Fay b. 21 Dec. 1941 Toppenish, WA.
   d. 9 Oct. 1942 Grants Pass, OR.
3. George Henry b. 28 Dec. 1943, Auburn, WA.
   d. 16 Oct. 1945, Yakima, WA.

4. Rena Irene b. 28 Sept. 1958, Pendleton, OR.

5. Emily May b. 6 Sept. 1960, Heppner, OR.
   m. REIMAN, Wade, 18 Aug. 1978

6. Robert Leon b. 31 Mar. 1964 Seattle, WA.

Bob and Aunt Nettie Chamberlain

Bob and pony

CHAPTER 19

DOT

"Now, there's a fellow for you Dot. George is an awfully nice guy," Herman teased. Herman Meyers and George Holmes were clearing land and cutting trees for cord wood in the Metzger, Oregon area and the sisters, Dot and Rachie Sparhawk, had walked down to see them.

Dot, who was eighteen, answered, "Is that all they've got around here?"

Dot had recently returned from Ketchikan where she and Rachie had spent more than a year working in their Aunt Adah's store. It was the spring of 1933.

Soon after this incident Dot went to Yakima to help her sister-in-law a few months before her baby was due. This was to be Margaret's and Del's sixth child, so Dot was kept very busy herding the first five out of trouble. Vernie was born in June. On the 4th of July Dot's brother, Bob, came over from Auburn and returned to the coast with Dot.

She made her permanent home with Herman and Rachie Meyers in Tigard. In September of 1933 she went to Trout Lake, Washington to be with her sister, Esther, when Ardie was born. Dot returned to Tigard for the winter and was there when her little namesake, Dottie Mae, was brought home from the hospital.

Dot had seen George Holmes out with a girl named Lucille, and didn't think anything of his visit to the Meyers' home one evening, but Rachie finally convinced her that George had come to see her. Then she began to treat him civilly.

George asked her for a date and when they went out the first time he asked her to marry him. She didn't know what to say, but pretty much liked the idea.

Dot was asked to go to Salem to spend the summer helping out her brother Percy's wife, Edna, who was expecting.

On the 4th of July

Dorothy and George Holmes

George drove down to Salem with a friend and his girl friend. They had planned to bring Dot back to Tigard for a visit, so George had fixed up his car to make more room. He had taken the gas tank out of the little Ford and put it in a lower position. On the way home they drove through Newberg and started up Rex Hill just about the time the gas tank was getting low. Since the gravity fed tank had been lowered it wouldn't feed the engine. To facilitate matters, George simply turned the car around and backed it all the way up Rex Hill. His friend, who had been raised in a rather "high falutin" environment, was extremely embarrassed by the whole episode. The other three lived for the moment and rather enjoyed it.

Dot returned to Salem until after Wanda was born; then went back to Herman and Rachie. She and George went together all that fall, then he decided he didn't want to get married after all.

Dot felt jilted and started going out with Henry Rockwell, Herman's nephew. They had a lot of fun together, climbing Mt. Hood, hunting, attending church and going to lodge events.

Dot was able to find maid work in Tigard and in the summer of 1935 received a letter from George. In it he apologized for his behavior the year before and asked if she would go with him again. Dot was still licking her wounds and replied to his letter unkindly, although she said she loved him, but didn't want him to dally with her feelings.

She heard nothing from him for several months until the Christmas holiday when George and Vina Place arranged to have George Holmes come for a visit the same evening they had invited Dot to dinner. It was because of that evening together that the relationship of the previous year was resumed. Vina was given the credit for playing cupid.

They made plans to be married in February. George was working in the mill, but the mill closed down part of their operation and George was let go.

Dot went to her Aunt Dot Himes in Dallas and made application for work in the telephone company. She waited patiently, but was never called to work. Aunt Dot and Uncle Bill were very kind to her, making her stay with them very pleasant.

George went to visit her in Dallas and convinced her that because of the times, a married man had a better chance of getting steady work.

Rachie went with them to Vancouver, Washington on April 14, 1936 to witness their marriage.

George had earned nineteen dollars by standing night guard on the construction sight of the Metzger Water Tower. They used eight of his dollars to pay a half month's rent for an apartment in Portland.

Later that spring George worked on a hog ranch in West Portland for awhile. They lived in a little brown shaked house about five miles south

of his folks' place. Their landlady and neighbor happened to be Lucille's mother. The well was contaminated so they had to haul water from her house. They lived all of their first summer there.

Because Dot was born in Canada she was still a Canadian citizen. She filed her declaration of intention to become a naturalized citizen in 1935. She had to wait two years before making application for the second papers and to take the test for citizenship. Henrietta Rockwell and her employer, Mr. Keister took Dot to the old U.S. Courthouse in Portland at the right time. Dot was one of five hundred applicants. They were separated into rooms and quizzed on various aspects of the United States laws and constitution. Dot had studied hard for the examination, but the nervousness of the moment left her mind a blank. The young examiner eased her tension and guided her into the right answers. All five hundred were given the citizenship charge. Then they pledged their allegiance to the American flag and were sworn in as citizens.

Dot and George moved to Klamath Falls in the fall of 1936. There he worked for a potato rancher named Guy Barton. They lived in a two room cabin on his ranch for a year and a half. George started out working for twenty-five cents per hour and worked up to forty-five cents. They were able to save one hundred dollars. They liked it there, but at Christmas time in 1937, George quit the job and they moved back to Tigard.

After three or four months of looking for work, George bought a big black team of horses with the intention of hiring out for team work in the spring of 1938.

They rented a house on Highway 217 that George and Vina Place had sold, and lived there below Herman and Rachie, for several years. From the time he could work the ground in the early spring he was kept busy. People would let him grow crops on their idle land. They began to get calves when they had a chance. Soon they had half a dozen and the start of a dairy herd.

A move to a big white house on the hill east of Tigard above the Red Rock Cheese Factory resulted in more acreage for their growing herd. War was declared on Japan in December of 1941 and George had to register for the draft. Because he had a team and did custom farming for so many people he was given a C rating. During the first winter of the war George went to work in the shipyards on Swan Island in Portland. He had never made such good money. He worked the swing shift so Dot milked the cow in the evening and he milked her in the morning. Dot noticed that one teat was dry every time she went out to milk and told George. They couldn't figure it out until one day when Dot was in the garden and looked

over to see one of their weaner pigs sucking on the cow. They sold the cow and the fat little pig at fabulous war time prices.

When spring came in 1942, they were out enjoying the beautiful day when George said, "I sure would like to quit that shipyard and go back to farming."

Dot feared that he would. They were making incredible money and were able to save some that they might go into farming for themselves.

George couldn't stand seeing the spring come in without him in it. The next day he was behind the big black team of work horses again. He farmed twenty acres for himself that year.

Dot had been busy, meanwhile, making baby clothes. She had filled a cedar chest to the brim, hoping they might adopt a baby.

George went to Trout Lake where Ed and Esther Wood were dairying. Upon his return he bought a big truck, loaded his nine head of cattle and farm equipment, and moved them there on the 15th of October in 1942.

On Sunday the 15th of November the sun was shining brightly and beautifully on new fallen snow. George wanted his hair cut. As Dot was cutting it with a pair of hand clippers that were squeezed back and forth in the hand, Ed and Esther came walking up the road. Dot finished cutting and shook the hair off George's shirt as Ed said, "Mrs. Bly had twins this morning about 5:30. Why don't you go down and talk to Bly. I bet you could adopt those twins."

George said, "We'd better sleep on that." But Dot was all in a dither. She didn't sleep all night, thinking about it. She had never heard of anyone adopting twins before. George kept his word and slept like a log all night. Dot prayed all night, asking God to help her figure out what to do.

Dot Holmes with her twins, Joan and Jean. 1943

On Monday they agreed to go down and talk to Mr. Bly. Just before they got to the house that evening, Dot got cold feet and said, "Let's not." She was afraid to go in and just ask a man for his babies.

With determination George went up and knocked on the door. There was a whole house full of little kids under their feet, one in a nightgown, barely walking, and making her way around her little crib. Six others of various ages were running in and out, barefoot in the snow.

Mr. Bly was very open and friendly. They had been there only twenty minutes when they had heard his whole life story. He told them of becoming the father of twins the day before, that the twins made him the father of twenty-six children, and his present wife was his second. Each of

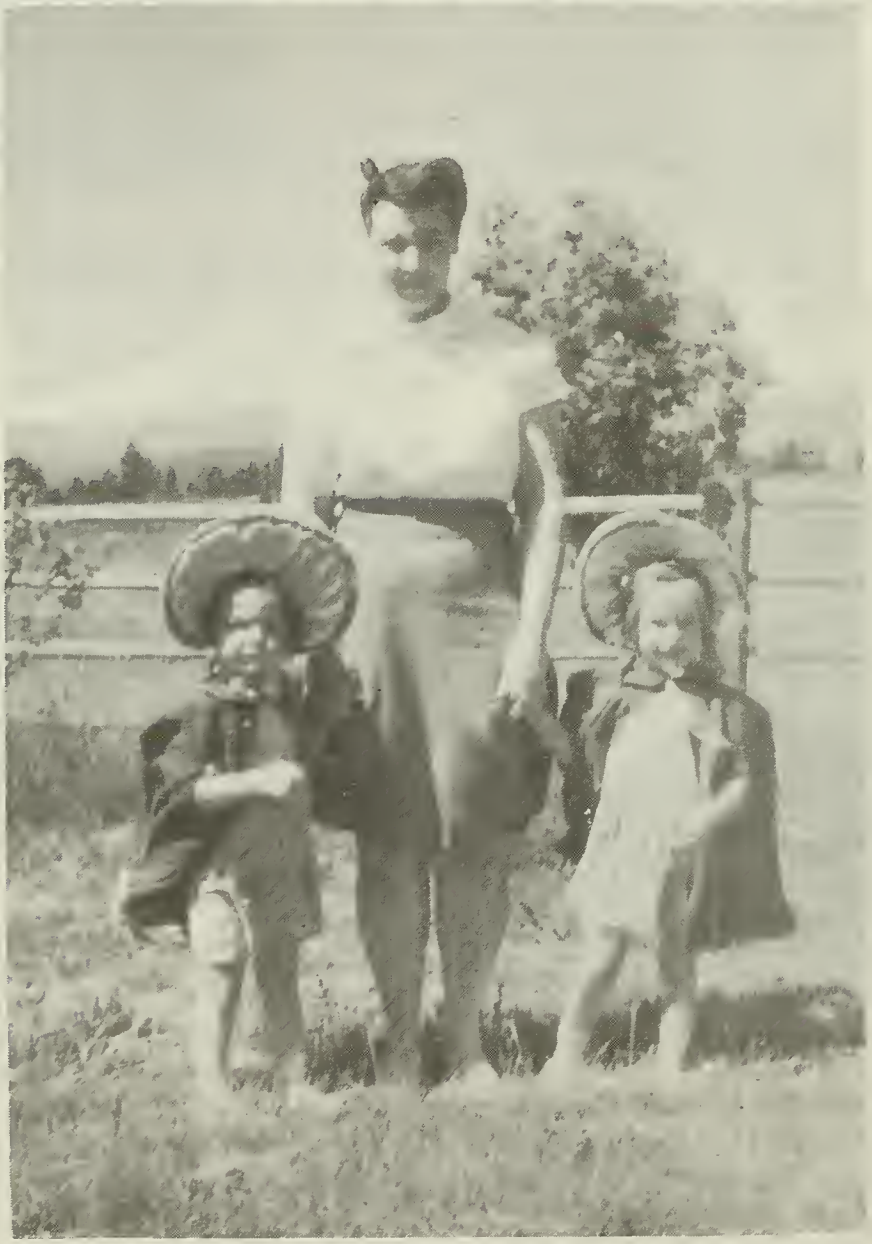
his wives had born him thirteen children.

Dot and George listened patiently to the stories of his escapades until 10:00 when George got up courage to ask the man if he would consider letting them adopt his twins.

He jumped at the chance, but after thinking a minute he agreed that his wife should be consulted.

Mrs. Bly had been bluntly told by her doctor that she could expect to die shortly because of kidney and heart problems brought on by her ptrgnancies. Dot and Esther went to visit her on W e d n e s d a y after her husband had talked to her about the adoption.

While the mother and mother-to-be were getting acquainted the doctor came into the room. He began to argue that the twins should be separat-



Dot Holmes with Jean, left and Joan, right.

Mount Adams in the background.

1946

ed and placed in different homes. Mrs. Bly did not want them parted, nor did Dot. Esther interceded for both. Mrs. Bly emphatically stated that by no means were the girls to be separated and became so upset that she required a sedative. With that the doctor conceded.

Adoption procedures were started right away. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bly signed the papers that had been drawn up in Goldendale after George and Dot had been interviewed to determine if they would be fit parents. The adoption papers were signed on Dot's birthday, the 30th of November, 1942, and the six months probation period was waived.

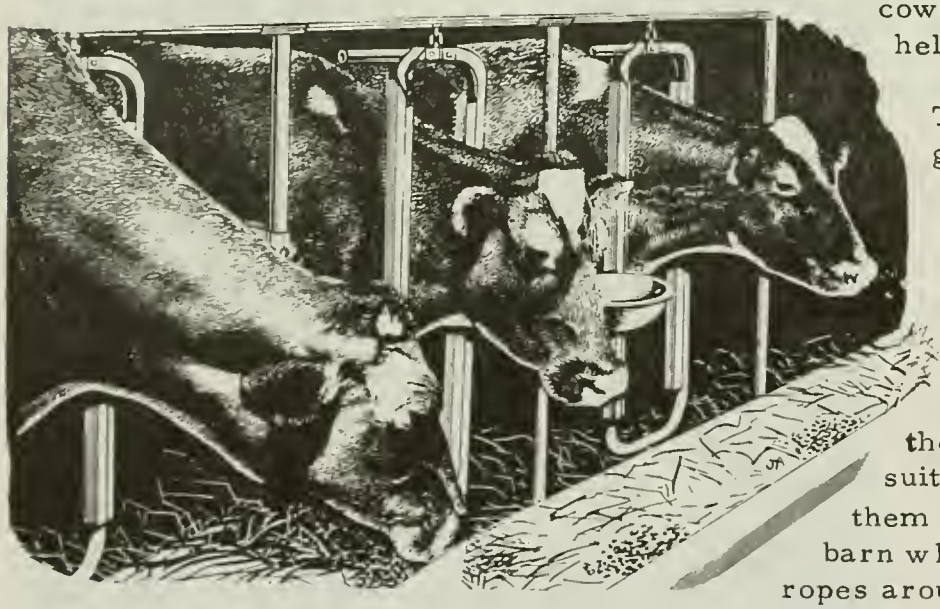
Rachie and her kids went up to visit her sisters, Dot and Esther, at Thanksgiving time. They were glad to become snowbound and have to stay around for the homecoming of the babies. Rachie went along with Dot and George to pick them up.

Mrs. Bly died of a heart attack on the 13th of February, 1943. She was buried at Trout Lake.

The girls, named Ramona Joan and Delores Jean, were on a three hour feeding schedule. George helped out with the feeding, for if left to Dot alone it took forty-five minutes. George's help would cut that time down to twenty minutes.

George bought nine more cows and was milking eighteen by hand. He bought a tractor and sold his horses.

In December of 1943, when the twins were thirteen months old, they moved to a dairy three miles down the valley. There were twenty cows that went with the place, but it had a milking machine. With so many cows, Dot had to help George with the stripping. They left the girls playing on a big rug in front of the fire and saw them periodically. Other times they would bundle them up in snow suits and take them out to the barn where they tied ropes around them. The other end of the ropes were tied to big spikes high on the wall. Sometimes the girls were placed on top of the big feed bin. Every time they went by, the girls would have something to say about the cows or some other aspect of their exciting life atop the feed bin. The twins were good entertainment for each other and developed a language of their own.



Jean and Joan
with their dolls.

Left; George Holmes with girls.

Every year, while in Trout Lake, Dot would fix up a spray of snowballs and peonies on Memorial Day and with the twins, take it up to Mrs. Bly's grave. When they were old enough to understand she told them the story of their adoption and the death of their mother while they were visiting her grave.

In December of 1944 someone bought the place they were on and there was none other available in the valley. They sold out and moved to Portland. There they bought a small house, remodeled it, and later sold it at a profit.

In the spring of 1945 another farm became available in the Trout Lake valley. They lived there until 1949.

Bangs disease infested his herds on both the big dairies he rented in Trout Lake. As cows would come down with the dread disease they had to be replaced. Both herds had to be completely turned over, cow by cow, before the infestation was over. They vaccinated, but the disease was on the places when they went there. The vet came and branded a "B" on the cow's cheek so she couldn't be sold for anything but meat.

They held an auction sale in 1949. Following the sale they took a trip to Walla Walla, Lewiston, Boise and to Nevada to visit George's Uncle Forrest Holmes. Then they went on to Reno just to look around.

When the girls were old enough to go to school George got a construction job building fireplaces in White Salmon. He bought a boat and an outboard motor and enjoyed fishing on the White Salmon River. They had some friends who enjoyed fishing with them. One day George and his friend went out on the Columbia to the mouth of the Klickitat River to fish when a storm came up. The waves created by the high winds in the gorge caused great troughs in which the little boat was nearly swallowed. George

lived to tell about it, but was frightened over the episode.

In the fall of 1946 they moved back to Michigan and George attended the Agriculture College. He went one semester and found it wasn't what he had hoped it would be.

The girls had their eighth birthday in Michigan.

They returned to Trout Lake and into dairying again, but they went broke. Nevertheless, the girls have fond memories of growing up on that place.

Dot and George 1951

They were living in Glenwood when Joan graduated and went off to Dental Assistant school in Walla Walla. Jean finished her high school at Auburn Academy.

Dot and George moved to Bend Oregon.

George bought a Ford trailer hauler that hauled large mobile homes. The day that the John Day bridge collapsed he picked up a mobile home in Boise and headed for Seattle. At the border he received his Oregon permit and since there was no wind they allowed him to proceed. He got about seventeen miles northwest of Ontario when the wind abruptly began blowing. As he went through a cut a blast of wind tipped his truck and trailer upside down in the middle of the road. He then crawled out and discovered his only injury was a cut on the lower lip. A state patrolman came by in a few minutes and asked him how he had gotten out of the cab. George told him and the officer put his hand on George's shoulder and said, "Boy, Someone had hold of your hand today." That finished his trailer hauling career and he went to work in a planer mill and molding plant where his job was grading molding.

Dot took a business course at the Community College and worked in the office of a nursing home for awhile. In the fall of 1966 she began LPN training. After the one year course was finished she worked another year in the hospital there. Allergy problems caused her to quit her job, but she was offered another in the office admitting patients and stayed there for several months.

When school was out in June, Debra Lee was added to the Holmes family. She arrived in time for her ninth birthday on the 27th of June in 1969 from her former home in Port Townsend. Her mother, Betty Sparhawk Jones, Dot's brother Dean's daughter, was unable to care for her and asked Dot if they would raise her.

In the fall of 1969 the Holmes family moved to College Place where Dot worked at the Blue Mountain Convalescent Center. Altogether she worked as an LPN for nearly five years. She injured her back while lifting a patient and converted to private nursing for six months.

George returned to the farming he loved by finding a good job working for a wheat rancher in Helix. It provided a home on the ranch along with the job. It was way out in the country, so they thought it best to send Debbie to the Upper Columbia Academy in Spangle, Washington.

Debbie graduated in 1979 and is attending college in Walla Walla.

While at Helix, Dot started making toys. Customers started lining up at her door. She enjoyed it so much that she decided to open up a shop in Milton Freewater. Jean had moved to the area and ran the shop for her. It turned out to be a fun and profitable adventure, but was over when they decided to move to Prosser, Washington where George had a job with another wheat rancher.

Debbie Holmes

Dot is still sewing at her hobby, but has ventured into other things. They have a lovely home in the rolling hills of Prosser.

KUM * PLĀ PRODUCTS
TOYS, NOVELTIES & CHILDREN'S WARE

GEORGE & DOROTHY HOLMES
P.O. Box 393
Helix, Oregon 97835

HOLMES, George Fulton
b. 9 Sept. 1912

SPARHAWK, Dorothy Myrtle
b. 30 Nov. 1914
Rowley, Alberta, Canada

m. 14 April 1936
Vancouver, WA.

1. Ramona Joan (twin)(A) b. 15 Nov. 1942 White Salmon, WA.
   m. EHRLICH, Paul 27 April 1975 Athena, OR.
      1. Kaniesta Rene (A) b. 28 Aug. 1976 Yakima, WA.

2. Deolores Jean (twin)(A) b. 15 Nov. 1942 White Salmon, WA.
   m. VENTER, William Leroy 7 Mar. 1965 Bend, OR.
      1. Bernie Leroy b. 3 July 1966 Redmond, OR.
      2. Wanda Jean b. 18 Jan. 1969 Redmond, OR.

3. Debra Lee (A) B. 27 June 1960 Port Townsend, OR.
   (dau. of Betty SPARHAWK JONES page 195)

In back, Paul Ehrlich
George and Dot Holmes, Joan Ehrlich, Debbie, Jean and Bill Venter,
In front, Kaniesta Ehrlich, Wanda and Bernie Venter

CHAPTER 20

PARALLEL PROGENITORS

This book is designed so that you can record the other side of your own family and your ancestors, that is; your parallel progenitors. Although the passing of time will never allow it to be complete, it will be a storehouse of treasured information and a permanent record of your entire family.

One of the most common ways of learning about ourselves is by word of mouth; the oral tradition. If you want to find out more about your family, begin with your nearest relatives. Ask them if they can give you the dates and places of births, deaths, marriages and divorces. Record them on the following pages.

You might discover valuable information in family Bibles, picture albums, old letters, diaries and account books.

Once you have names, dates and places you can consult town records. Securing birth certificates, marriage licenses, and death certificates, wills and land deeds will give you additional names you will want and need. You can find in the public library lists of clans, deeds, epitaphs, estates, marriage licenses, nobility, parish records, peerage and precedence. Old newspapers are valuable in research. Many family genealogies are in the libraries.

You may write to The National Archives of Records and Service, General Services Administration (GSA), Washington, D.C. 20408 for census records, military, pensions and land grants. Since we are a nation of immigrants, you may find there the names of the first members of your family who came to America, as well as the name of the ship that brought them. (Note: Chapter 2, page 15, Barbara Muhlberger)

If you find any information that you would consider helpful in my research, please send it to me. I will be excited to share with you what I have because...

I'm a Genealogy Nut.

Dorothy H. Braithwait
North 1507 Glenn Road
Spokane, WA. 99206

Ancestor Chart

4 MEYER, Fredrick Wilhelm (Father of No. 2)
b. 18 Nov. 1818
p.b. Holstein, Germany
m.
d. 12 Nov. 1891
p.d Scribner, NEB.

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

2 MEYERS, Henry Peter (Father of No. 1)
b. 20 Dec. 1860
p.b. Two Rivers, WIS.
m. 15 Sept. 1889
d. 24 Jan 1933
p.d Portland, OR.
bur. Tigard, OR.

5 NEUSHOLDT, Margaret (Mother of No. 2)
b. 1823
p.b. Hanover, Germany
d. 18 Feb. 1889
p.d. Rapid City, S. Dak

1 MEYERS children

12 MUHLBERGER, Bennedickt (Father of No. 6)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

MUHLBERGER, Andrew (Father of No. 12,
b. 1776
m.
d. 21 Feb. 1839

ZEISCHEL, Ursula (Mother of No. 12,
b. 11 Aug. 1773
d. 26 Jan 1847

13 ZUICKEL, Barbara (Mother of No. 6)

6 MUHLBERGER, Martin (Father of No. 3)
b. 31 Dec. 1826
p.b. Muhlhausen. Bavaria
m. 20 Jan 1863
d. 1880
p.d Muhlhausen, Bavaria

3 MUHLBERGER, Barbara (Mother of No. 1)
b. 11 Feb. 1867
p.b. Muhlhausen, Bavaria Ger.
d. 30 Dec. 1942
p.d. Portland, OR.
bur. Tigard, OR.

7 MEIER, Eva Elizabeth (Mother of No. 3)
b. 23 Mar. 1834
p.b.
d. 1880
p.d.

15 RHINEHART, Margrate (Mother of No. 7)

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

4 SPARHAWK, Roland (Father of No. 2)
b. 1791
p.b.
m. 11 Oct. 1811
d. 26 Dec. 1834
p.d

2 SPARHAWK, Ambrose Ruel (Father of No. 1)
b. 30 Mar. 1820
p.b.
m. (2) 1849
d. 14 Sept. 1889
p.d Parish, N. Y.
bur. Oakland, CA.

5 TYLER, Ruth (Mother of No. 2)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

10 TYLER, Nathaniel (Father of No. 5)
b. 1744
p.b. Haverhill, Mass.
m.
d. 1809
p.d

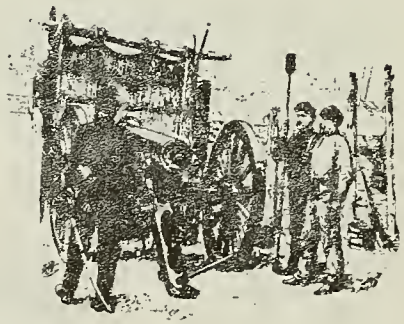
11 SHERLOCK, Rebecca (Mother of No. 5)

20 TYLER, Jonathan
b. Oct. 1715, Boxford,
m. 25 May 1743 Mass
d.

21 MORSE, Rebecca
b. Haverhill, Mass
d.

1 SPARHAWK, Lafayette Fremont
b. 7 Dec. 1863
p.b. Parish, N. Y.
m. 7 Dec. 1897
d. 27 Oct. 1950
p.d. Vader, WA.

3 EASTWOOD, Alice Elizabeth (Mother of No. 1)
b. 13 Apr. 1828
p.b. (of)Richmond, VA.
d. 18 Feb. 1890
p.d. Oakland, CA.



Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

4 WHIPP, Martin, Turner (Father of No. 2)
b. 1816
p.b. KEN.
m. 1840 Canton, ILL
d.
p.d

2 WHIPP, Charles, Wesley (Father of No. 1)
b. 10 Apr. 1846
p.b. ILL
m.
d. 11 May 1900
p.d Kerby, OR.

5 SHINN, Rachel
b. 15 Aug. 1820
p.b. Harrison Co. VA.
d. 1894
p.d.

10 SHINN, Hiram (Father of No. 5)
b. 19 Sept. 1800
p.b. Harrison, Co. VA.
m. 28 Feb. 1819 Clarksburg VA.
d. 1882
p.d Knox Co, near Uniontown ILL.

11 SHINN, Dorcas (Mother of No. 5)
b. 5 Jan 1801
p.b. Simpson's Creek, VA.
d.
p.d.

20 SHINN, Moses
b. 10 Feb. 1779
m. 15 Apr. 1799
d. 1871

21 KYLE, Sarah
b.
d. 84th year

22 SHINN, Isaac
b. 9 Nov. 1760
m. 16 Feb. 1785
d. 7 Sept. 1844

23 DRAKE, Agnes

WHIPP, Bertha Emily
b. 14 Nov. 1876
p.b Concordia, KAN.
m. 7 Dec. 1897
d. 28 Jan 1932
p.d. Auburn, WA.

6 CARTER, Abraham (Father of No. 3)
b. 1833
p.b. IND.
m.
d. 1897
p.d Kerby, OR.

3 CARTER, Dorothy Ellen (Mother of No. 1)
b. 2 Feb. 1854
p.b. IND.
d. 25 July 1913
p.d. Salem, OR
bur. Kerby, OR.

7 WISEHART, Emily (Mother of No. 3)
b. 1832
p.b. IND.
d. 1903
p.d. Kerby, OR.

MEYERS FAMILY GROUP

HUSBAND MEYER, Frederick Wilhelm
Born March 1818 Place Hamburg, Germany
Married Place
Died 18 Nov. 1891 Place Scribner, NEB.
Buried at Church Aff.
Other wives
Occupation
Lived at
Military Service
Father
Mother (nee)

Wife (nee) NEUSHOLD, Margretha
Born 1823 Place Hanover, Germany
Died 18 Feb. 1889 Place Rapid City, S. Dak.
Buried at Evergreen Cem. Church Aff.
Other husbands
Father

Mother (nee)

	CHILDREN	BORN When	BORN Where	DIED When	DIED Where	MARRIED To Whom	MARRIED When
1	Mathilda	21 Sept. 1844	Harburg Germany	1 Oct. 1907	Snyder, NEB	MOLLE, Frederick	1861
2	William Henry	9 July 1849	Hanover, Germany	7 Aug. 1927	Scribner, NEB	MOLLER, Doris	27 Apr. 1885 North Bend, NEB
3	Emma	1852	Two Rivers, WIS	25 Jan 1928	MONT.	PRELLER, William	1865 (age 13)
4	Alvina Ruth	15 Oct. 1854	Two Rivers, WIS.	27 Jan 1929	Rapid, City S. Dak	LEARY, John Henry	1880 S. Dak.
5	Henry Peter	20 Dec. 1860	Two Rivers, WIS.	24 Jan 1933	Portland, OR	MUHLBERGER, Barbara	15 Sept. 1889 Rapid City, S. Dak.

MUHLBERGER FAMILY GROUP

HUSBAND MUHLBERGER, Martin
Born 31 Dec. 1826 Place
Married 20 Jan 1863 Place
Died 1880 Place Muhlhausen, Bavaria
Buried at Church Aff.
Other wives
Occupation
Lived at
Military Service
Father MUHLBERGER, Bennedickt
Mother (nee) ZUICKEL, Barbara

Wife (nee) MEIER, Eva Elizabeth
Born 23 March 1834 Place
Died 1880 Place Muhlhausen, Bavaria
Buried at Church Aff.
Other husbands
Father MEIER,

Mother (nee) RHINEHART, Margrate

	CHILDREN	BORN When	BORN Where	DIED When	DIED Where	MARRIED To Whom	MARRIED When
1	Margarete	13 Oct. 1863	Muhlhausen, Bavaria	13 Oct. 1936		RANDOLPH, Andrew	2 Nov. 1885
2	Martin	14 Jan 1865	Muhlhausen, Bavaria	1932			
3	Babetta	11 Feb. 1867	Muhlhausen Bavaria	30 Dec. 1942	Portland, OR bur. Tigard	MEYERS, Henry Peter	15 Sept. 1889
4	Erhard	29 July 1868	Muhlhausen, Bavaria	29 Mar. 1952			
5	Johanna	18 May 1971	Muhlhausen Bavaria	Apr. 1956		HIRZ, George	
	Freidrick (a twin	30 July 1874	Muhlhausen, Bavaria	1938			
7	Kuniunda (a twin)	30 July 1874	Muhlhausen Bavaria	11 Jan 1943		COUNNIE, John	
8	Jacob	18 Jan. 1878	Muhlhausen, Bavaria	10 June 1953	S. DAK.		

SPARHAWK FAMILY GROUP

HUSBAND SPARHAWK Ambrose Ruel
Born 30 March 1820 **Place** Kennebec, Belgrade, Maine
Married (2) 1849 **Place**
Died 19 Sept. 1889 **Place** Parish, N.Y.
Buried at Oakland, CA. **Church Aff.**
Other wives (1) Maria GREELY of Augusta, MA
Occupation farmer
Lived at
Military Service 18 months, Civil War.
Father SPARHAWK, Roland
Mother (nee) TYLER, Ruth

Wife (nee) EASTWOOD, Alice Elizabeth
Born 13 April 1828 **Place** Richmond, VA.
Died 18 Feb. 1890 **Place** Oakland, CA.
Buried at **Church Aff.**
Other husbands
Father
Mother (nee)

	CHILDREN	BORN When	BORN Where	DIED When	DIED Where	MARRIED To Whom	MARRIED When
1	William Wallace	22 July 1850	Oswego, N.Y.			(1) HUTCHINGS, L (2) MC CLURE, N (3) DAY, Fannie	
2	Adah Ann	10 March 1853	Oswego, N.Y.	7 Dec. 1941	Seattle, WA. bur. Oakland, CA	YOUNG, James W.	
3	Roland Ambrose	20 May 1855	New Haven, N.Y.			AXTELL, Effie	
4	Minnie Myrtle	6 Feb. 1857	Parish, N.Y.				
5	Frank Eastwood	18 Feb. 1859	Parish, N.Y.			BATEMAN, Ella	
	Alice Delight	18 Mov. 1860	Parish, N.Y.			(1)BUSSEN, Lewis (2)HOSSLER, Oliver	
7	Lafayette Fremont	7 Dec. 1863	Parish N.Y.	27 Oct. 1950	Vader, WA.	(1) WHIPP, Bertha (2) BOWMAN, Alice	7 Dec. 1897
8	Adelbert Charles	14 June 1867	Parish, N.Y.	15 Oct. 1890			
9	Charles Edward	22 March 1871	Parish, N.Y.	1948	Glendale, ARZ	SILL, Minnie	
10	Edward Ernest	25 Jan 1873				BROCKHURST, M	

WHIPP FAMILY GROUP

HUSBAND WHIPP, Charles Wesley
Born 10 March 1846 Place Henry Co. ILL.
Married 12 Dec. 1875 Place
Died 10 May 1900 Place Kerby, OR.
Buried at Laurel Cem. Church Aff.
Other wives
Occupation pharmicist
Lived at Concordia, KAN, Kerby OR.
Military Service
Father WHIPP, Martin Turner
Mother (nee) SHINN, Rachel

Wife (nee) CARTER, Dorothy Ellen
Born 2 Feb. 1854 Place Kokomo, ILL
Died 25 July 1913 Place Salem, OR.
Buried at Kerby, OR. Laurel Church Aff.
Other husbands
Father CARTER, Abraham

Mother (nee) WISEHART, Emily

	CHILDREN	BORN When	BORN Where	DIED When	DIED Where	MARRIED To Whom	MARRIED When
1	Bertha Emily	14 Nov. 1876	Concordia, KAN.	29 Jan. 1932	Auburn WA.	SPARHAWK, Lafayette F	7 Dec. 1897 Grants Pass, OR.
2	Rachel Olive	18 May 1878	Concordia KAN			GOODWIN, Casper	15 Dec. 1898
3	Charles Abraham	28 Feb. 1880	Concordia KAN			Mable	
4	Paul Francis	7 Mar 1882	Concordia KAN	1966		BURR, Edith Mae	
5	Nettie Ellen	3 Aug. 1884	Concordia KAN			(1) FLEMING, Guy (2) CHAMBERLAIN, Cloud	
	Herbert Wayne	21 Nov. 1890	Kerby, OR.			Flossie	
7	Dorothy Jane	23 Feb. 1893	Kerby, OR	2 July 1980	Portland, OR.	HIMES, William	
8	Grace Margaret	3 June 1896	Kerby, OR.			(1) GROW, Elmer (2) LIDBERG, John (3) LOWENBERG, Eric	

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

1

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

2 (Father of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

4 (Father of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

8 (Father of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

16 (Father of No. 8.)

b.
m.
d.

17 (Mother of No. 8.)

b.
d.

9 (Mother of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d

18 (Father of No. 9,

b.
m.
d.

19 (Mother of No. 9,

b.
d.

5 (Mother of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

10 (Father of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

20 (Father of No. 10,

b.
m.
d.

21 (Mother of No. 10,

b.
d.

11 (Mother of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

22 (Father of No. 11,

b.
m.
d.

23 (Mother of No. 11,

b.
d.

3 (Mother of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

6 (Father of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

12 (Father of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

24 (Father of No. 12,

b.
m.
d.

25 (Mother of No. 12,

b.
d.

13 (Mother of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

26 (Father of No. 13,

b.
m.
d.

27 (Mother of No. 13,

b.
d.

7 (Mother of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

14 (Father of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

28 (Father of No. 14,

b.
m.
d.

29 (Mother of No. 14,

b.
d.

15 (Mother of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

30 (Father of No. 15,

b.
m.
d.

31 (Mother of No. 15,

b.
d.

(Spouse of No. 1)

b.
p.b.

d.
p.d.

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

1

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

2 (Father of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

3 (Mother of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

4 (Father of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

5 (Mother of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

6 (Father of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

7 (Mother of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

8 (Father of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

9 (Mother of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

10 (Father of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

11 (Mother of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

12 (Father of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

13 (Mother of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

14 (Father of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

15 (Mother of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

16 (Father of No. 8)

b.
m.
d.

17 (Mother of No. 8)

b.
d.

18 (Father of No. 9)

b.
m.
d.

19 (Mother of No. 9)

b.
d.

20 (Father of No. 10)

b.
m.
d.

21 (Mother of No. 10)

b.
d.

22 (Father of No. 11)

b.
m.
d.

23 (Mother of No. 11)

b.
d.

24 (Father of No. 12)

b.
m.
d.

25 (Mother of No. 12)

b.
d.

26 (Father of No. 13)

b.
m.
d.

27 (Mother of No. 13)

b.
d.

28 (Father of No. 14)

b.
m.
d.

29 (Mother of No. 14)

b.
d.

30 (Father of No. 15)

b.
m.
d.

31 (Mother of No. 15)

b.
d.

(Spouse of No. 1)

b.
p.b.

d.
p.d.

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

1
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

2 (Father of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

3 (Mother of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

4 (Father of No. 2)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

5 (Mother of No. 2)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

6 (Father of No. 3)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

7 (Mother of No. 3)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

8 (Father of No. 4)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

9 (Mother of No. 4)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d

10 (Father of No. 5)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

11 (Mother of No. 5)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

12 (Father of No. 6)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

13 (Mother of No. 6)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

14 (Father of No. 7)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

15 (Mother of No. 7)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

16 (Father of No. 8,
b.
m.
d.

17 (Mother of No. 8,
b.
d.

18 (Father of No. 9,
b.
m.
d.

19 (Mother of No. 9,
b.
d.

20 (Father of No. 10,
b.
m.
d.

21 (Mother of No. 10,
b.
d.

22 (Father of No. 11,
b.
m.
d.

23 (Mother of No. 11,
b.
d.

24 (Father of No. 12,
b.
m.
d.

25 (Mother of No. 12,
b.
d.

26 (Father of No. 13,
b.
m.
d.

27 (Mother of No. 13,
b.
d.

28 (Father of No. 14,
b.
m.
d.

29 (Mother of No. 14,
b.
d.

30 (Father of No. 15,
b.
m.
d.

31 (Mother of No. 15,
b.
d.

(Spouse of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

1
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

2 (Father of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

3 (Mother of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

4 (Father of No. 2)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

5 (Mother of No. 2)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

6 (Father of No. 3)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

7 (Mother of No. 3)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

(Spouse of No. 1)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

8 (Father of No. 4)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

9 (Mother of No. 4)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d

10 (Father of No. 5)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

11 (Mother of No. 5)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

12 (Father of No. 6)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

13 (Mother of No. 6)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

14 (Father of No. 7)
b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

15 (Mother of No. 7)
b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

16 (Father of No. 8.
b.
m.
d.

17 (Mother of No. 8.
b.
d.

18 (Father of No. 9,
b.
m.
d.

19 (Mother of No. 9,
b.
d.

20 (Father of No. 10,
b.
m.
d.

21 (Mother of No. 10,
b.
d.

22 (Father of No. 11,
b.
m.
d.

23 (Mother of No. 11,
b.
d.

24 (Father of No. 12,
b.
m.
d.

25 (Mother of No. 12,
b.
d.

26 (Father of No. 13,
b.
m.
d.

27 (Mother of No. 13,
b.
d.

28 (Father of No. 14,
b.
m.
d.

29 (Mother of No. 14,
b.
d.

30 (Father of No. 15,
b.
m.
d.

31 (Mother of No. 15,
b.
d.

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

1

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d.

2 (Father of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

4 (Father of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

8 (Father of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

16 (Father of No. 8.)

b.
m.
d.

17 (Mother of No. 8.)

b.
d.

9 (Mother of No. 4)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d

18 (Father of No. 9,)

b.
m.
d.

19 (Mother of No. 9,)

b.
d.

5 (Mother of No. 2)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

10 (Father of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

20 (Father of No. 10,)

b.
m.
d.

21 (Mother of No. 10,)

b.
d.

11 (Mother of No. 5)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

22 (Father of No. 11,)

b.
m.
d.

23 (Mother of No. 11,)

b.
d.

3 (Mother of No. 1)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

6 (Father of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

12 (Father of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

24 (Father of No. 12,)

b.
m.
d.

25 (Mother of No. 12,)

b.
d.

13 (Mother of No. 6)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

26 (Father of No. 13,)

b.
m.
d.

27 (Mother of No. 13,)

b.
d.

7 (Mother of No. 3)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

14 (Father of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
m.
d.
p.d

28 (Father of No. 14,)

b.
m.
d.

29 (Mother of No. 14,)

b.
d.

15 (Mother of No. 7)

b.
p.b.
d.
p.d.

30 (Father of No. 15,)

b.
m.
d.

31 (Mother of No. 15,)

b.
d.

(Spouse of No. 1)

b.
p.b.

d.
p.d.

Ancestor Chart

b. Date of Birth
p.b. Place of Birth
m. Date of Marriage
d. Date of Death
p.d. Place of Death

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
	When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

	CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
		When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1								
2								
3								
4								
5								
6								
7								
8								
9								

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff.

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
	When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff.

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
	When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

	CHILDREN	BORN When	BORN Where	DIED When	DIED Where	MARRIED To Whom	MARRIED When	MARRIED Where
1								
2								
3								
4								
5								
6								
7								
8								
9								

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
	When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							

HUSBAND _____

Born _____ Place _____

Married _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other wives _____

Occupation _____

Lived at _____

Military Service _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

Wife (nee) _____

Born _____ Place _____

Died _____ Place _____

Buried at _____ Church Aff. _____

Other husbands _____

Father _____

Mother (nee) _____

CHILDREN	BORN		DIED		MARRIED		
	When	Where	When	Where	To Whom	When	Where
1							
2							
3							
4							
5							
6							
7							
8							
9							

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